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KONA AND MAUI AND OTHER PARTS OF EDEN

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SOMEbody or other has said that it is better to be lucky than wise, which pernicious truth I am happy to illustrate in my own person.

Equally true, I hope, is the saying that the lucky in this life were consciously wise in another. If ever that astute guess is verified I shall be able to congratulate myself on being the reincarnation of some very clever man. Not that I try my luck recklessly in slot machines or the stock market — heavens, no! Such ticklish enterprises the wisdom of my precursor teaches me intuitively to shun. I see my luck, rather, in a subtler and a grander kind of good fortune; for example, the good fortune of being able to travel in my young days without having earned that privilege in any really tedious, or long, or unpleasantly sweaty way. What luck! I am almost ashamed of it, and beg your pardon very humbly, gentle reader.

But it is not my fault. I am helpless in the toils of my good fortune, off again with bags packed and my brow

already burnt by the tropic sun, bound this time for the ends of the earth. And on the way I have already seen Kona and Maui, and other parts of Eden, and filled my brain with their songs and scents and colors, for which riches I have the grace to be thankful.

Perhaps your geography is better than mine was before I actually drove down to the Kona coast, or disembarked on Maui, and so you will know not only where these places are but what they are like. I was hazy on the subject, and perhaps you are too, and for this reason I shall explain that Maui is one of the eight Hawaiian Islands, and that Kona is the west district of Hawaii proper. Thus neither place is really very remote. The three-cent stamp that carries a letter from St. Louis to East St. Louis would carry it quite as well to Kona, and the citizens of Maui pay the same taxes into the same hungry federal treasury as are paid by the citizens of Ohio. In fact, going to Kona or Maui is going no place at all if you insist on pass-

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ports and customs inspection, fleas, and plumbing that either does not work at all or explodes at a touch. For Hawaii voluntarily attached itself to, and was accepted into, the American Union before I was born, just as Texas was, and so is no foreign place, but merely another part of our own familiar U. S. A.

And yet how deliciously strange Hawaii is. I think first of Kona and Maui, for my mind turns naturally to things rural and unsophisticated, which it is best suited to enjoy. But Honolulu, in spite of its cosmopolitan life, fashionable society, and driving business energies, must startle even an indifferent visitor with its strangeness. Where is he decked with fragrant garlands when his ship docks but at Honolulu? Where does the band invariably play upon the same occasion but there? The ship is perfumed from stern to stern with the scent of ginger lilies, and he walks out into a pavilion hung with ferns.

If you have ever docked in New York you will have observed an instructive contrast. In New York the returning patriot is dumped out into a gloomy warehouse, and met by all the incivilities of some civil servant who has missed his breakfast at the far end of a subway ride. Patriotism does not thrive in such an atmosphere. Honolulu sets the stage more wisely. The suspicious may think they can trace the hand of the Chamber of Commerce in these pretty doings, but what of it? Let those responsible be thanked. When Louis XIV entered Rheims and was met by a delegation bearing baskets of gingerbread and wines, and the spokesman knelt and said, 'Sire, we bring you for a gift our wines, our gingerbread, and our hearts,' the King knew very well that those proffered hearts were not wholly disinterested. But he commended the exquisite brevity of the oration in high good

humor, and never forgot that reception, because it was planned delightfully.

Or, for another Honolulu surprise, here was the Central Grammar School at noon recess. The place and hour you would not call encouraging; they suggest a flinty field adjacent to a brick jail in which the bones of pedagogy have only temporarily ceased to rattle. What I saw was no such picture; instead I was reminded of Fra Angelico's visions of heaven. There was no gritty field, but fine turf, with the boys playing barefoot football on it like dancers trained in the ballet. The girls chased, or sat beautifully in rings. And other troops of the blest, both male and female cherubs, climbed or descended staircases from flowery inner courts, or passed from building to building in vine-hung arcades. Blossoming trees loomed over and sheltered all. And, most remarkable, nobody seemed to be in charge. The children seemed to move or group themselves according to innate notions of rhythm and design; this it was, of course, that reminded me of the old monk's visions of paradise, where the traffic laws coincide with the laws of beauty, and no policeman with a whistle is needed to enforce them, because they are the angels' pleasure.

A political rally in Honolulu likewise has much in it of wonder. And again the name is misleading: it conjures up in the mainlander's brain a picture of shirt sleeves, frayed cigars, and a not-clean glass and pitcher to wet throats rasped out of all melody. The Hawaiian candidate need not hoarsen his throat promising bread and circuses, but may devote himself to the former; the circuses he provides on the spot. He comes with a band of dancers, singers, and instrumental musicians dressed in the sultriest of pinks and yellows, in silken Mother Hubbards with trains. And the party, Democratic or Republican, will have a band

of its own already on the premises. As for the voters, those good-humored, friendly, simple, clean, likable people, they attire themselves in their niftiest and jam the place, flowers in their hair, garlands around their hats, babies in their arms, ready for a treat. The lights twinkle, the scent of ginger lilies fills the air, occasionally there is a dog fight, and very frequently the ladies of the orchestra will abruptly strike the guitars and ukuleles that quiver in their ample jelly-like laps, and break into song like a choir of happy screech owls. Then there will be a hula. All this very much sweetens the inevitable speech making, and if the speaker proves to be a dullard you can forget him, as I did at Kakaako, in a private game of drop-the-handkerchief with a near-by Japanese tot who also had grown bored.

But the speeches are not likely to be dull, especially in a poor district of the city like Kakaako, where judgment is not so much appealed to as the more ticklish and vulnerable fibres of the brain. One old hand at this, a master showman, was John Sing; he spoke first in ringing Hawaiian, then English, and finished off in Portuguese. All three efforts were a success, but the Portuguese part, probably delivered with a strong Chinese accent, must have been a masterpiece; the crowd nearly died of laughter at it, and I suspect that so far as Kakaako is concerned John Sing is an elected man.

Meanwhile, from the audience, up went portly Hawaiian ladies one after another to cast garlands about the necks of their favorites, until the more popular candidates had to be led out like blind men, the leis had mounted so high before their faces. A political rally in Honolulu, in fact, is an event not to be missed. I suggest earnestly that the tourist season be advanced from winter to autumn, to permit visitors to enjoy the campaign.

II

I was born and have lived my life for the most part at the edge of the Great Plains, which has given me a taste for landscapes of simple line and broad mass. The picturesque niggling kind, of 'humps and hollers,' entertains but soon tires me. And in a city, where everything is in the foreground, I am wearied all the sooner. However, 'bury me not on the lone prairie'; I am no hermit, who must have the whole of the great open spaces to himself; in fact, I like a little company. Life in a village is what suits me best, as four years in New York followed by four in Cold Spring, Minnesota, have very plainly demonstrated. Thus Kona suited my fancy. My windows at the airy Kona Inn opened toward sea and mountain, both grandly spacious, and from them I could see the island fishermen casting their nets, or the loitering traffic of the village street.

Kona's mountain has soul-awing strength of repose. I saw only the flank of it, day after day, which was probably quite enough for mortal eyes — a grand terrain nowhere steep, nowhere vexed with ravines or valleys (for it is built on porous lava that absorbs all rainfall), rising in one slow inexorable plane from sea to clouds, like a ramp to heaven. Now I hope to go to heaven at last, but in Kona I was content to stay at the bottom of the ramp. Kailua, the village, was heavenly enough for the present. However, seated on the wharf there, it was pleasure to contemplate that sure route to our final bliss. Beyond the cove were the sea wall and the village street, the old palace, the red church steeple, bursts of coconut leaves and the broad green domes of the banyan or monkey-pod trees, and then the mountain ramp right up into the clouds. And where the mountain and the cloud met, pinched in between and in-

expressibly remote, were silver bits that were roofs of plantation houses, where the coffee growers live. And above the plantations (I knew) were grazing lands that the clouds hid, and still nearer heaven was the wreckage of old volcanic upheavals, twisted rock and cinder beds, in which solemn upland the wild goats and sheep browse, and men, even native Konans, lose their way and perish. Kona's ramp is perhaps not intended, after all, for man's use in climbing to heaven; my first thought I presently saw to be presumptuous. It is made, rather, for the chariots of the chief gods.

Kailua, however, was a place made for this traveler. At night I strolled the one long street, which is at its best and friendliest where it follows the curve of the cove sea wall. The sampans at anchor in the cove swung their yellow lanterns in bobbing arcs; the other way the town's few shops opened back from deep verandahs like cardboard caves lit twinklingly at a fair. There are no street lights in Kailua to outshine these glimmers and twinkles; a tropic moon or even half-moon does quite well enough, and is artfully in key.

Very soon down the moon-gloomy street came two Hawaiians, one with a guitar, one with a ukulele, singing in small sweet yodeling voices quite unlike the Republican screech owls of Kakaako. Now I identify myself as best I can with the common life of a place, wistfully if I can do no more (for I am no good at ostentatious intrusion), and thus, when the boys after a while sat down on the sea wall, so did I, at a distance, to learn some tunes if I could hear them. I learned my tunes, too, though the surf noise broke in upon the music, which was of a private quiet kind. And when I looked out at the sampans or up at the moon it all seemed wonderfully harmonious and pleasant.

Before long the white dog that

guarded the beached outrigger canoes below, having given me a careful look, decided that I was all right and jumped up and lay down beside me, so that it was handy for the stranger to scratch behind his ears, which I was glad to do. Meanwhile the singers were joined by some fishermen and a woman with a baby; the songs grew louder. One boy in bathing drawers began to dance in the moonlight; then he took the ukulele and struck it with a master hand. Henceforth he was the leader of the music. This allowed one of the original singers to detach himself from the group, and with unexpected kindness he joined me 'to make my friendship,' as he very directly and plainly said.

It put me in a twitter. We talked about the sampans; he told me who owned each of them and that the owner of the far one was a one-legged man; then we compared the canoes of Minnesota and Hawaii. And I learned how a kind Japanese had cured my friend the white dog of an exhausting complaint, and had repaired a much-lacerated ear belonging to the same patient.

When the fishermen went home at last, and the woman with the sleeping baby, and the concert was over, my friend the boy and his friend strolled back to the inn with me, singing what English songs they knew so that I could join in. Their instruments thump-thump-thumped in the old faithful chords, the moon shone, and down the winding street came the two brown boys and one *mahalini* (stranger), pink with pleasure. We went into the shade of the banyan singing, and came out singing into the moonlight on the far side, and so away between the banks of moonstruck flowers; and if ever I forget Kailua or the friendliness of its sea wall that night I shall have grown a very sour fellow indeed.

Among other things my friend Sam

had told me on the sea wall was that he had just started work that morning, and was very glad to have a job again after long idleness. It was upsetting to be reminded of jobs just then, for jobs are not properly a Hawaiian institution at all, but (like sin) were introduced when the missionaries and white men came to improve things. But I congratulated him, and next morning was much surprised at ten o'clock to find him seated under the banyan tree eating a dish of ice cream. 'Can't work all the time; got to take a day off sometime,' he explained, licking the spoon. This wrung a laugh from me. I was delighted. I saw then and there that the white man's serpents are after all not yet at home in Eden, and that I might return some other year to Kailua and still hear singing at night by the cove sea wall.

III

I must not boast a knowledge of Hawaiian history, though it is short enough, heaven knows, for even a lazy brain to encompass. But in Kona the few scraps of that knowledge I did have were so integrated and made alive that I was almost won to believing myself a master of the subject, if not in facts, at least in sympathy.

At Kealakekua, in Kona, is the Hawaiian Avalon, a cliff that rises from the sea, in whose crannies the bones of prehistoric demigods were hidden. At either end of the cliff, where it dies again into the slowly ascending terrain usual in Kona, is a short beach. On the southern of these two beaches yet stands the masonry platform on which Captain Cook, attired in a sacred feather cloak, was worshiped, while his seamen put on an indeed godlike display of fireworks from the vessels in the bay. On the northern beach he was murdered, and fell struggling into the waters of the ocean he had explored

more grandly than any other navigator. The effect of the fireworks had worn off; his seamen had been found to be not only mortal — one died — but a nuisance; when he sought gently enough to kidnap the pitiful old king as a hostage against the return of a stolen boat, animosity flared, and, without any official plan having been laid, he was slain.

But the slain god seemed to renew his divinity. Once a chief had asked the captain where he should be buried. To this unexpected question he without hesitation had replied, 'Stepney,' which was his home parish in London. It was a false prophecy. His flesh was burned with heathen rites on an island that homelike prosaic Stepney had not yet even heard of, and his bones — except those few the ship's officers with great difficulty were able to procure for Christian sea burial — were decked in the sacred feathers of the o-o bird, and hid in the cliff crannies with the bones of other island demigods.

From Kealakekua in later days sailed a whaler with a native boy aboard; the boy never saw Hawaii again, but was taken in by New Englanders, and became a Christian. He it was who urged missionary enterprise in Hawaii, and thus he is a very important cog in the wheel of island history. The missionaries came, armed with many noble qualities and intentions, and came to stay.

It is very idle to imagine that Hawaii might have had a happier or more natural history. Civilization was bound to touch and change it; and I must say that the touch of these paternalistic missionary families has brought a blossom rather than a blight with it, as can plainly be seen on the great plantations where cottages bowered in flowers, amply staffed hospitals, libraries, schools, playing fields, are all freely enjoyed by the laborers, to-

gether with certainty of work and pay in and out of season. Another sign of health is the infinite pride the people of Hawaii take in these great families, to which they owe so much. They are always admiring them. First you will be reminded that Hawaii is not controlled by a few, which I do believe is truer than some mainland economists are willing to concede — it is one of the chief Hawaiian ditties. But then immediately your guide will wave his hand in an ample gesture and say, 'Everything you can see from here is owned by —,' and then out will come one of those familiar well-loved names.

The first missionaries landed in Kailua cove; the first church on the islands stands there, a masonry building large and simple both within and without. When the bell rang I vaulted over the inn-garden wall and went to services.

But something has happened to the faith in Kailua. At first I thought I was intruding upon a Sunday-school class and backed out; but no, it was the real church service, as I presently guessed, and so I went in again and sat down. My arrival swelled the congregation from eleven to an even dozen; we looked very solemn and shrunk-up in a great white room built to house the fervor of hundreds of converts. The hymns, with no instrument to second them, rose like a whisper. One small girl, not interested, hung her head over the back of the pew and looked at the stranger upside down. There was no minister; instead, a very good woman in a sincere informal style conducted the service, and took up the collection in her own hand. The true flame, I am certain, authentically burns in that woman. But where were the descendants of the original bringers of the fire? Very likely they were assembled devotedly in some other church.

As for the descendants of the first converts, here were eleven of them. There were others at Mass, and still others at the schismatic parson's down the street. But on the whole the church in Kailua seems frail. Backsliding in mainland style is not so much responsible for this as the shrinkage in native population since the white man became its friend — a shrinkage, let me state in fairness to our well-meaning selves, which began before Captain Cook discovered the islands. The missionaries, in fact, labored with force and success to stamp out the only too significant signs of a racial degeneration that antedated their arrival. But in spite of our goodness and our cleverness we seem to be rather deadly. Our diseases, our superiority, our very gifts, are the undoing of simple people. They vanish before them.

It is not Hawaiians, but Portuguese and newly imported Filipinos, who live in the flowery plantation cottages. The Hawaiians stick to the sea coves, and fish-and-poi — it is not easy to change.

IV

Of Kailuan Christianity there are echoes. But the history of Hawaiian royalty, the line of the conquering Kamehameha, is closed. Still, it is not sealed. Miss Mary Low, who showed me through the palace of the Governor, which stands across from the church, remembers the last of those queens and princes, and in her reminiscences their beautiful phantoms again people the still old rooms: the beautiful prince again waltzes slowly round and round under the chandelier to show off his superb figure; the beautiful princess runs in her red bathing dress fresh from the sea.

But it is impossible to imagine such fair and frolicsome beings guiding the destiny of a modern nation, and soon they were not doing it. They were by

no means strangers to wisdom, but the part they had to play would have set Solomon's head to aching: it is no common task to govern an Eden invaded by the merchants, missionaries, and planters of Victorian England or these United States. They went industriously to school in England, they industriously tried to govern at home, they danced and were very beautiful in their outlandish European garb, and then they were carried off by the measles. It is a gay, piteous, and flitting history. And finally the advice that perplexed and the influences that swayed them roused one stubborn and injudicious queen to such heights of the impractical that the system and dynasty came crashing down together.

Hawaii promptly sued for admission into the American Union, and not long afterward was accepted into it with the status of territory. Like Arizona, not many years ago with a similar status, Hawaii is fortunate in harboring so large a group of its aboriginal people, whose place names, dances, songs, and garlands, surf riding and outrigger canoes, roast pig and poi, give the islands their romantic character, just as the place names, dances, and crafts of the Hopis and other Indian-Americans give Arizona its most distinguishing colors.

Hawaii's history, just as Arizona's, is now a part of United States history as a whole. In our day of rapid ships the islands come closer and closer; in a mere four days and a half of comfort and fun the traveler has arrived; and if he thinks he has journeyed to some uncouth outpost, let him harken to the expert jazz band on the terrace, or try breakfast on the pavilion-lanai, at the Royal Hawaiian, and be reassured. Urbanity has followed him. Or if he dreads the horrid discomfort of racial antagonisms, let him join the songs on the sea wall at Kailua, or the swimming by the wharf there, and be

comforted. He will find the swimmers to be both Hawaiians and Orientals, infinitely waterproof like fish, the most neatly built, nimble, swart, laughing amphibians that can be imagined. And perhaps after a while he will have some such experience as I did.

Fagged out and water-logged, I had stayed on to watch the fun from the wharf, when presently two women tourists in pants came out and watched too. One was a redhead, the other a platinum blonde of the utmost platinumity. Very likely they were a good sort, who would do credit to any club, but they gave me a chill because I belonged on their side of the fence, an onlooker and *mahalini*. For a while I had been no such self-conscious thing, but a common citizen of Kona.

V

There are several ways of leaving Kona, highly approved, but a cattle boat humorously christened the *Humuula* is not one of them. Yet when Mr. Cherry, the proprietor of the inn, drooped his eyelids and proposed my going that way, the wisdom of my precursor led me to guess that it would be no mere smelly trip, but a lark. And so it was. For one thing, the boat was not crammed with tourists, each to ask me if I had seen the volcano crater at night, and, when they learned I had not, to describe those infernal fires at infernal length. No, the *Humuula* carried island people, off on the usual business of life, and, though I am not a rapid insinuator of myself into other people's society, I made acquaintances on that boat that I take pleasure in remembering.

Nor were these acquaintances nobodies, though I am usually happiest with people of that class, but members of families of real importance. Miss Cleghorn's uncle had married a queen; the last and loveliest and most tragi-

cally brief-lived of all the princesses was her cousin. And what she told me about pineapples came from the aching heart of one whose welfare depended on that royal produce. Mr. Ackerman, a chap of my own age, discussed Hawaiian problems with me with power, information, and sincerity; and while the grand panorama of Hawaii slowly revolved he pointed out the waste uplands where sheep- and goat-shooting makes excellent sport — this was news to the mainlander. I had heard often enough of Kona's big-game fishing, but never of its mountain game.

At a small seaport called Kawaihae the *Humuula* anchored for some hours, to load cattle from the Parker ranch. The cattle were roped by Hawaiian cowboys, and forced into the sea, where they lunged and snorted and blew, but finally were swum out to the ship's boat, fastened to it, and so floated to the ship, where they were swung to the deck in a sudden motion like bovine angels called up to heaven. The cowboys barked like dogs for an encouragement, and rode back grandly from deep water on their swimming horses. But a hundred head treated in even this novel way is rather too much to watch. Ackerman and I left the aquatic rodeo for a stroll up the street, and paid a call on a sampan builder he knew, a Japanese named Matsumoto.

Now a fellow living in Cold Spring may never see a Japanese from one year's end to another. But Matsumoto had just sprung out of a Japanese print in spotless white shirt and drawers and neat wooden clogs, a little wrinkle-nosed elf who looked really very familiar. Since he spoke nothing but pidgin English, — a language I soon realized was too complex to use without some study, — I was not able to determine just which series of Hiroshige landscapes he derived from. But Ackerman was an old friend. We soon moved from the boat yard into the

house and had a round of drinks. 'Him Australia go,' Ackerman explained of me, which caused Matsumoto to purse up his lips in a long coo of admiration. After this it soon became evident that our host wanted a letter written — would Mr. Ackerman write it? Some boat lumber had come out from Honolulu that was unsatisfactory.

A thick pad was fetched and a very sharp pencil that frequently broke, and ink for the envelope, and the scribe set to. The effort of communicating precise business information in pidgin English is very great, even between experts, — I could see that, — and it takes a long time. When the letter was done there were a great many post-scripts, enough to fill a full second sheet. It was very laborious. But when I looked around at the painfully clean-swept earth floor, the rooster pecking a lunch of lettuce out of a crate in the corner, or at the housewife in the next room cooking at a stove that was like a table and washing dishes obviously 'made in Czechoslovakia,' I had plenty to think about, all this while. And especially when I looked at the accommodating scribe bent up at the long clean table, writing, and at little Matsumoto perched as light as a bird on the bench opposite, watching hopefully, I had a very peaceful feeling because I was in the presence of kindness and trust.

At such a moment, as on Kailua's moonlit sea wall, racial antagonisms are seen in their true colors — as no bogeys to anybody but the man who insists on making them so. I believe these moments of plain seeing are as much to be relied upon, moreover, as the belly-aches or nightmares that are often taken as the only sure guides in the matter.

VI

On Maui, where I landed late at night, I immediately found myself making the acquaintance of another

Japanese — Tom, my driver. Tom by no means derived from a Hiroshige landscape. He was island- and so American-born, my brother citizen and voter, an ingenious, not neat, spry, chatty, jaunty-mannered fellow, whose happiest boast was that he had shaken the hand of Will Rogers. He had penetration of mind and a sad face, but would break out in a cackle of laughter, or a long whistle of wonder, or would dart a look of confidence at me as if he thought we understood each other, which I suppose we did as well as people commonly do in this world. In fact, he was a typical enough sample of the new-generation Japanese in Hawaii to be worth a little study, which I had time to give him without any prying or pumping.

There are several reasons for distrusting the Japanese in Hawaii, which may as well be looked at squarely. The chief of these is that there are so many of them. There are three times as many in Hawaii as Hawaiians, or whites. Then, this formidably large group is clannish in disposition, and tends to resist assimilation. And, most upsetting of all to the patriotic, the group maintains its own schools parallel to the public schools; the Japanese tot, emerging from the public school at three, trudges off to Japanese school, where he speaks Japanese the rest of the afternoon as well as all day Saturday.

Such facts must send a shiver up the timorous spine of any military man. But I think they are given an importance not inherent in them. It must be remembered that this group is very newly settled in American territory. What if a hundred thousand of us adoring nephews of Uncle Sam were by force of economic necessity moved out of our American environment and settled in Iceland? How soon should we become Icelanders? I think that that proud people would find us rather

slow at it, and would have just cause to complain that our Icelandic was of the pidgin variety, and that we tended to use not even that, but familiar English, and to sing 'Swanee River' rather than their Viking sagas. At the same time we should, I think, be thoroughly conscious that we were better off in Iceland than we had been at home, and, like the Japanese of Hawaii, not at all anxious to return to the pinched circumstance that had driven us to the new land. 'Japan — lovely place to visit, no place to go back to, to live in,' Tom told me. He had friends who had tried it.

Another thing: the young Japanese, I learned from many sources, rebels against the Japanese school when he reaches high-school age, if not before. My driver Tom had put on a rebellion of this kind at the close of the second grade, and never set his infant foot inside the door again. Perhaps he was precocious; but his rebellion has a meaning that anybody can read — namely, that Tom's children will not go to Japanese school at all. Such a patriotic allegiance is a burden and is cast off by the young.

A Honolulu business man, talking of this with me one day, suggested that the Japanese language should be taught in the public schools, an elective like French or Spanish. To hear a proposal at once so obvious, subtle, and just, gave me a delicious thrill; why for pity's sake has n't it been followed already? At one stroke the legitimate reason for continuing the Japanese schools would be canceled. And it is ignorant in critics of the existing Japanese schools to deny that that language is of large importance in the Pacific Basin, or that classics of poetry, drama, and novel writing have been achieved in it. Japanese culture is rich, and ancient. It were a shame if official contempt or blundering policy should seek to blot out recollection of this greatness

as Mayor Thompson in Chicago sought to blot out of the school texts any recollection of the cultural debt America owes England. The wise course is the generous and fearless one — to encourage it.

There is some feeling on the islands against moving up from the status of territory to that of state, because of the power the Japanese group then could wield. But I was repeatedly told that the Japanese is very independent in his voting; he will cleave to what he considers to be the most promising candidate even if he be a Chinaman. The foes of statehood propose, rather, as a step upward, a commission form of territorial government, in which commission the army, the navy, and the civilians should each have a representative. Heaven help us! Is Eden to be governed by the army and navy? Did Hawaii join the Union with any such blessing of freedom in mind? For my part, I should prefer to see little Matsumoto in the Senate, where his speeches, in interpreted pidgin English, might by their shrewd simplicity actually wring from that body the favors the islands deserve. The military's one song is the holy necessity of things military, a song of which I have long since grown tired. I should trust my interest sooner to a civilian with slant eyes.

But I do not think Matsumoto would accept the nomination. Nor do I think he would cast his vote for Tom my driver if Tom were running for the Senate. He would turn instead, as he did in letter writing, to some man like Ackerman to represent him in far-away Washington. And in that relationship might we not hope to see something of the kindly care on the one hand, and intelligent trust on the other, that made the letter writing at Kawaihae a heart-warming episode? It is a hope not founded on unreason. I try to flee the chinch bug of self-righteousness in

considering these matters, and cannot for the life of me believe that white-man politics are so whitely pure that they can be much darkened by a little yellow.

VII

Tom my driver showed me Maui by the light of both moon and sun. It is a handsome island illuminated by either.

I roamed the mossy pit of the Iao Valley, and fell in the river there: fine, \$250 for polluting the water supply. But nobody caught me, Tom discreetly noticed nothing bedraggled in my appearance when I got back to the road, and thus I as yet have not been haled into court on that charge. In the Puohakamoa I took a legal (though naked) swim in a pool on whose surface ripe guavas floated; a waterfall tumbled into it over a fern-grown cliff, and it was deep, hidden, and cool — one of those little secret places old Mother Nature saves for a surprise for undeserving wanderers like my lucky self.

I saw the submarine flotilla twinkling at anchor in starry Lahaina Roads; and at Wailuku Mission, on the old wall, the night-blooming cereus opening its hundred great waxen cups in the moonlight.

On Puunene Plantation I went down to the bowels of the earth, an unexpectedly neat place, to see one of the many giant pumps that irrigate the cane fields; for sugar growing is no back-yard enterprise that can be handled by you or me, but a business only profitable where it can be managed and financed on a huge scale. At the plantation office I met the cashier; he had just come in with an armload of checks averaging five dollars in value: certain of the laborers had elected to save systematically out of their wages against Maui Fair time, a great island event. The total value of those checks

was well over thirteen thousand dollars, which will perhaps give you, as it did me, a clue to the magnitude of Puunene Plantation.

I rode the grassy uplands where fat cattle browse or admirably take their repose in the shade of eucalyptus groves. And from winding drives along the sea cliffs I looked down on villages or small cove Edens tucked away as if waiting for Paul and Virginia to be cast up again for another island idyll.

On the black sands of Honomanu Bay I saw an old stealthy fisherwoman take a whole supper's fish in one cast of the net. And Tom fetched down mountain apples nimbly from a high tree, and skinned under a gate to steal pineapples from a neglected field — oh, inimitably toothsome sun-ripe juicy stolen fruit!

In fact, I did and saw a great many fine things on Maui, which is a countrified and open-hearted island, as yet little explored by the tourist. I advise the tourist to go there. And when he goes, I advise him to ascend Haleakala.

To a fellow like myself, used to Minnesota, whose highest hill, though a thousand miles from the sea, manages to stand only two thousand feet above it, a mountain five times that high thrust immediately out of the brine is a prodigy. But even a Californian must find Haleakala rather a wonder. I saw it first from the deck of the *Humuula*, when it had a rainbow hung before it like some mysterious emblem. And then, for a farewell to Maui and the Hawaiian chapter in my new travels, I had supper on top of it at the time of the full moon.

My host at the Grand Hotel at Wailuku, a genial man named Walsh, took me up. He was thoroughly good company. And when we got above the clouds, and the sunset had burnt itself out, we found candles lit in bottles in

the rude masonry rest house that perches on the crater brink: five jolly naval officers had come before us and spread out their supper, and lit the candles.

There was no lack of laughter and anecdote on Haleakala that night, and when Mr. Walsh revealed the fact that his insignificant-looking friend had had an essay or two in the *Atlantic Monthly* there was a great whoop and hurrah, and a big pot of Boston baked beans, still hot from the galley oven, was opened in my honor. But it was no company that must be all noise: very often everyone would be leaning out into the ineffably still night to look down on the satin pavement of milk-white cloud that floored our world, or away to Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, calm, remote, the only other parts of earth that rose into it. Or we would stare below us into the black and cindery deeps of the crater, where wisps of pale cloud lay dreaming above the long moon shadows.

Hawaii is an easy place to be happy in; I think it was made for that purpose. It is a far cry from the urbane Royal Hawaiian terrace, with its expert jazz band, to the fishermen's quiet music on the sea wall at Kailua, and still farther to Haleakala's blank moonstruck silence above the clouds. But all three are Hawaii. Such things, and more that people who have been there will upbraid me for not dwelling on, await the poor bliss-bewildered visitor.

But Hawaii deserves to be thought of in another and deeper-hearted way than as a mere goal for lucky trippers like myself, or a picturesque playground to be frolicked in or let go to grass as the whim seizes us mainlanders. So long as we keep Hawaii a territory we govern it, and our blandly ignorant whims may do it hurt. Hawaii is not only flowers and white surf, and songs and polo, but people. And the people of Hawaii are, like ourselves, capable of

pride and dignity. I wonder if they do not sometimes grow a little weary of being 'a state in the making' — especially when they observe some sixteen of the full-fledged mainland states paying no such taxes into Uncle Sam's pocket as they do, and many light-heartedly borrowing or begging greater sums from that shortsighted old Yankee, year after year.

Perhaps some fine night they will have a little fun, as their forefathers in

Boston did when King George III found his overseas savages impertinent in their wishes. Attired humorously in tapa-cloth clouts, they may assemble and throw a little mainland tea into Honolulu Harbor, just for a reminder that history repeats itself. Perhaps I shall be among those present, to strike a sympathetically derisive chord on my ukulele. I have seen those islands and am ready to give them their due.

ESCAPE

BY ALDEN BEACH

A CHILD is lost.
Bells, toll the bells.
A child is lost,
Fly low, sea gull.

Call, cry,
Weep, search for him.
A child is lost,
Fly high, sea gull.

Carry him low,
Sea gull,
Carry him high,
Sea gull,

He is guiding your wings
While the tolling bell rings —
He is found!

.

Mourn, bells.

SWASTIKA

BY BARBARA SPOFFORD MORGAN

I

WHEN one remembers how National Socialism appeared to be declining in 1932 and how Hitler was called to power as a last resort, it seems as though the movement might be only a belated convulsion of the war. In fact, the enemies of the movement, especially in Prague, Zurich, and Paris, expect Hitler's downfall quite shortly, and a restoration of the Weimar constitution or something like it, together with their own return. But I believe they are wrong. Hitler may fall, and his enemies may return, but it will probably be to a different Germany from the one they left. The forces at work in that country have only temporarily crystallized in Hitler, and will continue to work themselves out when he is gone.

National Socialism is not only a protest against the Treaty of Versailles, and not only an uprising of the middle class; and it cannot be disposed of by calling it barbarous, dictatorial, or militaristic. It is all these things and a great deal more. It is a revolt against the ideals of democracy; not merely its practices, but the very assumptions upon which the democratic state operates. The Nazis reject equality, and put hierarchy in its place; they reject the ideal of a society run by scientific methods for the ideal of an organic society in which personality will play a greater part than formulæ; and, consistently with this, they war against

the intellect in favor of 'the creative spirit.'

It is important, in judging National Socialism, to be clear that its objectives are different from those of democracy and still more different from those of Communism. Superficially resembling the Communist state in certain ways, the spirit and aims of National Socialism are diametrically opposite. The Communists are trying to bring more equality, rationality, and scientific patterns into the social order than even America has achieved, but the Nazis regard these aims themselves as disintegrating and demoralizing. In fact, they do not say, 'You are sailing the wrong course to the harbor,' but they say, 'Your harbor is a pile of barren rocks, and any course toward it will bring you to shipwreck.'

To understand why the Germans have undertaken to revise their social order, the historical setting must be recalled. In this setting, the war and the depression are in the foreground, but they do not by any means cover the stage. Indeed, if one is going to start from the war and its consequences to account for National Socialism, there seems to be no reason why the revolution should have happened at all. Consider the situation of the country between 1918 and 1933. German diplomacy was winning concession after concession from the Allies — Locarno, the League, the Rhineland,

and Lausanne. Slowly, successive cabinets were pulling the nation out of the war pit and restoring its prestige. Business revived, the arts flourished, German science was regaining its old position, and the general atmosphere was full of vitality. So much for the upper layers. The workmen were on the whole better off than under the Kaiser. In the post-war years, the Social Democrats were the strongest political power, whether in or out of the government, to say nothing of the Christian Unions, left wing of the Centre Party. And during this time the unions increased in membership and strength.

On the other side of the account, it is true that even before the Young Plan Conference a systematic campaign from within Germany to destroy German credit did greatly aggravate the effects of the general depression. It is also true that during the post-war period the middle class were almost desperate; their savings gone in inflation, they saw no future for themselves between big business and labor. The dislocated Junkers, too, were bitterly aggrieved, and large industrialists financed the Hitler movement as an offset to Communism. But it does not explain National Socialism to count incomes. Hitler's chief appeal has never been to economic motives; he has never promised prosperity, never held out hope of a return to the old régime. Not when the nation was prostrate in defeat and the power lay open to any adventurer, but in the midst of an ordered enterprising State, this amazing revolution took root. Why?

II

The reasons, I think, lie below the apparent vigor and stir in Germany, deeper than economic motives and foreign policies. They are found first, probably, in German internal dissension. Bismarck's unification of the

country was only a political framework, and when the frame broke, in 1918, the pieces of the picture puzzle fell apart. Sectional feeling became bitterer than ever, and at one time during the twenties the premier of Bavaria, Held, said in a public speech, 'The true enemy is Prussia,' and proposed secession. At the same time, the Treaty of Versailles imposed conditions which weighed on Germans as Germans; and as Germans alike, whether from Pomerania or the Rhine, they had to meet suspicion and dislike from other nations. This modern German nationalism is a curious thing. It is kindled, one might say, from without, but its fuel is the consciousness that there never has been in the real sense a German nation.

Here, of course, was Hitler's double point of appeal, to the sufferings imposed on all Germany and to the need of reacting to these sufferings as a united whole. Apparently something like a real whole has been achieved. Some say the unification is still superficial and will not last, but on the other hand some of Hitler's most serious enemies declare that the creation of a unified Germany is his one great merit. At all events the Nazis have gone about this task in the most thorough way, not only from without, but from within. They have abolished local parliaments and local premiers, and reorganized the country by functions rather than by states. They try to overcome sectional feeling by transporting large groups of people from north to south, east to west, for their holidays; and above all every law, every article, every speech, every school lesson, repeats and repeats: German unity, German wholeness, German spirit.

I shall return to this passion for national wholeness, which the Nazis raise from a political expedient to a philosophic doctrine. But before going on

to their system there is another even deeper and much vaguer cause than the political one.

In spite of considerable blossoming in many directions after the war, millions of Germans were restless and discontented, not so much with outward conditions, but because they were not getting what in their souls they longed for. Germans — and this in my experience is about as true as a broad generalization can be — have a strong sense for outward order and will make endless sacrifices for what they think will maintain order — namely, the State. So we have the familiar picture of the goose-stepping German, the *verboten* signs, the extraordinary respect which all, even the most independently placed, pay to any state official. The story is told that the Communist uprising after the war failed because the leaders neglected to get hold of the state seals, and local functionaries refused to obey any order which was not properly sealed. And it is a fact that when the Communists were rioting in front of the Reichstag, in 1918, they were careful to keep off the grass.

But that is only one side of the picture. The other side is seen in the common saying, 'Two Germans, three opinions.' Touch the inner life of a German, his beliefs, his affections, his family, his pleasures, and you have opened a hornet's nest. To-day, for instance, Germans are under rigid financial control and cannot even get money to travel abroad without the express permission of the Reichsbank. This they submit to with complaints, but they do submit. Yet, when the government attempts to incorporate the Church, an irresistible force meets an insurmountable obstacle — and the obstacle wins.

As the post-war world was shaping itself, therefore, the German nature, this nature which will pay any price

for inner freedom, found very little to be free about. The individual not only found himself a cog in a machine, but the Socialist leaders told him that to be a cog was his glorious destiny and he must be happy about it. A dreary prospect, which not even the hope of higher wages could brighten. It is a curious but telling fact that in German there is no word for what we call 'efficiency.' Yet efficiency, with all it implies as a way of life, was being forced on the German people — and it was not in their vocabulary.

Some inchoate feeling of this sort was the subsoil in which National Socialism took root. The revolt in Germany is not against materialism, — Germans are as susceptible to cars and villas and fur coats as anybody, — but it is against rationalization, against the idea which is shaping social legislation in most industrial countries: that the perfect society would run like a machine, and that the more one routinizes and conforms one's life, the more successful it will be. Those who could articulate their discontent felt that business and politics were a scramble of personal ambitions, that culture was drying up in a kind of intellectual fever, that morals were corrupt and young people in anarchy, and that all these things were inevitable and life not worth living if a factory was the ultimate goal. And, to sharpen this feeling, they felt themselves ruled (as indeed they were ruled, in politics, in finance, in art and literature and learning) by an alien race which is well disciplined to thinking in economic terms and especially adapted to an industrial civilization — in fact, the high priests of the very things to which they objected.

Hitler came along with his appeal to national feeling, his attack on the Jews, his insistence on discipline — and the people responded. But what Hitler voiced and what the Germans responded to was not so much these

concrete talking points as a protest, a violent protest against the monotonous pulse of economic efficiency.

III

This protest has been made many times before. Broadly speaking, the Nazi revolution belongs with agricultural-authoritarian as against urban-democratic movements, and the ideas the Nazis are trying to embody in their system belong in the general organic, vitalistic school of thought. They object to equality because it makes men egotistical and works toward social disintegration; instead, they believe in a closed hierarchy in which each leader has authority over those below him and responsibility to those above him. Throughout Nazi writings runs the emphasis on the 'whole,' the organic whole, first of the State, then of the personality. The Nazis explicitly say, for instance, that decisions should be made on the basis of the good of the State rather than on abstract right. They emphasize qualities which are matters of personal interpretation, like loyalty, rather than those which can be defined, like justice; honor as against self-interest, duty as against right. The ties of race and blood, the inspirational rôle of women, the heroic rôle of men, obedience, paternalism, sacrifice of the person for the ideal, austere self-discipline — all these old-fashioned and irrational conceptions are the leitmotifs of the programme.

The application of these ideas is drastic, and in some cases novel. I shall illustrate them briefly from three enactments which give most clearly the National Socialist intent—the land law, the labor law, and the penal code.

The change that has been made in the land law is somewhat similar to English entail. Peasants' farms must now descend from father to son, and

the owner can neither sell nor borrow against his land. What happens to the children who do not inherit the farms is a problem which the Nazis undertake to deal with, but which cannot be gone into here. It is difficult to tell how this system is working so far, for, like most questions in Germany, the answer depends on whether or not the speaker is a Nazi. One hears, for instance, from 'antis' that a peasant's daughter is not the *partie* that she was. Her father can no longer lay his hand on money for her dowry, and this change in social status is resented. On the other hand, new rural settlements are being created all over Germany, and although people are being ordered from the city to the country, it seems to be true that more want to go than there are farms to put them on.

Without going into other provisions of the act, it is easy to see what an immense change this makes in the lives of millions of people. Farmers in Germany, like farmers in most industrial countries, were coming to look on their farms as a business instead of a way of life. They were becoming the stepchildren of industry, regarding the money they could get out of the farm as the measure of its value. Now, with a stroke of the pen, the values of land are altered. The farm is no longer a speculative business, but a trust for the nation and posterity, and if the farmer cannot make money by selling it, neither can he lose by borrowing against it. Tradition, inheritance, the patriarchal family, small units, independence, handiwork, are favored by this system as against enterprise, individualism, restlessness, mechanization.

The National Labor Act, however, is the most comprehensive statement of Nazi principles that has been made, and also the most interesting of Nazi documents because it shows the attempt to incorporate intangibles in what might be called the enemy camp,

the factory. The land law is, in essence, a return to the old order, but the labor law is an attempt to do something new.

First of all, the Labor Act declares the principle of leadership. 'In an industrial concern, the owner as leader of the establishment, and the salaried and wage-earning employees as his followers, shall work together for the furtherance of the enterprise and for the common good of the nation and the state.' The leader makes all decisions and bears the responsibility for them, but he has a 'confidential council' of employees at his side. This council has no relation to a labor union (unions are, of course, abolished). It is selected in a prescribed way from a list which the leader makes up, and has no function except to advise. On the other hand, the leader is obliged to summon the council if half of the members request it, and the councilors have certain judicial functions in cases of appeal.

The framers of the law appear to have been quite aware that human nature tends to abuse power, and against this abuse they have set up a complicated machinery. Regional Labor Trustees who are state officials are appointed to act as arbiters, and also as checks on encroachments from either side. The leader, for instance, is obliged to notify the Trustee in writing before he dismisses more than nine men in a factory of less than one hundred, or ten per cent in larger factories. The Labor Trustees have the power, if their instructions are 'repeatedly and willfully contravened,' to impose fines and in serious cases imprisonment. Yet there is a check even on the Labor Trustees, for they are obliged to consult with an advisory committee of experts of which three quarters must be chosen from a list presented by the German Labor Front.

As one reads the law, one is struck by the fact that its tendency is so-

cialistic — that is to say, most of its provisions are for the protection of labor. Yet it is very different from Marxian socialism. The capital-labor antithesis is not taken for granted. On the contrary, it is assumed that the interests of the plant control both sides. Workmen participate in every decision on wages, dismissals, factory rules; the leader decides and is responsible; but if the confidential council feels itself disregarded the machinery of the act is put in motion and the state intervenes. In November 1934, for instance, a factory owner in Westphalia was taken into 'protective custody' on the charge of having totally disregarded his confidential council, and having dealt with them in an arbitrary manner.

The entire act assumes that people — workmen as well as employers — will be or can be made socially responsible. Social Honor courts are the most extreme expression of this idea. The court consists of a judge, an industrial leader, and a member of a confidential council. It deals with exploitation, interference, 'wounding of honor,' betrayal of confidence, disobedience, not only as between leader and followers, but among the followers themselves. The court has the power to fix various penalties, running from warnings to fines up to ten thousand reichsmarks and to removal of the offender — whoever he be — from his post. The procedure is this. Any leader or employee who feels aggrieved states his case in writing to the regional Labor Trustee, who does not decide the case, but does decide whether to call the court. The court then hears the complainant and renders its decision. The decisions of the regional court can be carried on appeal up to the Reich Honor Court in Berlin, where they may be sustained or revoked.

Especially interesting is the fact that the act tries to develop social responsibility by basing its machinery on

the individual. In every grievance, the individual must make his complaint personally in writing and give his testimony in person (though in special cases he may send a representative). In every accusation also the procedure is against an individual. No motive to group organization is given except for common work; in other words, when the individual works for the good of the plant, he works with others, but when he complains, he complains alone. The tendency of the act in this respect seems to be to combine the constructive forces and isolate the destructive ones.

Commenting on the German Labor Act, the former Italian Finance Minister, Alberto de Stefani, wrote in the *Corriere della Sera*, 'It is an act which possesses a unique form; an ethical form is introduced into a sphere where ethics as such do not appear to be at home. . . . The German Government, one must admit, has presented an ideal principle the dynamic importance of which is incalculable.'

These illustrations are brief, and intended to illustrate one thing: how the Nazi government is attempting to introduce into an industrial, urban, and on the whole liberal-democratic state the kind of ideas and codes that go with an agricultural and, generally speaking, early feudal civilization. Most clearly does the shift in emphasis come out in two proposed changes in the penal code. One, that if motive to commit a crime can be established, it shall be considered as serious an offense as if the crime were committed. Second, that judges shall be guided more by the spirit of the law than by its letter.¹ The intent of these changes is explained in the following quotation from Carl Schmitt's *Staat, Bewegung, Volk*: 'The law can no longer guarantee

the computability and certainty which are necessary for the definition of law in a constitutional state. Computability and certainty do not lie in standardization (of the law), but in the situation which is assumed to be standard. On all sides in countless paraphrases, general clauses and indefinable conceptions have crept in: "good faith," "custom," "determining reason," "unnecessary harshness," "reasonable expectation," "arbitrary prohibition." . . . We have seen that every word, every concept, becomes contestable, uncertain, indefinite, and wavering when differently oriented minds and interests undertake to interpret them in an indefinable situation. . . . The fiction and illusion of a law which factually includes and foresees all cases and all situations cannot be revived.' This gives clearly the reaction from Montesquieu's conception: 'The judge is the mouth which pronounces the words of the law.' In fact, the intent of the proposed changes is evidently to remove law from the objective to the subjective sphere, and shift the weight of authority from the law to the judge. The perils implied in these 'reforms' make an Anglo-Saxon shudder. But they are perfectly consistent expressions of Nazi ideology, which in these cases carry further the abstract tendencies of German law. 'Not the law, but the lawyers, must be reformed,' they say. In other words, the good society must come from within.

IV

Germany at the moment is full of contradictions. Heads are carried high and the clear blue eyes of young men have a look of burning enthusiasm; at the same time, no one dare speak his mind except in strictest privacy; even in front of house servants, and of course in all public places, conversation is restricted to personal matters. Na-

¹ These two points were stated by Dr. Gürtner, Reichsminister of Justice, in a summary of the proposed reform of the legal code in the *Völkischer Beobachter* of August 31, 1934. — AUTHOR

tional Socialism is a crusade, a religion, and it is applied — as has happened before — with brutality, sometimes savagery. The Nazis go about deliberately rousing emotions and passions, and at the same time they insist on rigid discipline. Most puzzling is the position of the individual. The Nazis lay great emphasis on personality, especially on those aspects of personality which cannot be harnessed or charted, like loyalty and self-respect. Motives are as serious as acts; innate sense of justice outweighs the letter of the law, and the creative spirit is to subdue the sterile intellect. Yet exactly these qualities require free play, personal interpretations. Exactly these forces of personality which the Nazis wish to stimulate are paralyzed in a 'totalitarian' state where the government takes charge of every phase of life and pours its slogans day and night through the press, the radio, and all cultural organs. It is hard to see a resurgence of personality under a dictatorship of this nature.

There is still another major contradiction. The Nazis preach from every platform the unity and wholeness of Germany. *Artgleichheit*, likeness in kind, creates a mystic understanding between all Germans of pure race, and from this they derive the 'classless state.' But in practice the state is not classless at all. The old class distinctions, between employer and employee, well born and humbly born, rich and poor, are supposed to be erased, but in their place is a new one. In Germany to-day there are two classes, the Nazi party members — 'PG,' as the *Partei Genossen* are called — and the others. Any 'PG' carries in his displeasure the sting of arbitrary dismissal or imprisonment against any non-party member, no matter how highly placed, official, industrialist, or professional man. Obviously this opens the door wide to every kind of corruption —

and as long as the party remains distinct from the nation, as long as there are admittedly two kinds of Germans, the door will stay open. Even from the theoretical point of view it is impossible to develop social responsibility as long as only a fraction of the population is entitled to say what social responsibility is.

Partly because of party tyranny and partly because the system is so new, the quality of the leadership is for the most part deplorable. And this is especially serious in a régime which politically bases itself on the principle of leadership and socially aims at stimulating the free forces of personality. Many of the present leaders are ignorant or inexperienced; they are arrogant, fanatical, and often corrupt, but they are still carried on the wave of revolutionary enthusiasm. The wiser ones realize this condition and have established training schools for leaders, to which the best young men — best from the point of view of 'character, mental orientation (*Gesinnung*), and race' — are sent. If the system survives until these young men enter it, National Socialism will provide a test, which is not possible now, of whether government by professional leadership is politically practical.

All these contradictions make it difficult at present to judge National Socialism. It is almost impossible to say what are the revolutionary features and what is inherent in the system. The ideas which are the motive force of the movement are ideas which we associate with a small, stable, slow-moving world long passed away, and we have come to think, in dealing with the tempo and complexity which our own inventions have created, that our best equipment is the rational side of our nature. The Nazis, of course, are aware of tempo and complexity, and they use the most modern devices — radio, printing press, expert knowledge of

mass psychology — to mobilize the revolt of a people against rationalization, their nostalgia for the intangibles of vanished ages. It is a rather ridiculous spectacle at times, — a nation being dragooned into a romantic attitude, — and this combination of new methods with old, apparently superseded ideas explains many anomalies. National Socialism at present is a romantic movement hitched to a dynamo.

The fascinating question is: Which will win, the dynamo or the resurgence of atrophied forces? If it is the former, then farewell to personality. If it is the latter, the Nazi strait-jacket will be burst and the new order will be neither Fascism nor Communism, as we know them now, but something toward that fulfillment of the German nature which Goethe expressed as 'outwardly limited, inwardly free.'

The social scale swings from one side to the other. At one time the weight is on a vitalistic interpretation of nature and then again it is on a mechanistic one. For a century and a half the main current of European civilization has run in mechanistic channels; our energies have gone into making, building, combining, paraphrasing, and regulating, and our patterns have been the laboratory and the factory. But there is another side, another interpretation, another set of forces, organic, vitalistic, irreducible, and unpredictable. They express them-

selves socially through emotions, contemplation, religious aspirations, creative impulses; in force and cruelty and injustice; in romanticism and mysticism, in agricultural civilization, in an emphasis on being rather than doing. National Socialism belongs to this latter school. Peasants are re-established, women are returned to the home, society is organized on a hierarchical military basis, government is aristocratic, — selective this time, not hereditary, — law is subordinated to personal interpretations, and the ideals held before the people are deliberately mystical and unattainable.

It is too soon to say whether we — Europe and America — have gone far enough in the direction of rationalization, and whether the compensating swing to inner freedom has really set in. But, whatever the outcome of the German revolution, a mystical romantic quality is its vital core. It is national in the first place, the profound longing of a sovereign people to cast out foreign elements and regain their own cultural and spiritual sovereignty. In the second place, it is not only national but universal, the resurgence of the inner life against a creeping paralysis. Make no mistake. The movement is brutal, blustering, repressive; it burns books, struts uniforms, and kills. But its real meaning, below the tyranny and the childishness, is an effort to deliver man from the machine.

THE BRADLOCK CHEST

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

I

Summer
IN the old horse-and-buggy days, Gardner Hollow had been a favorite drive for summer people. They liked to picnic in the Peck sheep pasture, draped like a green velvet scarf high over the shoulder of the mountain. But the steep road is too narrow for automobiles to pass safely and is corrugated with the bumpy thank-you-ma'ams that knock the stuffing out of low-hung modern cars, so for some years Gardner Hollow people had been left to themselves. You did n't see them hanging any crape on their well-painted front doors about this, either.

But of course accidents will happen. One did happen to Mrs. W. Atkins-Smythe, or rather to a guest of hers. The two middle-aged ladies had gone up to the Woodward lot above Ashford looking for azaleas, had taken the wrong turning, and after some wanderings had come out on the wrong slope of the mountain. By that time the other lady had turned her ankle and they were in a hurry to get home. Coming straight downhill across the old sheep pasture, they found themselves at the top of Gardner Hollow Road in Miss Philinda Peck's back yard. Living on nothing a year as old Miss Philinda did, she had no telephone, so Mrs. Atkins-Smythe (most local people called her just Mrs. Smith) left her friend there in Miss Philinda's sitting room, her ankle soaking in a hospitable

pail of hot water, while she hurried on down to the Merritts' at the lower end of the Hollow.

After she had telephoned to her chauffeur to come for them in the old Ford station wagon, she found that although her ankles were all right the rest of her was extremely tired, and decided to wait for the car at the Merritts' instead of plodding back on foot uphill all the way to the Peck house. She did not know the Merritts, but they knew her. A niece of theirs, now a teacher in a New York City school, had earned her way through Normal College by waiting on the Atkins-Smythes' table, summers. If they'd cared to, they could have told the lady a thing or two about what went on in her house that would have surprised her a good deal. But they also knew that she paid bills promptly, gave fair wages, and that her treatment of her help was approximately civilized. So, noting how used-up and all-gone she looked, poor old thing, they made her a cup of good hot tea and put some raisin cookies on the saucer. While she ate, Gramma Merritt, too old to work, sat down in a rocking-chair to keep her company. She was too old to work, but not at all too old to talk. Long before the Ford came boiling up the hill, rebounding from the water bars, Mrs. Atkins-Smythe had heard the life history of most of the five Gardner Hollow families; indeed, had heard

some of them, like the story of Miss Philinda's lost savings, twice.

She thanked her hosts, did not offer to pay them (she was really a nice person, if she did hyphenate her name), was hoisted up into the Ford by her chauffeur, and drove on to the Peck house. Miss Philinda was out back, leaning on her crutch and feeding the hens; the lady with the ankle was indoors, still steeping one foot in a steaming pail. The moment Mrs. Atkins-Smythe appeared she pointed with vehemence to a large dark box-like piece of furniture between the front windows. Drawing Mrs. Atkins-Smythe down, she whispered sibilantly to her, 'See that? It's a *Bradlock Chest*. Came straight down in her family. She's been telling me about it.'

Mrs. Atkins-Smythe did not know much about old furniture, but she knew enough to know what a Bradlock Chest is, although she had never seen one before, except in illustrations of books on antique furniture. She looked, she saw, she gave a little cry of astonishment. And then because, through Gramma Merritt's chatter, she had just learned how desperate was old Miss Philinda's economic situation, she gave a second cry of excited pleasure. 'Don't they sell for really a great deal of money?' she asked eagerly, running her fingers over the incised carving on the front of the old chest. To which her friend answered with assurance, 'That's worth a thousand dollars if it's worth a penny.'

II

Mrs. Smythe's first thought was that they must tell Miss Philinda. 'Some sharper might come along and buy it for a song. That would be too *awful*, when she needs the money so terribly. I've just been hearing about her. The bank she had her savings in — enough to pay her entrance to that

nice Old Ladies' Home in Ashford — went broke. She has *nothing*, they tell me, but what she gets off this run-down place. At seventy-six! Why, this will absolutely *save* her!'

So they did tell her, enjoying as though it were something good to eat the chance to burst a bombshell of surprise which, unlike most surprises, had nothing in it but joy. All the way home they talked about how the old woman took it, how for a moment she forgot her decorous traditions of self-control, flushed, paled, cried a little, had to sit down. 'Will you ever forget how she stroked the top of the chest! Her hand was trembling with joy. And no wonder. How much does it cost to get into the Old Ladies' Home? Not so much as a thousand dollars, does it? Not more than seven hundred, seems to me. Well, she's safe, then. Is n't it like a fairy story? How does your ankle feel now?' They repeated all this as they told the fairy story at dinner that evening. It was not long before everybody in their circle knew about their discovery. And sure enough, when they inquired how much entrance to the Old Ladies' Home cost, it was only seven hundred dollars.

Everybody up in Gardner Hollow knew at once about the value of the chest, too. Before she could sleep that night Miss Philinda had hobbled down the road, stopping at each house to reexplode her proud bomb. 'A thousand dollars! Not a cent less, those ladies said. I wish Grandfather was here. He set such store by that chest — used to keep it so nice, oiled it all over every spring, the way his grandfather showed him how to. He was born in 1791, Grandfather was, the year Vermont voted to join the United States. It was his grandfather that bought it when he was to be married — in 1740, long before any settlers come up into Vermont at all. Grandfather used to show me where they broke one

leg off, getting it up here on an oxcart. His father mended it with an old piece of wood he got from an Indian — of course they did n't have any seasoned lumber at first up here, and he was bound he would n't mend it with green wood that'd warp. A thousand dollars! My! I do wish Mother could know. She wanted to trade it off once when I was a little girl, for a new side-board, but I told her Grandfather had given it to me, and she could n't have it. I thought a great deal of my grandfather. I think about him every time I dust The Chest. Well, I must be going on; I want to tell the Kents.'

III

Her bubble had been quickly blown; so quickly did it burst. A fine long low-hung car made a foolhardy attempt to get up the road, dented a hub cap on a rock at the hairpin turn, lost traction on the greasy clay of the steepest slope, slid back, and let out its passengers to walk. There were two of them, both stoutish middle-aged men. But one was stout and ordinary, and the other, although stout, wore spats and carried a cane. At the first house they stopped to ask where Miss Philinda Peck lived, so of course everybody knew who they were and what they wanted. A boy was dispatched the short-cut path through the sugar-bush to Miss Philinda's to give her time to wash her hands and put on a clean apron. She was, so they all knew, canning raspberries that day.

Presently the men went back. They trod heavily down the steep hill, silent, each with a cigar. Nothing was to be learned, not from the sharpest stare at their impassive faces. But the boy soon came running in and he brought news enough, in all conscience. "They took it out on the front porch to git a good light on it. Miss Philinda went back into the kitchen and went right

on pickin' over raspberries. No, I did n't hear what they said. She would n't let me hang around front. Said 't would n't be manners to. So, first thing we knew, we heard 'em luggin' it back into the settin' room, and then the common-looking one come to the door of the kitchen and says, "I'm sorry to have to inform you, madam, that your chest is a modern imitation, not more than twenty-five years old, and of no value." And then he turned around and walked away real quick.'

'For heaven's *sakes!*' cried his audience in a unanimous passion of astonishment. When his mother had her breath back enough to speak she cried, 'What *did* Miss Philinda say?'

'Well, she did n't say anything for a minute. She looked as though you could ha' knocked her over with a feather. Then she got her breath and rose right up, raspberries and all, and said, "What are you talkin' about! That belonged to my *grandfather*, and he was born in . . ." But the man was out front by that time. She run out to the front porch and saw 'em startin' down the hill and hollered, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! There's some mistake." They stopped and turned around, and she told 'em, "That chest can't be a new one. It belonged to my *grandfather*, and he got it from his . . ." She was so flustered that she did n't hardly know what she was sayin' and she broke out laughing at the idea it wa'n't more than twenty-five years old. "Mercy to goodness, *I've* put things away in it for seventy years, myself," she told 'em.'

'What did they say to that?'

'Oh, they just looked at each other kinda queer, and the one with the cane took off his hat. "It's always very painful, madam," he says, "to make a discovery of this kind, as painful to the specialist who makes it as to the owner of the piece." He talked kinda book-

talk like that. And he told her he'd expected to buy it for the Westfield Museum, and that the other fellow knew all about old furniture, and could tell absolutely for sure when something was an imitation. And Miss Philinda cut in, "But how *could* that chest be an imitation? I'm seventy-six years old and I've . . ." Well, they shook their heads, and put their hats back on and went along down the hill. And I lit out the back way. I kinda thought Miss Philinda would n't want anybody around.'

IV

A foaming spate of talk poured along the Gardner Hollow Road, that afternoon, like a spring freshet. It was followed early the next morning by Miss Philinda herself, hobbling slowly but steadily down. 'No, thank you, I can't stop. I've got to git to Moffat Corner by nine. To catch the bus. I got business to do in Ashford.' Not another word out of her. She looked, so they all said compassionately, simply terrible, like a person that had 'had a shock.'

Well, of course, she had had, in a way. What could be at the bottom of this funny business about that old chest of hers? Could it really be an imitation? 'Have n't you always seen it there, Mother, in her settin' room?' 'Well, yes, seems as though I had. I never took any special notice of it, of course, but *seems* as though I always had. Still I could n't be sure that it had been there every single time I went to the house. How could anybody be sure of that?' But of course twenty-five years was ridiculous! There was n't a stick of furniture in *anybody's* house as new as that. 'Nobody need n't try to tell me she sold the old one and got her a new one. We'd all know about that!' And after a pause, more cautiously, '*Seems* as though we would, anyhow.'

The two kind-hearted ladies were talking about it in Ashford, too, shaking their heads sadly, grieved and disillusioned about all nice-looking country women. How innocent she had looked! How surprising the whole thing was. How ever could she have got hold of such a good imitation, back there in the woods?

They put this question to Mr. Hilliard, the expert, who was staying on in Ashford a day longer to look around. He smiled kindly at their simplicity and explained that people without experience simply could not imagine the double-dyed deceit practised in the antique business. 'There are all sorts of tricks. This is a very well known one. Probably someone who knew values stopped in there some five or ten years ago by accident, as you did, told her he'd give her a nice new chest for that old one, and something to boot. When you came in and said so much about it, she just thought she could repeat that deal. You say she needed the money for something special.'

So that was the way of it! Human nature was certainly a deep, dark well, mostly filled with iniquity, thought the two kind-hearted ladies.

They were somewhat shaken in this conviction that afternoon when the owner of the chest rang the Smythe bell. Her eyes were burning as though she had not slept the night before, her face was ash-gray as though she had not eaten anything that day. They tried to make her come in to rest and for a cup of tea, but no, she would not so much as put a foot over their threshold. All she wanted of them was to tell her where that man lived that had come to look at her chest yesterday. 'He said my grandfather's chest is an imitation! A new one. *He's got to take that back!*'

But when she found him, taking tea with his wealthy patron, it was not so easy. Not that he was rough with her.

No, he was very polite, he was not at all surprised by her excitement, he resigned himself to listen with patience — well, with a modern imitation of patience, at least — while she told him the old stories about the chest, explained how this and that old mark came to be on it, while she brought out from her handbag a sheaf of yellowed letters dated more than a century ago, with mentions here and there of ‘Grandfather’s Bradlock chest.’ When she stopped for breath, he pointed out to her, delicately, — reluctantly as it were, — that she could bring no proof that those stories and letters referred to the particular piece of furniture he had seen in her living room, which was, much as he regretted to repeat it, simply a very modern imitation.

She started as though a snake had stung her; she drew herself up to a height she had not had for fifty years; she looked piercingly into his eyes. ‘Are you trying to say that I’m not telling the *truth*?’ she asked in a low, fierce tone. She turned around to look for the door. ‘Have I lived long enough,’ she asked herself with horror, ‘to have a *York-State* man call me a liar?’

It was really a very uncomfortable profession, his was, Mr. Hillyard told Mrs. Atkins-Smythe. ‘I don’t know why it should be so, but nothing makes people more furious than to be found out in a deception about the age of a piece of furniture. Well, of course there often is a large sum of money involved, as in this case.’

‘Is n’t there any possibility that somehow she herself may not have known? She does seem so hurt and surprised!’

‘Oh, they always act that way,’ said the experienced Mr. Hillyard. He added, ‘I tell you what we sometimes do to save people’s faces. When they insist, we tell them probably sometime when the article was sent to

be repaired the repairer substituted some modern parts — perhaps all modern parts, before sending it home. That really has been known to happen. Men who repair antiques know their market value, of course, usually better than the owners do, and with the original right there as a model it is possible to manufacture an imitation so good that the unsuspicious owner does not notice it. I won’t say this *often* happens. But it’s a convenient formula to smooth down excited owners.’

‘Oh, *that’s* what I’ll tell her,’ cried Mrs. Atkins-Smythe. ‘If I ever see her again, that is.’

But the very next day, when Mrs. Smythe was cutting roses in her garden, Miss Philinda, who never left Gardner Hollow except to attend funerals, came hobbling up the front walk. ‘Do you know where a lawyer lives?’ she called. ‘I got to see a lawyer.’

‘Well, my husband is a lawyer,’ admitted Mrs. Atkins-Smythe, her eyes going to a massive bald gentleman in golf clothes practising putting at the other end of the lawn. At that moment she was called into the house to the telephone, and by the time she came out the old woman had told Mr. Smythe her long story, and he, who of course knew it already, was saying warmly, ‘Well, it’s a darned shame. If there was anything a lawyer could do about it, I’d be glad to. But there is n’t.’

‘Oh, I could get proof!’ cried Miss Philinda. ‘I could get any amount of proof. Everybody up there knows all about . . .’

Now was the time for Mrs. Atkins-Smythe to bring out the antique expert’s face-saving formula. So she did. Old Miss Philinda listened attentively. At the end she laughed — not mirthfully — and said, ‘The person that made that up did pretty good. The only trouble with his idee is that The Chest never *was* sent out to be repaired.

Never! It's never been out of the house I live in. And my father before me. And his father before him.' She pulled her shawl straight, said with dignity, 'Well, I won't need to bother you any more till I git some proofs,' nodded, and hitched herself away.

'Good gosh, my dear!' said Mr. Atkins-Smythe, wiping his bald head. 'I wish you'd kept out of Gardner Hollow.'

Mrs. Atkins-Smythe mourned over that as heartily as he. 'To think I had to go out of my way to bring temptation to the poor old thing!'

'What did you say she needs the money for? A mortgage on her home? Maybe I could do something about that at the bank.'

'No, no, her home is n't worth mortgaging. It was to get into the Old Ladies' Home here. She had saved enough, had it in the bank, would n't touch it for anything in the world — and then the bank broke. You can't blame her for jumping at a chance to make up for that. Anybody would.'

The lawyer demurred, 'My guess is that she believes her own story. If she were a witness in the stand, I'd have a hunch that she was n't consciously making anything up. Maybe the sideboard is old. Maybe whatever-his-name-is, the expert, maybe he made a mistake. People do.'

His distressed wife clutched at this. 'Oh, *do* you think he might be wrong?'

'I don't say I think it. What I don't know about antiques! It's a regular tulip craze, anyhow. No sense to it? I just say it's possible that he was wrong. But how could you prove it? What evidence could *prove* the old lady never sold the old chest and put an imitation in its place? Evidence never can prove a negative thing like that. Looks to me as though the age of an antique and a woman's reputation were in the same boat. One accusation against them turns the trick. There's

no way of *proving*, you know, where a woman's been, every half hour of her life, once somebody tells a nasty story about her.'

Having a professional interest in the nature of evidence, and how far it can go, he was rather interested in the case, speaking of it at dinner once or twice to a legal colleague. But before his vacation was over his interest had become exasperation. It seemed to him he and his wife could not drive anywhere without seeing a feeble old figure, hobbling through the summer dust. What could they do but offer her lifts? And she always accepted lifts with exhausted gratitude. 'I'm on my way to Stony Brook Hollow,' she would explain. 'My mother had a first cousin lived there. I want to see what she remembers about The Chest.' Or, 'One of the Merritts told me an old man over Winchester way used to work for Father years ago, before I was born, and remembered something Father told him about the carving on the front of the drawer.' She was writing it all down, she told them, in a book, which she carried with her in a green bag with a draw string. Every time they saw her she was whiter, thinner, more stooped. Mr. Smythe always meant — when he was away from her — to keep on explaining the point to her, till he had pounded it into her head. 'It'll do you no good to get a *million* witnesses, can't you see that, if you can't prove it's the same chest!' But when she sat, pale and bent, beside him in the car he could never bring himself to say this.

Instead, 'See here,' he said to his wife, one time after they had let her out and watched her begin feebly to trudge up a steep hill, 'how much was it she needed? Seven hundred dollars? Oh, let's get up a benefit or a collection or something, and give it to her. She'll drop dead on the road some of these days.'

They meant to. They really did mean to. But seven hundred dollars is a lot of money; all their friends had lost a good deal in the stock-market collapse; so had they, of course. The project never got beyond words. And, like most plans for good works which do not get beyond words, it stuck heavily in the crop of the people who had spoken the words. Like sensible people they kept telling each other that it was absolutely no responsibility of theirs; and, like decent folks, continued to feel that it was. And when, just before they were to start back to the city after the vacation that had been so clouded by this affair, they found Miss Philinda unconscious, lying beside a back road, her skeleton hands clutching at her green bag, they stopped trying to be sensible and became helplessly decent. 'Something's got to be *done*,' said Mr. Smythe resolutely, after they had revived her and taken her home.

He was an experienced man, and well knew which springs of action can be counted on to stir a modern brain into creative thought. 'Suppose she were rich,' he put the hypothetical case to himself, 'suppose a rich woman had consulted me about this. What would I have advised her to do?' When the question was put in that way it answered itself. He would have advised her to call in another expert on antique furniture. A brilliant idea. But, returning to reality from his hypothesis, he perceived that an expert would ask a large fee, and that his client was not rich. The brilliant idea was not so brilliant.

But Mrs. Atkins-Smythe, her heart ploughed and harrowed by the misery she had unwittingly caused, cried out that she herself would pay an expert for coming. 'I'll take that instead of a Christmas present! It'd be such a relief to *know*. If he said it was an imitation, then we could stop being sorry for her. And oh, think what it would mean if he said it really *is* genu-

ine and she could get into the Home!' After a moment's thought she went on, 'And I know who we can get. Anita Frank's son-in-law has a brother who's the old-American expert for the Elliott-Cary Museum. He'd know. And I don't care *what* it costs to have him come.'

V

When they told Miss Philinda about this plan they looked at her very hard, but they saw nothing in her face except a relief as great as their own. And gratitude! She too had been ploughed to the depths. For a moment she quite lost the bearings by which she usually steered her reserved course between self-control and self-expression. Self-control went overboard. 'I can't ever thank you enough!' she said over and over, blowing her nose and choking. 'I never heard of anybody that was so good to anybody.'

They were rather abashed by her thanks and rather alarmed by her relief. She took it so for granted that the verdict would be in her favor. Suppose it was n't! By the time the expert had arrived in Ashford, Mrs. Atkins-Smythe had worked herself up to a state of real panic at the thought of how awful that would be! When the car was brought around to take the expedition to Gardner Hollow Hill she cravenly stayed in her bedroom and sent her protesting husband up with the expert. 'I can't,' she told him, wringing her hands. 'I'd simply *expire* if I had to be the one to tell her that she's got to give up hoping for the Home.'

So the two men, leaving their car at the bottom, walked up the long hill by themselves, unaware that they were observed and recognized, and quite naïvely surprised when they reached the Peck house to see that Miss Philinda, standing on the porch, a clean white apron over her full skirts, evidently expected them. Mr. Atkins-

Smythe did not wring his hands, but he felt very ill at ease as he bade her good day. 'This is going to be damned uncomfortable,' he thought, 'looking the thing over with her standing right there.' But Miss Philinda knew better than that. 'I'm sorry,' she said, after taking them in to her sitting room, 'but I've got to go git some clothes in off the line. So if you'll just excuse me . . .' She melted away.

'They have n't any formal manners at all, these plain old mountain-farm people,' thought Mr. Smythe, 'but I wish I could be sure I had as good breeding as theirs.'

He thought his wife had been slightly silly to get so wrought up about this little matter, but when the expert, after a few minutes' examination of the chest, tapped it lightly and said, 'Why it's quite genuine. A remarkably fine specimen. What made you think it was n't?' Mr. Smythe found that he could not speak. He swallowed, wiped his forehead, drew on his cigar, and waited a moment before he said, 'Well, I'm glad to hear it.'

His second emotion was wrath. He thought of his spoiled vacation, his wife's distress, Miss Philinda's misery. 'What in hell would make anybody say it was n't?' he cried, and told the story with indignation. The expert was not so indignant as all that. 'Oh, anybody's likely to make a mistake, once in a while. He probably got the notion in the first place from the color. You don't often see genuine ones of that color. I should say this had been oiled pretty steadily. And that mended leg probably made him think it had been sent away for repairs. Though any modern repairer that wanted to put over a trick on an owner would have taken more pains than that, of course, to make it match the other. See, it's not even the same wood. The chest is oak, and that leg is yellow birch. It looks to me as though your

man just gave a snap judgment, as many another has done before him.'

'For God's sake,' said Mr. Smythe, 'when he knew that the comfort of the poor old owner's last years depended on it, would n't you think he'd have taken the trouble to look at it again and make sure?'

'Maybe he did n't want to go back on a judgment he'd passed in the hearing of a wealthy patron. Did you never hear of human nature?' asked the expert.

Mr. Atkins-Smythe realized now with compunction that Miss Philinda herself did not yet know the good news. But before he called her in he asked anxiously, 'Look here, it *is* worth a good deal of money, is n't it? I don't want any more mistakes made about it. She's absolutely got to have seven hundred, I believe.'

'Oh, I'll pay twelve hundred for it this minute,' said the other, taking out his checkbook. 'If the Museum does n't want it I'll make money reselling it.'

Light-footed and light-hearted as a boy the stout Mr. Atkins-Smythe ran to the door. 'Miss Philinda, do come in,' he called. His radiant face told her the verdict before his words. For a second time an Atkins-Smythe had the pleasure of exploding a bomb of joy in that room. For a second time the withered old face flushed and paled. Miss Philinda had to sit down, her knees and hands trembling. She had lost her breath, but her shaking lips noiselessly shaped the words, 'I'm *so glad!*' He gave her a glass of water. After she had drunk half of it she was able to say, 'I just can't thank you *enough!*' He put his hand on her shoulder. He had not been so happy in years. He drank up what was left of the water in the glass and, setting it down with a triumphant bang, said exultantly, 'As a matter of fact, it'll bring you *more* than my wife told you. This gentleman will

give twelve hundred dollars for it this minute. Like that!' He snapped his fingers joyfully.

He felt Miss Philinda stiffen. She shook his hand off. She hauled herself to her feet. She was not trembling now. With intense, seeking seriousness she looked at her benefactor and from him to the other visitor, his checkbook in his hand. Her face hardened. She looked back at Mr. Smythe. In a voice that brought the gooseflesh out on him she asked, 'Did you think I wanted to *sell* my grandfather's chest?' She took a step toward him, as if to look more deeply into his heart, and horrified him beyond measure by suddenly pushing her face close to his with an ugly gesture, shouting, 'Did you think all this time that what I was after was just to get more *money* out of . . .'

But she had horrified herself as well as her visitor. She drew back, ashamed. There was a moment of intimidating silence while she confronted a situation far beyond her powers to cope with. What could she do? She had never ordered anyone out of her house in all her life. What phrases, what actions were possible for her to use with self-

respect? For she must not forget her manners again. Once was bad enough! No matter what the provocation, it would be beneath her to let it happen twice.

It came to her — what she could do.

Addressing the universe at large, she hobbled to the front door and threw it open. 'I make a mistake,' she said seriously, with the accent of one admitting a regretted error, 'I make a great mistake ever to let a York-State person into my house at all. And I guess I better not, from now on.'

The men moved silently toward the door.

'I don't say it's their fault,' she conceded to the air over their heads. 'I don't say but what it's mine. I always heard that I was born dumb, and I s'pose I git dumber as I git older.' The men passed through the door. She reached for the latch and, her eyes fixed earnestly on the maple tree across the road, explained, 'I know they *mean* all right, York-State folks do,' — the door was all but closed, — 'but somehow I just don't know how to *git along* with 'em,' she concluded, and dropped the latch firmly into place.

A CASE IN OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

MACBETH. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

— Act V, Scene 3

I

A WORD FROM THE DOCTOR

BY JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER

PHYSICIANS, I think, are more fortunate than other professional men. A lawyer may occasionally have clients who are also his friends. The same thing may happen, I suppose, to a business man. To a physician, however, there is no pleasanter association or memory than the commingling of a past dependency and a present friendship. The writer of the following article was once a patient of mine, and I count him now among my friends.

Every psychiatrist is always interested in a patient's description of his past mental illness. We are still a little afraid of mental illness. A man will gabble for hours about his surgical operation, but he does not like to talk or write about a past depression or a tormenting phobia. Such records, therefore, are rare. In them the physician discovers the mistakes he made and learns something for the future,

for the patient often misinterprets a chance word and builds on it a whole system of anxiety about which the physician is entirely ignorant. There are two examples of this in the following paper.

There is no such thing as a 'blanket case.' We physicians who work in a 'Group' do have an arrangement that we call a 'blanket fee.' This means that a patient who has very little money does not have to pay the fee of each of the consultants to whom he is sent. He is merely asked to pay whatever he can reasonably afford, and then this so-called 'blanket fee' is divided up among the physicians who have examined him.

Secondly, I feel sure that no one in Baltimore believes that any medical institute of ours represents the highest court of medical appeal. We do what we can, but we do not pretend to be a court of last resort. With these two ex-

ceptions the description of the case in the following article is, so far as I know, accurate and very interesting.

The writer imagines that I and my colleagues cured him. Nothing could be further from the truth. With our

help he cured himself. All we could do was to show him the road along which he might walk toward health, but it was he who had the courage to walk in it — and to keep on walking in it until he reached his goal.

II

THE PATIENT'S STORY

BY WILLIAM HEILMAN

FIVE years ago I left a sanitarium and took occupational therapy home with me. Discharged patients usually prefer to drop everything associated with their illness and its cure, but while I was still confined to my bed I had discovered that a handicraft was an indispensable part of the emotional reëducation which I wished to work out. I went back to my parish with a desire to become a competent amateur metal smith.

In the years that have passed since I returned from Baltimore I have managed to add the avocation of metal smithing to my work as a parson. This in itself is no remarkable achievement, but it has been invaluable as a help in reorientation. To be able to start with the idea of a brass lamp, to sketch the shape, to make the detailed drawing, to build the lamp in such a manner that the sheet-metal men, who are my friends, pronounce it a workmanlike job,—in other words, to make a daydream of a lamp come true in good honest metal,—this does something to my emotional life.

The men in overalls say that I am too particular to earn high wages on a production basis even if I wished to, but they also say that I have a persistent patience in my puttering and

that what I turn out looks as if it had been made by a craftsman. The friendship and approval of these shopmen have helped sustain the enthusiasm of an amateur.

I

I was forty-eight years old when I entered a rest home in Baltimore suffering from what the psychiatrists diagnosed as a mild depression. The decision which finally brought me there was typical of the leaps in the dark which a depressed person will make.

A year or so before I was taken sick I came across a book by Dr. John Rathbone Oliver. It was entitled *Fear*. One Saturday night about nine o'clock I started to read it, and I finished it sometime in the early hours of Sunday. That day I went to church with the outline of a sermon in my pocket, but when it came time to preach I put aside the prepared sermon and told the story of *Fear*. Many people said afterward that it was the most helpful application of religion to human difficulties they had ever heard. I reread *Fear* many times. I had never met Dr. Oliver, but I wrote him a long letter. In a few days I had a reply. Then I learned that my Bishop and the Doctor had been fellow students both at

Harvard and at the General Theological Seminary.

When my sickness came on I told the Bishop that I wanted Dr. Oliver to look me over. With my affairs in a jumble, I rushed off to Baltimore, preceded by letters and telegrams from the Bishop. In a sort of daze I found my way to Dr. Oliver's office. He talked to me quietly for an hour. At the end of the interview he called a clinic on the telephone.

'A blanket case,' I heard him say; and there followed my name, age, and occupation.

The 'blanket' worried me. It brought to mind a man I had once seen in a strait-jacket. I had talked so long and was so confused that I did not ask questions.

'I shall drive you over to the clinic in my car,' Dr. Oliver told me. 'Then we'll go to the rest home. This is not going to be a case of giving you a pink pill and a pat on the back, and saying you will be all right. We are going to find out what is the matter with you.'

So we entered the doctor's little green car, and in a few minutes we were on the stone steps at the front door of the clinic. The doctor rang the bell. As someone came to open the door, he said: 'Beyond this clinic there is no appeal. This is a sort of medical Supreme Court.'

And into the clinic I went as a 'blanket case.' I have since learned the meaning of this phrase: for a strange parson, who had a little church in a distant city, the good doctor had made arrangements whereby this clinic would give its services, receiving payment only for materials used in treatment. At the time I was too ill to take in what it might imply.

II

If I had been identified as a severely depressed patient when I entered the

rest home, a night nurse as well as a day nurse would probably have been put on duty to watch over me; my razor would have been taken away from me, and I should have been shaved by an attendant. Those responsible for the welfare of the depressed are always afraid of suicide. Now and then a patient who could have recovered eludes the trained watchfulness of the staff and takes his own life.

I made no actual attempt to do violence to myself, but I suffered so severely that death would have been welcome. One of my obsessions was in planning methods of quick and sure self-destruction. Now and then I was able to bring myself to the place where I gave the doctors a hint of what I was thinking, but it was not easy to do. I felt that I was holding back important information about my condition, but when I tried to speak of it words would not come.

One day when the Chief of the clinic came to see me I attempted to tell him what was in my mind. I went through the experience which the doctors call 'blocking.' One has a set of thoughts clearly formulated and starts to express them — then, without warning, the machinery of speech refuses to work. It seems as if all ability to think and act had been snatched away. At the same time the capacity to feel is heightened. The heart is gripped by terror, by the fear that some permanent paralysis of the mind has stopped all future usefulness. Everything that constitutes one's own personality seems permanently out of reach.

When this happened to me the Chief sat down at my bedside. He leaned forward and put his hand on my head. I knew by the look in his eyes that he understood what I was enduring.

'Sometimes a man in your profession

feels that this kind of suffering is a judgment upon him,' he said. 'Now, whatever you think or feel, let me reassure you. It is nothing of the kind. It is just a sickness, and, while it is painful in the extreme, the patient always recovers.'

Without any change of feeling that I was conscious of my tears began to flow, and I was bitterly ashamed of them. Apparently the Chief did not notice them. He continued to talk in the same quiet and reassuring tone.

'Your chart shows that you are giving us splendid coöperation,' he went on. 'You are helping yourself more than you realize. You really want to get well. You are encouraging us by the fine effort you are putting into your handwork. We often have patients with us a long time before they get the idea of helping themselves. The theory of handwork — or occupational therapy, as the doctors call it — is simple when a fellow once sees what it is all about. Nobody can work to a pattern and at the same time think about himself. If he starts to grind inwardly when he is trying to work, he will spoil the job. If he follows the pattern and turns out good work, he has got away from thinking about himself. That is occupational therapy in a nutshell. Make yourself a skilled hand worker when you go home, and you will not need to come back here again.'

The Chief was in my room not more than fifteen minutes, but in that brief period he gave me the compass by which I found my way out of the woods.

III

At the time of this visit I was in isolation. Isolation is a technical term which describes the conditions under which patients are put to work in rest homes. These institutions do not provide the kind of rest that comes from

idleness. Their plan is to bring relief and self-forgetfulness by means of organized handwork, which takes one's interests into new fields and challenges the attention with unfamiliar tasks that call for care and sustained application.

A patient in isolation has no visitors. No one sees him except the doctors and trained attendants — the nurses and orderlies of the institution. The patient writes no letters and receives no mail. As far as possible his associations with all his usual interests are suspended. He lives by a carefully planned schedule, made to order to fit his own problems.

I know nothing about what the other patients were required to do. I met none of them, and heard none of their experiences. The nurses saw that we were kept apart. It requires a highly trained personnel to carry through such a programme. But I was grateful for it from my first day in the rest home. I was in no condition to withstand the down drag of another's recital of his difficulties. Fortunately, too, I was prevented from making more trouble for myself by telling other patients my misinterpretations and rationalizations of what was happening to me. Best of all, my work periods were free from interruption.

Even while I lay in bed I was encouraged to try my hand at various crafts, evidently with the hope that I should develop enough interest in one of them to wish to go on with it. The nurses of other patients came into my room to praise the silver bracelets I had shaped for my wife and daughter. They borrowed my copper lamps to show to their friends. They looked over my hooked rug. They assisted me with the tooled-leather work, for which I had little liking. These nurses had entered into a conspiracy of kindly helpfulness. They were coming in to encourage me.

My own nurse was a Virginian. During the war, I too had lived in the South, as chaplain of a Negro Development Battalion. She liked to have me tell her the dialect stories I brought back from the army. Perhaps she really enjoyed the tales of the illiterate black soldiers, but, more than that, she was pleased that I could come out of myself enough to tell them. She knew that she was getting good professional results when she got me to talk of experiences I enjoyed remembering.

When the three weeks of isolation came to an end I knew what I wanted to do. Of the several objects I had fashioned with my hands, those which had given me the greatest pleasure in the making were the copper lamps. I wished to learn more about working in metals.

By this time I had regained my ability to walk, and my nurse was tireless in going with me all over the city of Baltimore to hardware stores, mill-supply houses, and the dealers in brass and copper, to find the materials I wanted. She went to the library and brought back Davidson's *Educational Metal Craft*, and Haas on *Occupational Therapy*, and a dozen books on brass and copper antiques. My enthusiasm was running high, and when I was not working with my hands my nose was buried in one of these volumes.

IV

My light was supposed to be out at half past ten, but one night the supervisor found me reading at one in the morning. This breach of discipline was entered on the chart, and I was severely called to account for it by the friendly member of the clinical staff who was my daily visitor. This doctor dropped in between the hours of five and six each afternoon. He usually brought me a cigar, and with his own

hands he carried dozens of books to my room. On this occasion, however, he gave me a stern scolding, pointing out that the infraction of the lights-out rule was no trifling matter. To my surprise, I put up a spirited defense.

'Last night was not the only night I have read late,' I shouted. 'It was the night I was caught at it, and I don't care a fig—it did me good. Since I have missed sleep reading about metal craft I have not thought of Joe Robinson. When three days go by, and I am so taken up with my work and reading that I do not once recall old Joe Robinson, I know I am getting better.'

'Great!' the doctor exclaimed. 'But who in blue blazes is Joe Robinson? I want to know how he got on your mind.'

There was no blocking this time. With fluency and heat I held forth in a long denunciation. When I finally stopped for want of breath the doctor announced:—

'Joe Robinson goes on your chart underscored with red ink. The Chief will smile when he meets him. You have made an important discovery. It is a great day for any man when he learns how to take an excursion into the field of his special interests to escape from the people who get on his nerves. If the shadow of any human being grows so big that he becomes a bogey man in your mind; don't try to force yourself not to think of him. That makes the fellow develop bigger horns and uglier hoofs. Just give him the slip, as it were, and the next time you see him he will not irritate half so much. Right now Robinson has stopped being an ogre, and is nothing but a silly fat man whose pants need pressing. That's so, is n't it?'

The doctor had remained so long in my room that he would be late for

his dinner, but he stopped at the door and filled the room with hearty laughter.

'Your damned old Joe Robinson obsession just cannot live without attention. If you forget him, if he steals into your presence and you are so busy that you don't notice his arrival, it will make him sick. If you keep on working and some of your copper filings fall on his head, he will shrivel up and pass out.'

V

To the two working principles I had picked up, one from the Chief and the other from my cheerful daily doctor, I added another. This came from Dr. Oliver. Ever since I returned home he has guided me by correspondence, showing me how, with the help of occupational therapy, to carry out a programme of emotional reëducation. While I was still at the sanitarium Dr. Oliver came to see me once a week. When I tried to draw him out about his writings, telling him how much *Fear* had helped me, he grinned, but refused to talk about himself.

'Bother the old books I have written,' he said. 'The important thing is to get you well again. Now just trust us, and let us handle your problems in the way we know will help you most. That is what we are for. . . .

'The worst mistakes a man makes,' he went on, 'come from trying to size things up when he is depressed. That is no time for a man to interpret anything. It certainly is the worst time to make decisions. One will always end by doing the wrong thing. As long as you live, avoid making important decisions when you are below par. You will have to learn to protect yourself from your own impatience. You cannot be somebody else. You cannot do many things which other people have no difficulty with. But you can

be yourself, and in your own way you can do much that others cannot. Take your brass and copper work, with which you have made such headway in spite of the limited conditions of sick-room work — that is a gift you did not dream you had when you came here. Is n't that so?'

'It is a delightful discovery,' I replied. 'It makes me feel that I have possibilities.'

'From your handwork and your reading you must have developed ambitions to make something worth while,' the doctor suggested.

'It looks like a high thing to aim at,' I told him, surprised and pleased at the ease with which the words came, 'but I have a dream of making a chalice and paten in hammered sterling silver. The equipment will cost money, and I do not know where to go for instruction, but that is what I am setting up as a goal in metal craft.'

'You will do it yet, old man,' the doctor prophesied. 'It will make you a better priest and a happier man, too.'

I may say in passing that to-day the silver chalice is still a dream. The hammers and anvils needed for that kind of work are still only pictures in catalogues. There has been no money to buy them, and in the city where I live there is no one to whom I can turn for instruction. But the work in metal craft has gone on with the means that were at hand, and the therapeutic effects have been invaluable.

VI

At last the time came for me to leave the rest home. That night as the train lurched around the curves in the Pennsylvania mountains I lay awake in my berth, my mind possessed by a single idea. Not one thought did I give to the state of my health, to my

old worry that I should not be well enough to carry on the work of my parish. I was recalling a tour I had once made of the shops of the public schools in the city where I live. The high spot of that tour had been the sheet-metal shop, where furnaces were glowing with heat and boys were learning to solder. I felt that I would give my right arm to be able to join that class.

As soon as I got home I called on the head of our school system, explained my case, and discovered that occupational therapy was the open-sesame to my heart's desire. The superintendent's daughter taught occupational therapy! Was there ever such luck? I was flooded with kindness and provided with a letter of introduction to the principal of the Technical High School.

The next morning, standing before a blackboard sketch, I as a new pupil marked out, cut, hemmed, and soldered a tin biscuit cutter. The beginning class had been in the shop since September, and it was March when I appeared. There were titters from the youngsters at seeing a man, a little gray, doing the first shop exercise, but I took them good-naturedly and went ahead. Funnels and sugar scoops followed.

As time wore on I found that I was increasingly unwilling to go through the routine of shop exercises. I could not bend my mind to them because I had caught a glimpse of something more attractive. In a religious journal I had chanced upon an illustration of a beautifully lighted church. The lamps were hexagonal, long and dignified. I took the illustration to the teacher in sheet-metal drawing, who offered to coach me in designing a lamp. Before I touched a pencil to paper I went back to the shop and made a rough model in galvanized iron of the hexagon shape I wanted to use.

Then I gilded it and fitted in the glass.

As an experiment I next removed a fixture over the pulpit in my church and hung my model in its place. To my congregation the following Sunday I explained what I had done, telling my parishioners that I should be happy to fit out the church with a full set of lamps if the bare cost of materials could be provided. This was soon arranged, and I set to work.

At this time I was not aware that jumping from tin sugar scoops to ecclesiastical brass is like hurdling everything between kindergarten and college, but such leaps are characteristic of adult education. Professor Overstreet suggests the process. Have the tools lying around, with some competent person at hand to furnish help when it is needed, and let the mature learner follow his own bent.

The following June saw my six lamps hung in the church. They are severely plain, but in spite of the absence of ornamentation they required long labor in the building. Each lamp has sixty brass rivets and forty soldered joints. The design is my own, my first serious attempt at drafting.

These lamps for the church made me friends. Among them is a man who owns a sheet-metal shop in my neighborhood. I have a standing invitation to use his tools and machinery whenever I need them. Then there is a goldsmith who served a seven-year apprenticeship in Rome, and who helped me by melting and rolling the old family silver that went into the memorial choir-light shields which I built for the one hundredth anniversary of the consecration of St. Peter's Church in Waterford, Pennsylvania. This little church has been either an aided parish or a mission through its entire existence, and I rejoiced in being privileged to make the memorials

which the Bishop dedicated at the centennial services.

Those shields were made of copper, surmounted by copper crowns, with rippling sheet-copper pennants on the sides. Each shield bears three silver medallions and a crusader's cross of silver on the copper background. To get the precious metal we melted great-grandmothers' thimbles and old worn spoons that came over the mountains on oxcarts from Boston and Philadelphia. Our design, borrowed from one of the world's best makers of ecclesiastical lighting fixtures, was adapted to the materials we wished to use and to my own limited ability as a metal worker.

The newspapers published elaborate photographs of the old church, and carried a long and glowing story. I sent the papers to Dr. Oliver, who wrote that I was one of his most satisfactory patients. No doubt it seemed good to him that I was able to throw my heart into the glorification of St. Peter's Church. But there have also been times when I know that I have been one of the doctor's most disheartening problems. In the depths of despondency I have written him letters that made him say I was caught in the backwash of my old difficulties.

For example, I sent him a furious letter when he asked me if I had read Sir William Osler's *A Way of Life*, that remarkable lecture which the great physician and teacher delivered years ago to the students at Yale. I wrote Dr. Oliver that Osler was nothing to me because he had never suffered from depression; that the book had so infuriated me when I tried to read it in the rest home that I had slammed it across the room. The reply I received from the doctor was sharp, but it was several days before I caught an insight that made for readjustment. Several days later I was soldering a pair of

spectacle frames for a man out of work who had no money to pay for repairs; while I was bent over this small task it dawned upon me that my antipathy for Sir William Osler was born of my illness, and that its resurgence in me was an anachronism now that I was recovered. So I wrote the doctor again, telling him how occupational therapy had once more lowered my emotional pressure, and that I had pitched another warped attitude into the scrap heap. Back from Baltimore came a new gift edition of *A Way of Life*, with the introduction from the pen of John Rathbone Oliver, and on the flyleaf some kindly words in the doctor's difficult hand.

After reading the book, I drove down to the Bishop's and persuaded him to let me leave it on his desk. The next time the Bishop called on me he had the volume in his hand when I met him at the door. "To divide life into day-tight compartments," the Bishop said, "and to put the Osler quality into each day — what men we should be if we could do it!"

VII

To be sure, I still have occasional bad days, along with glorious ones, and occupational therapy still helps. The blessings of handicraft are not yet exhausted.

A few evenings ago two Boy Scouts came to my back door, each with a coffee can in his hand. A week before I had promised to help them make pierced tin lanterns so that they could qualify for merit badges in metal work, but I had forgotten all about it and was very much upset when they arrived. Some little thing had gone wrong, and I was taking it too seriously. In a moment, however, the three of us went to work in the little shop I have in my basement. A layout for the nail holes was traced on the

cans, and we made a conical roof pattern. In a very short time I had the boys busy. The candle sockets were cut out and soldered in place. At ten o'clock the work was finished, with a big loop handle riveted to the roof of each lantern.

In a box of odds and ends I retrieved some stubs of candles that had been burned short in the seven-branch lights on the altar. It was a dark night, and the street lamp at the corner was temporarily out. The lads hurried homeward, light streaming from their lanterns.

As I watched them depart I wondered where I had seen something which those lanterns reminded me of. Somewhere, in some picture I had seen, there was just such a lantern. It came to me with the association in reverse order, words first: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' That familiar lantern shape was in Holman

Hunt's picture, 'The Light of the World.'

I talked this experience over with a spiritual adviser who helps me greatly with my interpretations of life.

'What a gamut you run,' he exclaimed, 'in your emotional experiences with your handwork! Two Boy Scouts come to see you and find you in a blistering rage. You calm down and help them with their project, not stopping a moment or letting them rest until the work is completed. You crown the evening by putting a burning altar light into each boy's lantern, and then you wonder why it was that you thought of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." You ought to be reminded, I think, that the Lord Himself was a workingman, and in the good providence of things He may have come to the door of your house and knocked with a soldering iron or a pair of tin snips.'

CHRISTIANS AND CRIMINALS

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

YESTERDAY was Sunday in my city, as it was, of course, all over the Christian world, with the exception of the Antipodes, where it must have been either Saturday or Monday. I confess I cannot remember on the spur of the moment whether, when time takes that jump, it is forward into the to-morrows or back into the yesterdays. I am sure, however, that in my city it was Sunday, and in my church an especial one. Not only was it the first Sunday in Lent, but also we were to have a very distinguished preacher from another city — so distinguished, indeed, that he had been saving this Sunday for us for more than two years. I wonder if even royalty makes its engagements as far ahead as that. Besides coming to us from another city, he was from another denomination, also. To-day we were to look up in the pulpit to black gown and white bands, instead of white surplice and black stole. For all of which reasons an unusually large congregation was flowing into the church or already seated when I slipped into my pew.

Oh yes, people still go to church. We read constantly in magazines, newspapers, and what-nots — mostly, perhaps, what-nots — statements to the effect that they do not, only to go to church to discover they do, which leads one to suspect a mistake somewhere. They do not go, I suppose, as faithfully as they did a hundred years

back. I am not wise enough to know what they did in those good — or bad! — old days.

Not only was the body of the church filled, but the galleries as well. I know that on this first Sunday in Lent a large congregation was present, although I am unable to say whether or not it was as large as in the days when General Lee worshiped here, or on that momentous Sunday in April when a hasty messenger summoned Jefferson Davis from his pew with word that the lines about Petersburg had fallen.

It was not, however, the church's past, but its present, which moved me to the following reflections, as I sat waiting in the dim light with the rustle of incoming people all about me. Reflections, let me hasten to say, directed to the Church in general, and in no way concerned with this church in particular. Here were we then, I thought, a large company of Christians — some of us not very shining ones, of course, for truly, 'Many are the wand bearers, but few are the mystics,' nevertheless with a fair number who were very good indeed. It was the beginning of the Lenten season, a period designed for the renewing of the spirit as the ground is renewed by spring. We had already been exhorted on Ash Wednesday to 'rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God,' and some were sincerely endeavoring to do so. We should

be prayed for, preached to, inspired, and reinspired, all through Lent up to the climax of Holy Week, Good Friday, and Easter, and then what? Nothing very much, it seemed to me, beyond spring clothes. Some good people, of course, would be made better, and a few bad ones improved; nevertheless all over the country a vast amount of fervor was about to be aroused, poured out, and wasted.

II

What is the matter with the Church to-day? A good many things, no doubt, as have been the matter with it in the past, and will be in the future, since it will be long before the Church Militant becomes the Church Triumphant. One of its shortcomings, however, which belongs especially to the present times and which seems to have been overlooked to some extent, is, I think, its extreme wastefulness — a waste not of material goods, but of goodness itself. The spirit of devotion is constantly evoked and poured forth without even twelve basketfuls being gathered up for future service.

Continual stimulation without action is pleasant, no doubt, but leaves one spiritually as flabby as an over-stretched rubber band. Unfortunately human psychology is better understood in time of war. All the fervor of patriotism called forth then is not wasted, but translated into marching men, poison gas, horrible wounds and deaths, and devastated countries. Here in the church, seasons of revival like Lent become ends in themselves instead of beginnings. The first Lent was not so; it was the beginning of the greatest years ever lived on earth. Even Nature teaches us better. All her rush of spring sap does not end in the delight of green leaf and blossom, but flows on to the consummation of fruit. Our sap rarely flowers. Collections of money are constantly being taken, but

how rarely is the spirit collected! Yet I am almost as sure as though it were actually visible that when a body of people, even a small one, is emotionally stirred and uplifted, something definite takes place; there is an actual pouring out of the spirit, of the Holy Spirit, which might be put to service — indeed, which ought to be. We have learned how to harness the power of a waterfall; how much more might the Church harness the mighty power that is hers. In every congregation, I know there are a few devoted and hard-working souls, but there are many more who do nothing, who are just wasted. I am constantly impressed by the hunger of the human heart. These Lenten crowds are seeking something to make their lives richer, happier, more real. I suppose most of them would say that what they desire is more faith, some deep assurance that there is a great plan in the whole scheme of existence, and that even the most commonplace life is of value in the sight of God. Perhaps what they really need, however, is to be shown how to put into service what faith they already possess, upon which the assurance might follow. 'If any man will *do* his will, he shall know of the doctrine . . .'

We look back wistfully to the Middle Ages as being the age of faith, forgetting how preëminently it was the age of work. If the faith inspired the work, the work kept the faith alive. Christians were not wasted in those days. Almost every social activity was under the auspices of the Church; nursing, healing, education, charity, and more besides, were all as much a part of the Church's daily life as worship and prayer. Nor did the exultation of the spirit symbolize itself merely with the everyday jog trot of good works, but flowered also into all the creative arts.

Most of these activities have now

been taken out of the hands of the Church. But as one views the spectacle of the world as it is presented daily in the morning papers it would seem that Christians might well get into the fustian of service, instead of going to waste in Sunday clothes.

III

Very well, then, I thought, still sitting in my pew waiting for the service to begin, where may a Christian in the present day find a use for his devotion? The guidance of his own heart should direct him to some service, but, to judge from the wistfulness on many faces, it would appear that people are in need of some outside guidance from their church. Where, then, should some of this Lenten fervor go which is being aroused all over the Christian world? Even as I asked the question I knew the answer: Why, to jail, of course.

All over the country — all over the world, indeed — are churches filled with people who are seeking, and in many cases finding, a righteous way of life; while all over the country, and the world as well, are jails and penitentiaries filled with other people who have sought, and found, an unrighteous life. Then why, in heaven's name, — really in the name of heaven! — are not the two together? Since there is goodness in the world, — as we all know, unless we have distorted our sense of balance and humor with too much modern fiction, — should not that goodness be where there is wickedness, where evil has broken through, making a breach in the wall? If there are crime waves, why are the waves of righteousness not turned more energetically and definitely against them by the Church? In other words, why are Christians not more closely in touch with criminals? It appeared to me so obvious that the two should be in con-

junction that I felt the thought of the first should automatically bring the second to mind — as, for instance, Christians and criminals, church members and convicts. I even dallied with the thought that certain denominations might specialize in certain delinquencies — as, let us say, Methodists and murderers, Baptists and bandits, Presbyterians and prostitutes, and so on.

But, putting all lightness aside, I ask again in absolute sincerity, Why is the Christian body so generally out of touch with the criminal population, and so apparently indifferent to the situation? How many criminals, I wonder, are personally known to the members of the ministerial unions of our cities? And how much do these gentlemen know of the living conditions of their city jails? It is very fashionable at present to know our wild birds and their habitats; should not Christians make it more than fashionable to know at least some of our wild jailbirds and their habitats? I suppose the Salvation Army — all honor to it! — is more closely in touch with the criminal element of the country than any other Christian body. For the most part the rest of us roll comfortably along in a smug indifference, though not in ignorance. 'Christian! dost thou hear them?' Of course we do. They have kicked up such a racket that even the most spiritually deaf can scarcely fail to hear them. Just the one crime of lynching might easily occupy the attention of at least half of the church members in the country. Does not some righteous indignation flare up in reading the accounts of these orgies of bestialities? And, if so, why is that indignation not put to more effective service?

Why, indeed, are the churches not more deeply concerned with the spectacle of the lawlessness of our country, and Christians not more active in remedying it? Again I think it is

because Christians are being wasted; what religion we have is not being given sufficient exercise of an altruistic nature. I would not have church members rush into the field in a sentimental and uninstructed manner, but I fail to see why the leaders of the churches do not know more about the situation and instruct their followers in some method for its improvement.

At this point I do not doubt that some reader with the type of mind sure to jump in the obvious direction (how rare and delightful is the mind which jumps unexpectedly!) will rise to demand ponderously if I think all the good people are in the churches while all the bad ones are in jail? Oh, respected sir, not I! Certainly I have no patience with a smug piety, but I know that the average of righteousness will be considerably higher in a group of church people than it will be in a similar number of convicts. I am ready enough to concede that many church members are very far from the Christian ideal, and that a few convicts occasionally make an unexpected approach to it, but I must draw the line at the broad-minded attitude of the small boy who was allowed one day to trail around with a certain city missionary, and after a visit to the jail reported to his mother that he had met there a very nice lady who had murdered her husband.

I know also that criminologists may throw up their hands in horror, exclaiming, 'Well, whatever you do, don't turn a lot of Christians in on the job!' To them I may merely remark that if they feel sufficiently pleased with what they have accomplished in this most difficult field to point with pride to it, we average people on the outside fail to be equally impressed, especially when we are informed that someone in the United States is murdered every forty-five minutes. (Personally I dislike statistics of this sort;

they make me glance nervously over my shoulder just to see that I am not scheduled for the next forty-five minutes.)

My remarks, however, are not addressed to the professional criminologists, or to those who regard all religion as moribund, but rather to that large body of people like myself who have been brought up in some form of religion and are still associated with it. Perhaps they wonder, as I do, why the Church is not more actively engaged in bringing law and order to a distressed country, and why Christians are not better acquainted with criminals.

IV

I was no doubt particularly moved to these reflections because, through a twist of circumstances, I have lately become interested in a young man recently returned from his third term in jail. Since I am a friend of his mother's, I happen to be aware of some of his needs and difficulties, and so cannot but feel that he has been left as it were on the doorstep of my conscience. He is the only convict — or ex-convict — with whom I have had any personal dealings. Should not a mature church member like myself be ashamed of such a confession? And does it not argue that I have tucked myself all too smugly into a comfortable pew, wasting whatever religious fervor I have experienced? In doing so I have also missed an immense amount of human interest, for what small contact I have had with this young delinquent has proved very illuminating.

In the first place, I like him. He is fairly good-looking, with on the whole a pleasant expression. He has done some work for me, and not only done it well, but with the added grace of genuine enthusiasm, which I find very refreshing when I consider all the indifferent slackers I have employed.

I hear of him at one time nursing a member of the family ill with influenza; at another befriending a stray dog; and when his mother returns from work he has the house spotlessly clean for her with even the clothes washed and ironed. All these things I know to his credit. Unfortunately I know a number of other things to his serious discredit. He has been a constant source of anxiety and humiliation to his relatives ever since early boyhood, the one black sheep in an otherwise highly respectable family. He is apparently safe, sane, and law-abiding as long as he is sober. Once drunk, he is none of these things, and the authorities very properly lock him up. He comes to himself in jail protesting that he has no recollection of what he has done, or how he got there. There appears to be a possibility that he is telling the truth, since I understand, given certain pathological conditions, a very small amount of alcohol may change the personality, even though the individual does not appear to be intoxicated either to himself or to his friends. He steals when he is drunk, but apparently never does so when he is sober.

He is now at liberty and swears he will never drink again. If he makes good this resolution, he will be doing remarkably well, since he is back in his old environment and his old gang are on his trail. They are out to get him again if they can — and in all probability they can. Here is a gang of young ruffians out to wreck him. Why, then, is there not an equal gang of Christians out to help him? That there is not is again, I believe, because of all the wasted church members who rise and sing, 'Fight the good fight,' and then go home to Sunday dinner. This young man is receiving no attention whatever from any church body, though a few — far too few! — individual Christians are interesting themselves in his welfare. True, he is bitterly antagonistic

to the church in which he was reared, and any friendly approach from that quarter, or indeed from any other denomination, would have to be made very delicately. With tact, persistency, and understanding, however, I think it might be accomplished; but how much training does the Church give its members in the understanding of difficult and wayward personalities?.

The needs of this young man, as I see them, are definite and practical, but no less Christian for that reason. They are: friendly companionship of a proper kind, work, and a thorough medical examination to determine whether there may not be some physical defect at the root of all his evil. The work he is very eager for; the companionship, too, he would probably accept if it were tactfully offered, but only long and careful handling would induce him to consent to a medical examination. Given all these needs of his, one can readily see that even with the best will in the world — and mine is far from being the best — there simply is not enough of me to go around. How glad I should be if I knew where I might lay my hands on some Christian shock troops to fling into this difficult sector. Anywhere from five, ten, or even twenty trained and consecrated church members could easily be used on this one case alone. I for one do not see why there might not be a good deal of fun derived from the crusade. Presumably the young ruffians enjoy their side of the game. One cannot credit them with sufficient unselfishness to believe they would make the attempt otherwise. Why, then, should not helping souls be as gay and adventurous an undertaking as injuring them? For some reason it rarely appears to have been so regarded. One recalls old frescoes depicting angels and devils contending for the souls of men, in which the devils seem to be having all the fun despite

the fact that they are usually playing a losing game. When they do win, heavens! with what snap and gusto is the soul pitchforked into Hell! Christians might at least copy the Devil's enthusiasm.

While I cannot flatter myself that I have done much so far for this young man, I have nevertheless derived a good deal of enjoyment from the attempt. It has widened my sympathies and opened up for me whole new areas of life. If so much human interest is connected with one young criminal alone, how much more must there be in a whole jailful! Why, even these predicaments of his were foretold when he was scarcely more than a baby! At the age of four a fortune teller, pointing to him, said to his mother, 'Right there's where all your bad luck's coming from. That boy will give you every kind of trouble until he is twenty-eight, and then he'll turn around and be one of the best children you've got.' The first part of the prophecy has certainly come true — now we are hoping for the second. He is, however, some years short of that happy ending, so no Christian need excuse himself on that score. Aside from the prophecy, I feel that the game in this instance is a hopeful one, since even the small amount which has been done for him so far has already reaped some reward. Given more helpers, much more might be accomplished. How many Christians, then, should one allow to each criminal? I asked myself, still pondering the matter in my pew, with the church all around me filling with worshipers, while only a few blocks away the city jail was, as always, far more than full of convicts. Even from a youthful age I seem to have yearned for statistics of a transcendental nature. Once, when I was three or so, I was frightened all alone in the dark upstairs. My mother, coming up, inquired what I was afraid of. 'Bears,' I

confessed with tears. But didn't I know the angels were all around me? 'Yes,' I quavered. 'But how many angels does it take to whip a bear?'

So, again, how many Christians to a criminal? I suppose the answer is much the same as the one the little girl at the sewing school gave to Napoleon when he inquired how many needlefuls of thread it took to make a shirt: 'One, Sire, if it be long enough.' Probably, then, one Christian, if he be strong enough. But alas, since strong ones are rare, I suppose we must hunt in couples, or better still in packs.

V

How do church members, who are at least supposed to keep the law, compare in numbers with those who break it? I have since had the question answered with the following statistics: it is estimated that there are over 150,000 criminals in the country, — 160,000, let us say, making a generous allowance in figures, — while the number of church members in all the various denominations is said to be 54,576,346. Dividing the Christians by the criminals, then, we find that there are 341 church members, with a fraction over, to every criminal. Let us discard the fraction, since only complete human beings can be used in this venture. Out of the 341 also we must expect some 301 to suffer from spiritual anæmia and be merely supercargo on our old ship of Zion — church members rather than Christians, for I repeat, 'Many are the wand bearers, but few are the mystics.' When these go overboard we are left with 40 able-spirited Christians. Even out of this number, one must drop half again, since some will be temperamentally unfitted to cope with the lawless element, some will be too busy with other equally important work, while others again

will not have the physical health for it. Even so, we shall have 20 Christians to every criminal, and if even this seems too optimistic a figure I am willing to cut it in half once more, being satisfied with 10 Christians to a criminal. Ten to one! And yet the country is said to be crime-ridden.

I have no desire, of course, to exclude members of other religions from this venture. All are welcome, and all are needed. If I figure merely in Christians it is because they happen to be the members of my own household, and also because we seem to have been especially commissioned to visit those in captivity: 'I was in prison, and ye came unto me.' Possibly if the members of all religions met more frequently in the jails we might make a closer approach to spiritual union and brotherhood — perhaps it has been in prison, waiting there, all along.

What, then, might we expect this band of hope to accomplish with the country's criminals? And how should they go about it? Frankly I do not know. That, it seems to me, is for the leaders of the Church to discover, and they should point the way for the rest of us. My own knowledge of criminology is about that of the average man in the street, or of the woman in the pew. I do know, however, as I have affirmed before, that the churches are fairly full of Christians, while the jails are far more than full of criminals; therefore it seems to me, for the sake of all concerned, that the two should get together. Ignorant as I am, I am still convinced that if more people of good will took an intelligent, active, Christian — never sentimental! — interest in the criminal himself, his surroundings, and the whole question of crime, the situation would be improved. If one did not feel at first sufficiently instructed to cope with individual criminals, he might at least inform himself as to the living con-

ditions in his nearest jail or penitentiary. To know whether a place is clean, light, and sanitary, rather than dark, dirty, and overcrowded, does not require a great amount of education. The jail of my own city, for instance, is shockingly crowded. It has a capacity for three hundred inmates, but has always over four hundred there, frequently five hundred, and sometimes even more. Public-spirited citizens have fought for years to improve these conditions, but without success. The fight might go better if church members visited their jail more frequently, actually seeing its overcrowding, instead of contenting themselves with comfortable and none too crowded pews. Also in this city — and I imagine the same is true of many if not most of the other cities over the country — if a person goes insane and has not sufficient money for treatment in a private hospital he must be sent to jail pending his commitment to one of the state institutions. There is no other place in the city for his accommodation. Is not insanity a sufficient tragedy in itself, that a jail sentence must be added to the innocent victim as well? Some wasted Christians might well be used to rectify this condition. Oh yes, there is plenty of work to be done!

Why should not every large church have its jail committee, composed of a number of picked Christians, people who are high-minded, high-spirited, devoted, and intelligent, who, after preparing themselves with some real study of criminology, would then undertake to visit regularly a certain number of convicts, informing themselves as to the past history of each, his present delinquency, his problems and possibilities, keeping in as close touch as possible with him when his term was over? If the Church has anything of value, good will, high-mindedness, and power, as we know

that she has, surely these are the very people with whom it should be shared, since they are the ones who need it most. And certainly the authorities could hardly reject the interest and assistance of a group of people whose sympathies would inevitably be on the side of law and order.

There is a movement on foot, fostered by Dr. Richard Cabot of Boston, to induce young ministers before taking a parish to spend a year or more attached to some large hospital, to give them some first-hand acquaintance with the needs of suffering humanity. Why should this movement stop with hospitals? Why should it not go on to the even more crucial needs of those in jails and penitentiaries? And reformatories — I went once not so many years ago to a reform school for boys, and never have I seen anything more depressing. Most certainly some Christian understanding was needed there.

Since church members — and indeed even real Christians — so far outnumber criminals, it would seem that this venture of bringing the two together, when properly organized, need not lay too great a burden on any one person. Yet, supposing it did entail hard work, frequent disappointments, and even danger, what, after all, are Christians for? Are we to pay no price for the 'inestimable benefits which we have received'? There is a great power in religion, there is a great need in the

world; the churches are full of Christians, the jails are full of criminals; then why . . .

But even as I started to repeat this by now well-worn question my thoughts turned abruptly around upon me and demanded, 'Very well, then, since Christians should go to jail, why have you never been?'

Why, indeed! Perhaps because I cannot flatter myself that I am a very good Christian. Still, there are some convicts who are not very bad criminals. No doubt, did I try, I might find one whose badness did not overwhelmingly outweigh my goodness. Besides, I have had more opportunities to go to the jail than most people, since my brother, who is the City Missionary, visits there regularly and has to his credit a large acquaintance-ship among its inmates. He is constantly urging Christians to visit their jails and penitentiaries, and no doubt much of this paper has been inspired by him. He has frequently invited me to go to jail with him. I as frequently have declined the invitation. I will decline no more. As I rose to the opening hymn I vowed that before another Sunday swung round and I sat again in that pew I should know at least a little more about the criminals of my city.

And so farewell, my Christian friends, I'm off to jail — where you, too, should go.

FINE FEATHERS

A Character Sketch of Four Canaries

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I

You might say I pull strings here like God. I set out the sieves and there are babies, take away the sieves and there are no babies. The reason is simple. I have n't any right corners for nesting in this laboratory, — a ferro-concrete laboratory in the College of Medicine, — and the canary mothers therefore have to have these sieves, ordinary small coffee strainers, to give them a framework for their building.

In the year there have been four births, and here the changes are greatest, as with human babies, but the slighter, subtler changes that I want to tell about are in an old four. To help fix that four in your mind I shall begin by cataloguing them.

Striped Daughter, daughter of *Striped Mother*, a remarkable bird who died two and a half years ago and who in her life was the common-law wife of *Father*, who died two years ago and was the founder of the family. .

Striped Male, whom I brought to the laboratory after *Father* died, and who is the parent of *Junior*, *Penguin*, and *Candy*.

Puck, son of *Father* and *Plain Mother*, the real wife.

Hinge, son of *Father* and *Plain Mother*.

Now these four — *Striped Daughter*, *Striped Male*, *Puck*, and *Hinge* — once in the day may be seen close together.

It is just before dark, when the laboratory has quieted after the evening singing, and if I drop in on them then I have the feeling each time of having opened the door on a conference. The same at noon if a storm comes over the hills to the other side of the dump and darkens the laboratory, the wind then humming in the transoms, the canaries uneasy, stopping their singing, and the four gathering. Where they gather is on the metal crossbar of *Polly's* stand, and what I would call your attention to is the mere look of them, how they lean, the distance they poke their heads into their necks, how far or how near the one gets to the other, because none of this is chance, but repeats itself in the same way twilight after twilight. As the twilight deepens — faster for their small eyes than for mine — three draw up one foot, and the fourth, *Hinge*, lets himself down till his abdomen rests on the bar, so that after a while they look like statues of themselves, then yet dimmer, like figures in an old drawing.

II

Striped Daughter draws up her foot last. That is something in the blood. Her mother had that in the blood too. *Striped Daughter* wishes I'd snap on the lights. She does n't like atmosphere. She wants lights, life. When *Striped*

Daughter drives across the laboratory and lands on the dead tree that rises over the chemical bench, that tree trembles. When I took away her sieve that she had nested in four weeks without result she was so excited that everybody in the place got as still as if I had rung a bell. Excited, but she did not lose her head. She went, carefully examined where the sieve had been, flew away, flew back, flew farther away, flew back, tried everything she could think of to prove to herself that that sieve was really gone, and, when she did prove it, quietly put aside her disappointment and dived to her bath.

The bath she needed. Had n't had a bath in the four weeks. Had n't had time. The way she took the bath was to jump in quick succession from one to the other of the four green Chinese bowls where they all bathe and drink; in each bowl wet cautiously the under side of her, no more; nevertheless when she jumped from the last she shook herself violently as if she had wet herself all over.

Now the change in Striped Daughter during the year, except for a detail to which I shall return a moment at the end, is that she is yet more Striped Daughter. She is more herself. But this is the kind of change the human eye passes over.

III

Striped Male, on the contrary, has changed in the way the human eye does not pass over. He is very changed. Only not in his affections. His affections he still has all invested in Striped Daughter. I don't mean that he does not slip out now and then, because he does. But he comes back. It is Striped Daughter he defends, follows, feeds, and feeds not only when she is on eggs, but when she is n't. That is, he is the same one-female male he was last year, and it does n't alter anything that the female shows him no con-

sideration, is forever trotting off, just can't be bothered.

What would strike you first is how quiet he has grown. He is far from the loud-mouthed person whom I brought to the laboratory after Father died because the place had got gloomy and I wanted to enliven it a bit. What started the quiet was Hinge's clear demonstration that such a loud mouth is no more than a loud mouth, and the day Hinge made that demonstration, by simply screaming louder than Striped Male every time Striped Male screamed, I thought it justice. I thought it only fair to push Striped Male back into the chorus of other voices where he belonged. But Striped Male — poor fellow, the thing went deep. He has never been the same. That insult has gone out into his feathers. It has got into his walk.

I don't mean that he is n't still the neatest, or that he has n't the finest feathers, but since last year it is as if he had lost the art of wearing fine feathers. Or as if fine feathers had gone a trifle out of style; he knew it, nevertheless had to go on wearing them, had to be the mould of fashion in a time all wrong, could n't escape, never, never, never, and so has got discouraged, has let the feathers run down, grow shabby. At the same time his son Junior is more and more like him, just as spick-and-span, only Junior is young. Such a contrast may be a tragedy.

IV

Puck too has changed, but you don't feel sorry for Puck. A year ago Puck still did nothing all day but chase the ladies. I never saw the like of that in bird or beast or man. He would have you worn out just watching. He had a chubby body last year. This year he is bony, and this year when he sings to a lady he grows in the oddest way to resemble George Bernard Shaw,

grows thin as a pin, and tall, and the short feathers of his face turn outward so as to give it the look of a whitish beard all around it.

But singing to the ladies is n't this year the one big business of Puck's day. That is where Puck has changed. I even suspect that singing to the ladies has played Puck a trick, that he sang and sang till, without intending it, he got interested in song. You could n't have imagined that possible a year ago. The first sign was seeing Puck do what Vicious, the parrot who died, used to do. He went to the window and sang down to the dump, or maybe it was to the hills beyond the dump. Anyway, whoever had heard him before could n't but notice in how much better voice he was, lower and less shrill.

The second sign, last Tuesday — he flew to the top of the book closet, stepped out to the edge of it, and sang. The book closet is the highest and most dominant place in the laboratory. Hinge always had sung there. Father did before Hinge. And now Puck. That is, with the sense of song comes the sense of platform, and Puck has been out on that platform every night since Tuesday, has sung with the whole of him, no lady to excite him, has swayed like a tenor from side to side, been anxious to sustain the long tones as long as he could, and cut the short ones at that always unexpected yet always right point, as a canary and Beethoven may.

V

The change in Hinge I first thought was merely age, but Hinge is n't any older than Striped Daughter, and is exactly the same age, within a minute or two, as Puck. The change did not look like age, either. It was more the growth of some kind of consciousness of power. Hinge will stand over a thing, a sunflower seed that he has been picking at and that has got pushed back be-

tween his feet, and the way he stands is like a statue of Rodin or Michelangelo or a Roman wrestler.

This consciousness of power touches everything. It touches me. I will be sitting with my head under the bar of Polly's stand. Hinge will fly to the bar. Several will follow Hinge. I will forget they are there, turn suddenly, and everybody will flee. Not Hinge. Hinge clings. What makes this especially courageous is that with his small eyes so near me he is able to see only a patch of me, and for one breathless instant I must look like a black mountain. He clings till he has got me into proper focus, when he regards me with his kindly quiet again.

One night I had to cut his toenails. I noticed he was tripping on them, and once in righting himself wrenched his wing in a way to hurt him. It is quite safe to cut these too long nails if you hold each toe up to a strong light and see where the vein goes in the nail, then are careful not to cut as far as that. What I did was wait till dark; then, when for some reason Hinge visited my table, I snapped off the lights and grabbed him. He squealed. The squealing was more outrage than fright, that I should dare turn him upside down in that humiliating way. And he kept squealing. He squealed and squealed, at the top of his voice, and it was something like inspiration to me to see a thing so tiny cry out against me and not consider how I might with nothing squeeze the life out of him, and not stop squealing till abruptly he realized that there might be some sense in what I was doing, when he grew very still. Polly was in the laboratory and watched it all with the greatest curiosity.

Perhaps the fundamental element in Hinge's change is that you can't draw Hinge into a fight. He is n't a pacifist, but he just won't fight — never did easily. Nothing is important enough.

The others spend a fair part of their lives fighting. While they fight, Hinge keeps off on the fishpole that spans the north wall, raises one foot and dozes. When they are done he comes. That coming is a swoop. The same swoop if he wants food, or a bath, or a drink, or a lady. If a lady, she may as well yield at once, and usually does. Yet if a mother is nesting in the dead tree it is Hinge who perches the whole day on a near-by twig, to keep an eye on the establishment.

VI

Now to return that promised moment to Striped Daughter. For some time I had been hearing a new male voice in the laboratory, or so I thought. I was aware of the voice long before I heard it, and heard it long before I set out to find it. When I did set out my attention was at once directed to the right spot by Hinge, who was standing at the edge of the chemical bench and peering down on to the concrete floor. It was Striped Daughter. It was the female, Striped Daughter, that was doing the singing, and Hinge was as perplexed and interested, and even, I think, as amazed and amused, as I.

Females sing, but it is not usual, and Striped Daughter never had sung. Besides, this was not only singing, but heroic singing, full of passion and meaning. She was practising with the same zest she had done everything in her life, and to the exclusion of all else. I do not remember any other time when she has stopped collecting, or at least picking up things here and putting them there. But now she was standing feet apart and driven into the concrete as when tugging at something that will not yield, and singing in a voice very charming, very mellow, very musical, and very small. She had already mas-

tered a whole run of little coloratura canary tricks. Hinge watched her on and off all day. Striped Daughter had in her life tried her hand at everything, had fallen in love, built nests, had babies, run a household, run an entire relationship, and here she was singing. A highly modern personality, thus in middle life to be turning to art.

Then yesterday I put out the sieves. I put out also the nesting materials, and I knew Striped Daughter was watching me because for once she did not keep near me. All day she resisted the sieves. There were three sieves with three females more or less occupying them, but no female having yet staked a claim in the way they do when they are ready to lay. Toward midnight when I left the laboratory Striped Daughter was sleeping apart from the others, alone on the transom rod above the door. She still had resisted the sieves. It was as if she did not want babies. As if she wanted to go on singing — wanted a career. But by this morning the pull on the inside of her had got too great, and by noon when I returned to the laboratory she not only occupied the highest and most advantageous sieve, but already had it stacked with materials. All day she has not sung a note. The immense nest-building seriousness is over her, so that the tugging and collecting of the last months seem now only the training to be ready for this one swift performance.

In a day or two there will be eggs. In a day or two Striped Male, spick-and-span, will be perched at the edge of the sieve waiting the honor to poke a billful of regurgitated dinner down into her. Hinge will be on a near-by twig keeping an eye on the establishment. Puck will sing, perhaps to the dump, perhaps to a lady.

HIATUS

THIS scene is frozen in a sharp hiatus;
Nothing again will ever happen here.
Always this balanced meadow will await us,
The sun unsinking, the horizon sheer.

Always the bat will wheel above the river,
The rabbit be pursued, the fox pursue.
Always the tapered willow leaves will quiver,
The sweet fern touch the fence unchanged and true.

By time forgot the cows shall crop the grasses,
The sheep begin and then forget to bleat,
The branches bend for wind that never passes,
The crabbed buzzard pause on crooked feet.

Forever I shall stand here stony-hearted,
Watching you climb the high hill opposite,
My hand forever reaching, my lips parted
To say the word, but never saying it.

LIONEL WIGGAM

THE \$3000 SNOW SHOVEL

An Adventure in Graft

BY BERWIN KAISER

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: A New York friend of mine, in the contracting business, describes his work as *sui generis*. Not only is his method of securing contracts for city, state, and government supplies somewhat original, but his experiences in fulfilling these contracts have brought him to grips with graft in places where no reformer or investigator would ordinarily think of looking for it. As I pointed out in the first article in this series, he has a moralist's hatred of civic corruption coupled with a hard-bitten business man's sense of how to deal with it. He likes beating graft at its own game — if necessary, by out-tricking the tricksters who play it. He makes a very respectable living by digging into quiet spots where others are making theirs at the taxpayer's expense. His business adventures afford a revealing, oblique angle on the graft question. The story which follows relates another of his experiences as he told it to me.]

I

I BELIEVE I can honestly say that I have run up against more of the peculiar aspects and unsuspected forms of municipal graft than any other man in New York.

This is not a boast. I am not proud of my record as a baiter of graft and grafters. It's an honest record, but it

will never win me any medals. It merely happens that the nature of my business — municipal contracting — requires that I jump from one thing to another, digging into graft piles here, there, and everywhere.

One digging is usually enough for my purposes.

One digging is all I did with that \$3000 snow shovel, for example.

Here's how it all came about.

Every time snow falls on the streets of New York, the taxpayer's burden rises by very perceptible notches, and the heads in charge of the city's budget — the honest ones, at least — begin to ache. A common, garden variety of good snowfall costs New York City around \$1,000,000. And don't ever let yourself think that the army of snow shovelers gets it all.

Each year, the D. S. C. (Department of Street Cleaning, to you) used to buy something like 8000 snow pushers. I doubt if you or any average citizen ever gave these snow pushers a second glance. After all, they look pretty much like any other snow pushers. But behind them lies this little tale.

The city, which likes to be technical about its equipment, calls these snow pushers 'pan scrapers.' They consist, to be exact, of a rectangular piece of steel which is 30 inches wide and 15 inches long (the width necessarily being greater). And this piece is attached

to a white ash-wood handle $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet long.

That's the device you've seen used by motley crews of men pushing snow and slush into piles or down sewer openings.

Now in 1928, when the city advertised for bids for 8000 of these shovels, I accidentally discovered that this business had been going like clockwork, for some years past, to one shovel maker in the Middle West. He, or perhaps his slick agent, had been selling these shovels to New York taxpayers for about \$5.00 apiece.

To me — no shovel maker — that seemed like a lot of money to be paying out for an ordinary shovel, or even an extraordinary shovel, purchased in such tremendous quantities. So I got hold of a copy of the city's specifications for it. These consisted of five solid pages of minute details, diagrams, measurements, and a list of tests to which the shovel had to be subjected.

Somebody had done a lot of thinking on the shovel problem!

And incidentally, whoever it was that uttered that famous simile, 'light as snow,' never heard of these shovels. Their specified weight is thirty pounds. So I think it's safe to say that when the army of the unemployed pushes these shovels around for eight hours it is earning at least some of *its* pay, even though the shovel maker may not always be earning all of *his*.

I naturally went into the specifications very carefully. And I noted that the shovels had to be made of a special steel alloy to comply with a strictly prescribed chemical composition. It was further required that the blade of the shovel had to be heat-treated, and its edge stiffened with an additional piece of steel. Finally, the whole shovel scoop had to be subjected to a test for hardness, known as the Brinnell test — but I won't bother you with the details of that right here.

On the surface, it looked as though some technical genius had outdone himself to protect the city against defective snow shovels. Just the same, I did n't think there was five dollars' worth of protection in them.

To make sure, I forwarded the specifications to a York, Pennsylvania, concern with whom I'd done some business before, asking them to let me know at what price they could make such a shovel, figuring on an order for 8000. They sent word that they would make these shovels for me, complying exactly with those specifications, for \$2.50 each. And please just remember that even at half the previous selling price my manufacturers were n't giving them away to me, either.

I walked down to City Hall with an armed-to-the-hilt feeling. I had tremendous leeway for making my bid. I felt almost certain that I was going to carry away that business.

I bid \$4.83 per shovel.

There was only one other bid entered against mine. It was from the same Ohio firm that had practically owned the city shovel business. Their price was fifty cents higher than mine — or the not-so-slight differential of \$4000 on the order.

That, you might say, was ominous. I thought so, too.

II

Next day I received a letter from the Deputy Commissioner of Street Cleaning. It read like this: —

I beg to call your attention to the fact that on your bid for pan scrapers opened this morning the following is part of the specifications: 'Before being awarded the contract, the contractor must furnish a sample pan scraper fabricated by him which complies with the specifications and blueprint.'

You are therefore requested to submit to this department within 48 hours a sample pan scraper as required above.

Just like that. Practically no notice at all for producing a scraper as detailed as all that.

I was absolutely unable to understand why there could possibly be so much hurry about the matter. The bids had been opened less than twenty-four hours. Here it was the middle of May. The earliest snowfall the city could expect to cope with was a full six months away. They were giving me forty-eight hours to produce.

The Commissioner, I thought, was certainly playing safe — or something.

Under the circumstances, and knowing city officials as I do, I felt I should not get very far by talking to the Deputy Commissioner who had sent me the peremptory letter. So I went to see the Lord High Commissioner himself. As it happened, he had risen from the ranks of street cleaners and was what I should call an honest flunkey in the political machine. If there was wrongdoing to be done, others pulled the wires — he only went through the motions. He signed the papers.

I said to him: 'Commissioner, I stand ready to produce a sample scraper as called for in the specifications. But you know as well as I do that in order to produce a single one of these shovels I am going to have to have dies manufactured. Obviously I can't get them from the concern that's been making them. You know something about these costs. You know I'm not exaggerating when I tell you that the dies are going to stand me at least \$2500. Now I'm not complaining. That's part of the deal. But I have no assurance whatever that after I've submitted my sample scraper I shall secure the contract. Because, as you certainly know, the city reserves the right to reject all bids submitted on propositions like these, without giving me any explanation or redress.'

The Commissioner was listening with what I can best describe as a Com-

missioner's ear — the kind that listens but does not register.

I was thinking all the time of my investment of \$2500 in dies going to pot merely as the result of some extremely minor technicality in those involved specifications. I had seen things like that happen too often.

I finally told the Commissioner that I was ready to put up a bond guaranteeing the complete fulfillment of this contract. And I repeated that, despite the terms of the bid, I did n't think it fair to make me plunk down \$2500 for one scraper with no assurance that I should afterward get the contract.

You may wonder why I did not raise the issue of the shortness of time allowed for producing the sample shovel. I'll answer you by saying that in this graft game you have to be a strategist. You'll see the strategy presently.

'Come back to-morrow at two o'clock,' said the Commissioner.

That was fair enough.

I was there on the dot. And so, for once, was the Commissioner. With him came the letter-writing Deputy Commissioner, with a meaningful look in his eyes. And with the Deputy came a handful of assistants.

You'd have thought I was being tried for something or other. You'd have been right, too.

We talked things over. I restated my case. The Commissioner restated the specifications. The Deputy Commissioner nodded assent after every phrase was read. They were all adamant. Before they'd recommend awarding the contract to me, I'd have to show them I could produce the shovel. There were just no two ways about it.

Well, I was in a hole. My cash deposit had been put up with my bid, as the law requires. If I defaulted . . .

I tried one last plea.

'Commissioner, if I produce a sample

scraper that meets with your idea of a satisfactory performance of this contract, will you give me your personal assurance that I will get this contract?’

Nothing doing.

The Commissioner not only refused, but proceeded to rub it in. He suggested that if I didn’t want to go ahead with the thing I could of course withdraw from the picture. He would then place the contract against my account with the other bidder — the latter to get the business, I to pay the difference in price. This would be a mere matter of a \$4000 loss before I’d so much as had a chance to start on the deal.

I had put my foot in it. Or, rather, both feet and both hands. I guess it was a sort of desperation that made me let go at the gang in the Commissioner’s office. ‘You know perfectly well that it’s a physical impossibility for anybody or any firm to produce one of these sample scrapers within forty-eight hours.’

The Deputy Commissioner started to deny this.

I shot back, ‘Why, it will take me six weeks alone to have the dies made.’

The Commissioner pricked up his ears this time.

‘The least you gentlemen can do is to let me have the necessary time to have one of these scrapers produced.’

With a reluctance which perhaps befitted the professional dignity of his office, the Commissioner granted the point.

III

It was clear enough now that if I could buy these shovels for \$2.50, and the Street Cleaning Department could pay \$5.00 for them, I must unquestionably be stepping on somebody’s financial toes. And the little procedure I had just been through must have been his not-so-gentle way of putting his foot on my neck.

I went to my manufacturer in York. There was nothing for me to do but go ahead and at least place the order for the dies.

Meanwhile my manufacturer went to work looking around for the special steel called for in the specifications. Strangely, and yet not so strangely, he found it was made by only one steel company, which was in Pittsburgh. Of course, all I cared about at the moment was to get hold of just two or three sheets of that steel for the sample I had promised to have within six weeks.

I mentioned earlier in my story that the most severe specification of the whole lot was the Brinnell hardness test. The test is made with a machine which has a diamond-point projection. Under tremendous pressure this point is brought down on the metal, and the impression which it makes on the steel is then measured in thousandths of an inch.

A mighty exacting test, and I’m telling you that the steel was n’t the only hard element in this deal.

Mind you, I had closed the die contract with the manufacturer in York. I had no contract from the city. He had no contract for the steel.

We both went to Pittsburgh.

You might say that the steel maker was true to his trade. ‘Sorry, gentlemen. Of course we make this steel you require. We’d like nothing better than to supply you with the steel for these 8000 shovels. We’ve made the steel for these shovels before. But it just so happens that our entire output of this particular kind of steel is contracted for by a concern in Ohio. We simply can’t let you have it.’

That, to put it gently, was a sock on the jaw. We retired to our corner.

But I have n’t been in this graft-baiting business for a generation without learning how strings are pulled — and I pulled mine. Through devious

methods, we managed to get hold of three sheets of the super-hard steel. The dies were made. The sample shovel was in my office within six weeks. I immediately marched it off to an independent laboratory to have the Brinnell test made. I was taking no chances.

The shovel passed the test.

Next morning, I loaded myself and my shovel into a taxicab and rode down Broadway. It was no ticker-tape procession, but I felt a good deal like the shovel king of New York parading to what I thought would be my triumph.

That shovel had already cost me, with minor expenditures added to it, approximately \$3000. At that rate, it could just as well have been made of platinized gold! It felt like that to me when I handed it to an office flunkey in the Commissioner's headquarters. From there it went to the city laboratories. They of course could n't find anything wrong with it.

I went back to the Commissioner's office with the results of the official test. I reminded him of the difficulties that had been placed in my way, of my promise to make good on delivering a shovel up to specifications, of the heavy expense to which I had already been put.

'I've done my part, Commissioner. I don't think it's more than right for you to see to it that I get my contract from the city right away.'

'What's the hurry? It is n't going to snow for a long time.'

I said that I had every right to the protection of a signed city contract, and that I did not intend to be held up by any underling's desire to fool around with the shovel, the specifications, and the terms of the contract, hoping to find some minor technicality to delay the matter further.

I waited about a week, and the city finally sent me the contract for the 8000 super-hard ultra-refined pan scrapers.

IV

So far, I had the city's word. And just exactly one shovel. That left 7999 to go, and I still did n't know how, when, or where I was finally going to obtain them.

I went to York again. This time I could at least tell my friend that he would have to plan on making delivery within sixty days.

I could tell him, but what could he do about it?

He still had not found a source of supply for his steel. It was technically true that I had signed a contract with him, and that I also had the city's contract in my pocket. So, if he did n't deliver, I could sue and collect from him.

But if I did n't deliver I should be a defaulter on a city job. And that, if you're doing business with the city regularly, can put you out of business.

It just so happened that I knew a fellow who at the time was working in the Buffalo plant of a famous automobile manufacturer. And it also happened that one of the directors of the motor-car company was also a director of the Pittsburgh company making that much-wanted steel.

Buffalo suddenly decided that it was in immediate need of a large quota of extra-hard steel for experimental purposes. And, needless to say, Buffalo easily got the needed steel.

But not for experimental purposes.

In thirty days, that steel arrived in York, Pennsylvania, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, via Buffalo, New York.

What was that about going around Robin Hood's barn?

On schedule, four carloads of snow shovels — or, if you prefer, pan scrapers — rolled out of York and into the D. S. C. warehouse in Brooklyn.

There is money, you see, in snow.

ON MUSICAL HUNGER

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

I

WE were playing quartets, upon a Tuesday night at the house of Dr. Retinus, as is our custom, and Joe Knoedler, as is his custom, had brought a girl. On this particular evening, when the quartet was ended, the girl asked a polite question about music — a natural question and innocent enough, yet received by Joe in scorn and astonishment, as though she had questioned the validity of his existence.

Joe Knoedler is our viola player — the best player, incidentally, in the quartet. He is a tall, dark young man, by profession a bridge builder; upon the fiddle he is what athletes call a 'natural.' He seldom practises and I am inclined to believe that when he sits down to play he automatically places his intelligence on the shelf, for fear it will get in his way. But by instinct or by some dark collusion with the angels, Joe Knoedler, whether the piece be strange to him or familiar, knows the proper tempo, he knows where a phrase begins and where it ends; under his perfect emphasis the dead notes group themselves and spring to life. Impatiently, while he plays, he shouts at the three of us: 'Wrong! You are playing it wrong.' But when we put down our fiddles and ask him what is wrong, he is speechless. He blushes. 'I can't tell you,' he mutters. 'But I can play it for you. Here — listen.'

But with his girls Joe's technique is at the same time more predictable and

less inspired. 'Dr. Retinus,' he says, 'Mrs. Bowen, Mr. Jones — meet Miss Delilah' — and he puts the girl in a chair with a book and tells her to stay there. This particular girl behaved, we all thought, remarkably well; for two hours she had not spoken a word. At the end of that time Joe Knoedler laid down his viola, got to his feet, and shook his great shoulders like a dog coming out of the water. He heaved a vast sigh, lit a cigarette, and stood dazed and speechless. It was now that his girl broke silence.

'Joe,' she said brightly, 'you certainly do enjoy the music, don't you?'

Joe did not hear her. His face was flushed; he had sat down again and was polishing the viola with a large yellow handkerchief. It is John's viola — a rare and glorious instrument — and Joe, from Tuesday to Tuesday, is very jealous of it. If I bring it to quartets with a speck of rosin under the bridge, he frowns. 'What slapstick fiddler has been fooling with my instrument?'

His girl watched him as he turned the viola in his hands. 'Joe!' she repeated, louder this time. 'You certainly do enjoy playing music, don't you?'

'Enjoy it?' Had she asked him, 'Do you enjoy that curious recurrent throb that takes place above four thousand times an hour just under your third left rib?' Joe could not

have been more surprised. He got up. 'I don't stop to think about enjoying quartets. I don't stop to think about enjoying music anyway.' He wheeled and flung his cigarette into the fire. 'I got to have music, that's all,' he said with surprising violence. 'I just got to have it.'

II

'It appears that a distinct appetite, different from hunger or the sexual appetite, is satisfied by works of art, and the satisfaction of this appetite is a source of pleasure greatly valued by its possessors. This appetite has never been properly investigated. We know practically nothing about its physiological conditions, and as little about its evolution. It may even be that it is confined wholly to man, although authorities differ on this point.'

Like almost everything that has been written about æsthetics, this paragraph of J. W. N. Sullivan's is pure speculation. To ask the unmusical to believe in a definite musical hunger is like asking the unbeliever to pray for rain. Keats said he had to prove things 'upon his pulses.' Women possess a strong social instinct; they prove things, often enough, upon somebody else's pulses. Sullivan called the satisfaction of artistic appetite a 'source of pleasure,' an insidious understatement which I am glad to disprove upon Joe Knoedler's pulses. To sit down at table is a pleasure — but it is not for pleasure's sake one seeks food. Granted that æsthetic hunger is not one of the primary appetites, and that the need for art does not appear until the belly is filled; granted that a string quartet is a highly civilized affair — then grant also that, without art, civilized man would perish. To say that art saves him would be as illogical as to say the feet are there to save the nose from many a hard bump on the ground; what I say is that man needs art, needs

it fiercely, insistently, repeatedly, the way he needs food. Art is exciting and man craves excitement — seeks it, sometimes, even to the gallows' foot. If he be lucky, he finds it in love, or he finds it flying upside down in a Fokker. But love is short and Fokkers crack up. Joe Knoedler found his excitement in music.

It is an old story, the power of music — music that can drive men to war, to love, to God. According to each man's essence is the direction thereof — and the definition. Sometimes it does not drive at all, but lays hands upon the troubled spirit, to soothe and to heal. Music has done that for me; all my life, music has been healer. As such it has never failed me, or I remember no such failure. When I was young, at unhappy moments I fled to the hills, to the woods, and found my comfort there; but now, in my middle years, it needs stronger enchantment to exorcise the demon, a message more urgent than the gentle melancholy of the wind, the far, quiet pattern of clouds against a high horizon. I hate to suffer this defeat at the hands of my old friends; I am impatient, then, with the wooded dark hills, the gentle meadows. I cry out to them, and they do not respond. They lie dead; their name is scenery.

But music — music never took a name and failed me. Music speaks, and I reply. Slowly my cold blood warms; in my veins I feel it swell and quicken. Once more the heart leaps eagerly, once more I am blinded with the glory that surrounds me.

III

If in middle life I turn consciously to music as physician, as a child the need was as great and the instinctive turn to music as quick; but the healing was not, I suspect, so much a matter of æsthetic satisfaction as pride of

skill, joy of increasing control. Fiddle playing was my compensation — I confess it with current psychological phrases snapping at my heels — my compensation for a chin too long, a forehead too high. I had a beautiful older sister; I have her now, to my joy and pleasure; but she was not always my joy and pleasure. She was something more important; she was spur to my pride, whip to my ambition. That wide brow from which the dark hair swept in bold perfection, the nobly modeled, delicate curve of chin, the tapering fingers — artists, looking upon Victoria, drew in the breath. Other men than artists fell in love with her — fell in rows, like ninepins. It was the family joke: ‘Who’s coming, over Sunday?’ ‘Oh, Victoria’s Alec,’ or ‘Victoria’s Tom.’ And then, from my brother John: ‘It’s all right, Infant. They’re not allowed in the parlor.’

In the parlor was the piano. With my fiddle under my chin, I too would have a lover. Lovers. Haydn, at first. Jolly, frank Papa Haydn, and Mozart, when my fingers grew more facile. What if, at parties, boys called me a good sport, instead of *pretty*? In the parlor was my refuge, in the parlor was something more powerful — I knew this in my heart — more powerful, if I but mastered it, than line of brow and line of chin.

I would never be pretty because my bones were all wrong. It needed no measuring tape to tell me; I had heard enough talk concerning other people’s very right bones ever to mistake, beneath my own skin or another’s, a right bone from a wrong one. One summer day when my aunt was in Europe, two ladies came to see her portraits; one was an artist and one was Cousin X, a dimly distant relative whom I have not seen since that far afternoon. Their voices drifted to me where I sat reading on the verandah.

‘Glorious painting,’ said the first lady. ‘Is this *all* the family?’

Cousin X replied that no, there was another girl, the youngest, but she had never been painted. About eleven years old. An intelligent child, but not, you know, paintable. ‘Not a forehead to paint,’ said Cousin X. ‘When I saw her in the cradle I remember telling her mother, “*There’s* a forehead that will go to Bryn Mawr and write a *book!*”’

To Bryn Mawr and write a book. To Bryn Mawr! Rage filled me; rage burned to my finger tips and drove me indoors, that afternoon, to the parlor. To the cheap fiddle case under the old sofa and the brown magic that lay therein. Never, never to Bryn Mawr! I swore it, kneeling against the sofa. Never to any of their stuffy colleges, to be a spinster with a forehead and her skirts hanging wrong. I would play the violin. I would work and work until I could play like Kreisler, like *two* Kreislers; until I could play better — ten thousand times better — than any of them painted. What if they did paint kings and princes, and were paid for it? I would play for kings and princes, and they would pay *me*.

I never went to Bryn Mawr, and certainly I never played for kings and princes! I went through school failing at mathematics because I took time out to practise my violin; at eighteen I slammed the school door behind me and entered the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore — achieving the Conservatory, however, not without struggle. At boarding school near Baltimore my music teacher was Van Hulsteyn; he it was who fortified me in my swift and desperate attack, that last term in school, against the Bryn Mawr cohorts. I remember my father’s quiet warning, when at John’s intercession he agreed to let me ‘go on with my music.’ ‘I want you to keep

your balance, child,' he said, 'and to remember that with us music is an accomplishment, not a profession.'

A gauntlet thrown, could my father but have known it; no direct challenge could have struck swifter fire to my tinder. I was too ignorant of the world of real music to know that eighteen is far too old to begin serious musical preparation for a professional life. But for four years, the duration of a college course, I worked at music, and what I learned I did not learn easily. I had little natural ability for music; compared with the pale, black-haired youths about me, I was a mere ignoramus, dull-eared, slow-witted — and the youths did not hesitate to let me know it. 'Why are you here?' they would ask me, their lips turned out in scorn, and the question filled me, not with humiliation or any doubt, but with triumph and the sound of wings.

IV

My training, while it had been sound enough as to violin technique, had been old-fashioned, omitting all sight singing, ear training, and harmony. To my chagrin I found I could not, except upon paper, distinguish major from minor; as to a diminished seventh, I had never heard of it. My first orchestra practice was a nightmare. The music before me looked easy — four or five notes to the measure. But when Strube raised his baton and my bow touched the strings, a blare of brasses arose and deafened me into unconsciousness. I was lost completely. I sat there trembling, my fiddle on my knee. Morning after morning this happened. 'Put your fiddle in the oven and burn it, Gott-forsaken amateur!' Strube shouted, pointing at me with his baton. He was a little round man with thick glasses, a fierce, intelligent expression, and a voice that on occasion roared like a wounded ele-

phant; he had but to glance in my direction to reduce me to utter helplessness.

The second semester I was, to my surprise, moved up to the first stand among the second violins. At home that summer John helped me with rhythm, patiently teaching me to count out loud while I played — a habit that in later years has stood me in good stead. The following autumn I was delighted and a little terrified to find myself at the first orchestra stand with the *Concertmeister*, one Isaac Bernheimer. Isaac was twenty-three; he was an excellent violinist, studying for a Master's diploma; in the evenings he was to be found leading the dance orchestra at the Hotel Belvidere. When I sat down beside him he nodded briefly, told me my violin was no good and my bow was no good, and asked me if I wanted to buy new ones. He knew, he said, where they were to be had.

Strube, I think, must have put me at the first stand merely because I tried so hard. Certainly he had no illusions about my virtuosity. It was a case of 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.' I was still a God-forsaken amateur, but I never missed a rehearsal, and, once seated on the platform, I never took my eyes off the conductor (a trick which my own subsequent experience in leading vague-eyed choruses has taught me will seduce any conductor).

'Why do you work so hard?' Isaac asked me one morning. 'You can run all day and all night, but you will never catch up to me. You are not poor. Why do you work so hard?'

'I like it,' I told him. What else could I say? My eye was on no goal; a week at the Conservatory had sufficed to blot forever the vision of myself as a second Kreisler, or indeed a second anything, except a second fiddle. I knew only that, as drop by drop I

devoured knowledge of music, I was assuaging a lifelong thirst. I was filled with a profound, a fervent satisfaction.

For me at last the sincere milk of the word! No wonder I was satisfied, have continued satisfied my life long whenever I have opened my throat to that everlasting warmth. And for this, whom shall I thank? How easy to have lived when man gave votive offerings to his god! I should like to fill my pitcher with wine, my cruse with oil; I would walk the path to music's temple, and the way would be very pleasant to me. It would ease my heart to pour the wine, the oil, upon that altar. And yet — in that day of votive offerings were no violins. Mozart had not lived and died; the Lord God Jehovah had not yet found his Name, that name to which Johann Sebastian was to lift up a song of praise as mighty, as immortal, perhaps, as the Name itself. . . . Four fiddles under a lamp — this voice of eloquence called a string quartet was only a zither then, a lute. I am well content, therefore, looking upon my violin, to give thanks less beautifully but no less heartily by the testimony of pen and ink.

For years, all unconsciously, I did this very thing. For years every page I wrote contained some transcription, some expression of my *confessio fidei musicalis*. These published testimonials did me more harm than good. Editors frowned at me: 'That was a good story, but why bring music into it?'

How could I keep music out of it? The first publisher I ever met quashed me flat with this kind of indictment. He had turned down a manuscript of mine, a novel with the traditional plot of art versus domesticity; he said he wanted to see me, and on a hottest August day I crept downtown on a trolley and was ushered into his sanctum. Because he was the first publisher I had ever met, I was shy and frightened and wore, to bolster me up, my

best Paris dress, given me by Victoria, and gloves. When I came in, the publisher and his cigar were seated behind a big desk; they remained seated. I stood up, and I still think this gave the publisher an unfair advantage; also, he was coatless, tieless, with no gloves on. All the same, he was fatter than I by a stone and he must have been fully as hot — I hope so. Anyway his forehead simmered visibly.

He said, 'Well-Mrs.-Bowen-I-read-your-book-three-months-ago-and-I'm-not-going-to-publish-it-but-I-remember-it-very-well-there's-entirely-too-much-music-in-it-have-you-written-another?'

At this time I did not know how publishers talked; I did not know that to a publisher, as to other men, business is — and quite properly — business. I said, 'Oh!' — and it sounded inadequate, not at all the way an author should sound talking to a publisher, so I took off my gloves and shifted from the right foot to the left (all fiddlers stand on the left foot to give the bow arm more freedom) and said feebly: —

'Too much music? But that's what the novel is *about*! It's about music.'

This publisher had an extraordinary facility with a cigar. With both hands occupied at the desk he could, merely by moving the muscles of his lips, shift a cigar from the left side of the mouth to the right. He did it now. He said: —

'Oh, you put all that music in just for effect! You wanted to show off how much you know about music.' And while the blood roared in my ears he reached for the telephone on his desk, barked a number, and was hurling insults at an author uptown. He said, 'Listen, Mr. Blank, perhaps you'll make two hundred dollars on this book, but I doubt it. Listen, that dirty joke you took two and a half pages to tell, you should have got it all in one paragraph. . . . *Yeah?*' — and shut off the telephone and glared at me,

up and down, Paris dress and all. He said:—

‘Are you really going to write any more books, Mrs. Bowen? What do you do for a living, or don’t you work?’

I said, ‘*Certainly*, I’m going to write more books, and I’m a music teacher.’

(I was not a music teacher, but only yesterday John had asked me if I would teach his youngest child to play the violin.) And then I said, very sweetly, ‘There’s just one thing I’d like to ask you, Mr. Linotype.’ And when he asked, ‘What’s that?’ I said, ‘How do I get back where I came from?’

V

I still burn, three years later, with unsaid replies to this publisher, with unuttered repartee and insults unflung. When he said, ‘You put in all that music to show off,’ I should have said — I should have said . . .

Anyway, the novel was published. The man that published it — and in the publishing world his name is Solon — told me, ‘What I like about your book, Mrs. Bowen, is the very genuine way you let music run all through it.’

But Mr. Linotype — alas for revenge — will never know what Solon said, because, even if Mr. Linotype chanced to see this article, he would not read it. There is too much music in it.

Nevertheless, after that I was more careful. In a story where the heroine and the villain fell in love while playing string quartets, on first writing I permitted the villain this: ‘We’ll play the F Major, darling,’ said Desmond, ‘Opus 59.’ I changed it to read, ‘the Beethoven with the grand *adagio*,’ and then I remembered that publisher and took out the name of Beethoven and the term *adagio*, although my lip curled in self-scorn as I made the erasure and I thought, ‘Why is America reared to look upon good music as bluestocking?’

But, being in need of immediate sales, I caused Desmond to say, ‘Get out your fiddles; we’ll play a classical quartet’ — which turned my blood quite cold with embarrassment, the word *classical*, misused, being to a musician what *hand-painted* is to a painter.

But, although I have no patience with people who decry good music as bluestocking, I understand a little the origin of their discomfort in the presence of music’s high priests and priestesses. None of the arts is more widely abused by the æsthetic *poseur*. While your musical *poseur* is instantly detected by a musician and ignored with a sigh and a shrug, he cannot be exposed by a person ignorant of music. Hence your unmusical person of intellectual honesty goes about scowling and putting up the lip at every amateur who professes enthusiasm for music not made by Victor Herbert.

I knew a college professor who fell into fury at the name of Mozart. ‘Motesart, Motesart!’ he would mutter. ‘Why can’t you call him Moseart like a good American?’ It must have been sheer perversity — for he was an educated man — that prompted him always to speak of a sonato and a concerta. This man had the strangest attitude toward music. He scorned it, and said so with a really amusing eloquence, but he went stubbornly to symphony concerts, and when he got there he always fell asleep. He was an excessively nervous man, high-strung; I have seen him sleep through the Tchaikowsky *Pathétique*, cymbals and all, and come away smiling. Once I saw him, the day after such a sleeping symphony, sleep all morning on the sunny terrace opening off John’s music room while John and some other enthusiast banged away at two-piano duets with every door and window wide.

I never could persuade this man to

give music credit for easing the taut pegs of his nerves; a tom-tom, he declared, would do as well, not only for him, but for all of us, and the only reason he paid for symphony tickets was because none of his friends possessed a tom-tom.

Your genuine musician gives to ignorance fairer treatment than ignorance gives to him; perhaps this is a mere truism, a comparison of wisdom's tolerance with the fool's impatience. Your musician is always hoping, hoping to find yet another enthusiast, and he will listen patiently to much nonsensical flattery on the chance that it is mere embarrassment covering up a genuine appreciation. On the other hand, I often wish musicians would be a little less patient.

Once a professional string quartet was engaged for an evening of music at a private house of enormous wealth. They played in a huge, brick-walled, stone-floored room hung with tapestry and carpeted with priceless rugs — the worst room, acoustically, I have ever experienced. I was in the front row, but even here the notes fell muffled, as though the place were lined with velvet. At rehearsal the cellist, casting about desperately for some means of relief, removed the rug from under the musicians' four chairs, rolled it up, and asked a servant to dispose of it. The night of the concert the rug was back again, and, the lady of the house being busy with several hundred guests, our cellist sought her social secretary and requested that the rug be removed, explaining patiently that nobody could hear the music with it down. The secretary said briefly, 'Mrs. de Smythe knows how music should be arranged in her house,' and the rug stayed where it was.

Now, in the name of toil and its reward, in the name of money paid and service rendered, should the musicians have submitted to this? Who was I

to judge this complicated question of social economy — I, an amateur, sitting in the front row with my green velvet bosom heaving in rage?

Strange, indeed, the crimes which are committed against music. But one pleasant result of that evening's atrocity against Debussy — for it was Debussy over whose singing mouth Madame Secretary had clapped her hand — one pleasant result was that when the party was over, and the lobster-champagne consumed, we repaired, half a dozen congenial souls and the musicians, to Zimbalist's house and had some music. We had the Brahms Piano Quintet and then we had Viennese waltzes, whirling solemnly round and round in couples, the musicians, their fiddles under their chins, circling among us, grinning delight at their own gypsy slides up and down the finger-board.

Only the true musician knows how to take music seriously enough to be able to take it lightly. If prayer is an art, so is flirtation: only your true artist, to whom music is a thing serious as his own life — only he knows how to flirt with music, to follow up a Bach fugue with a café waltz and derive, as it were, equal pleasure from both. The giant can afford to laugh at Lilliput; perversely enough, it is more often the pygmy who is heard cracking jokes at the giant. Strong men are notoriously good-natured, as are the wise. As for me, I am neither strong nor wise, and my performance on the violin is so unequal to my passion for that instrument as to make the gods themselves laugh.

VI

But I have worked hard and joyfully in the service of music; I shall go on working, and this gives me, I think, the privilege of airing a grievance, of listing with emphasis — perhaps with venom — certain things I wish, musically

speaking, that people would not say to me.

The actual number of these remarks seems, happily, to diminish with the years. Nobody sighs to me, nowadays, 'Oh, *please* play "Humoresque" — you know, the one that goes *dum, de dum, de dum de dum*.' And it is seldom I endure the familiar coo, 'You do *love* your violin, don't you?' I thought I was rid of the bird remark, too, and then at one of John's singing parties it came sourly back to me. With windows wide to June we had been singing, some hundred strong, the Brahms 'Requiem' — had, indeed, just ended the tuneful chorus, 'How lovely is thy dwelling place.' We paused, and while the slow heavenly refrain still hung upon the air a robin called from the garden and my most cherished friend, my pal, my crony, turned from the music in her hand and said dreamily, 'All the same, that bird can beat Brahms hollow.'

What is this eternal, idiotic argument of art versus nature? Why do people think they have to stand up for the bird? I wish I could infect one of these bird provers with an aphasic toxin which would cause her to forget utterly the sound of a violin, rendering unrecognizable the sound of bow on catgut. Then I would sit in a tree outside her window and waken her, some May morning, to the first measures of Beethoven's 'Spring Sonata.' Especially I should like to try this experiment upon the latest offender — a writer who spends her days, not appreciating nature, but outwitting nature, outspeaking, outheralding the bird. How avidly she would reach for her notebook and the pencil under her pillow, and with what eloquence she would write of the miracle she had discovered! A bird with throat more liquid than the nightingale, with deeper bell-tone than the thrush.

The bird remark is not intrinsically wicked; it is never made except by

persons who cannot read music, and it is spoken idly, without malice aforethought. It is a species of sigh, an explosion of the breath — a defense, perhaps, against unpleasant sensations of ignorance or against capture by the music that has been played. 'I am slipping, I lose myself, I smother under this new thing. Quickly, quickly let me deny this beauty and save myself! . . . Beethoven? — Ah, *but that bird can beat Beethoven at his own game*.'

But there is another remark more deadly by far, and not so amiable of analysis. Not a week passes without its being breathed in my ear; even now, at the ten-thousandth hearing, my teeth grit in my jaw: —

'I adore music, but I don't know a note.'

A letter containing this remark came to me only yesterday from a woman who has earned a brilliant worldly success in her chosen artistic field. And so, madam, you adore music? Lady, lady, you lie in your teeth! You who know ambition, who know hard work, and who through hard work have learned that artistic appreciation is not to be had for the asking, how dare you so confidently approach the throne? Now Pan, God of the Reed, now Memnon, Son of Morning, I adore thee — but I have never troubled to learn the simplest rites of thy ceremonial altar, the simplest song with which to worship thee. Boldly I approach the sacred fire, loudly I acclaim its divine heat. . . . You? Why, lady, you can't even play a mouth organ. You don't know — it is your boast that you don't know — the notes of the musical staff. You adore English literature, too, but I observe that you took time to learn to read. You adore gardens — and you found out long ago which plants come up in May and which lie hidden until September.

An hour after I had read this woman's letter I went to a party, and a

painter came up and began telling me about an exhibition of modernistic paintings that had just opened in the B—— Galleries. The man was not only a good painter, he was a good talker. What an exhibition of modernistic paintings means to me is tired feet dragging exhausted backbone through mile after mile of bleak rooms lined with flat, gaudy-colored symbols of something incomprehensible; under the painter's spell this prospect became golden, lightsome, and desirable. I was keyed to the very mood: *I adore pictures, but —*

'Will you,' the painter was saying, 'go with me to the exhibition?'

This man did not want to pilot me through an exhibition any more than he wanted to roll an egg through it with his teeth; he wanted at the moment to talk about what he loved, and I was the nearest person. Just in time something came to my rescue, something entirely outside and beyond me. I heard my voice, firm and loud, saying, 'I only like pictures one at a time, and sitting down.'

The painter stared, then he blew out his breath in a whistle. 'What a relief,' he said. 'What a relief!'

My declaration had been stupid; it was like the professor and the tom-tom; deliberately I was permitting my ignorance to bar me from the delight, the excitement of exploration in a new

field. I know also that in his heart the painter was sad because someone — no matter who — had denied his god. But a good loud denial, a hearty curse, has in it the seed, the very virus, of future affirmation. It may lead to something; it possesses, at any rate, more virtue than the weedy gush of insincerity. With me, that day, denial had its birth in horror lest I approach a serious thing too easily, with too cheap a familiarity — *I adore music, but I don't know a note.*

Must Apollo, then, be clapped upon the back, and Rotarian fellow feeling be proclaimed? Is not love compounded also of respect, or is the word outmoded? To me, at least, respect is the heart, the very essence, of passion. The difficulty is that respect, once admitted, takes up so much room in the mansion that is ourselves. Cluttered as it is with the proud furniture of worldly affairs, with goings and comings and givings and takings, what place remains for humility, for the reception of that guest who visits only the meek? The habitation of the pure in heart — what disciplined sweepings, what sacrificial storages, have made it ready for the high company it may receive! *The pure in heart*, we are told, *shall see God*. And, by that same token, thrice blessed are the pure in heart because, when the fiddles are tuned, they can truly hear the Fifth Symphony!

ARTHURDALE—A NEW CHANCE

BY WILLIAM E. BROOKS

I

THE citizens of Morgantown, West Virginia, saw as they passed up High Street that morning that there was an unusual crowd of miners about the Welfare House. Crowds of miners about that house had been a normal sight in recent years, but as a rule the men had been apathetic, waiting listlessly for their turn. This morning there was no listlessness, but an air of eagerness and expectancy. They milled about the door, talking excitedly of their 'chance to get in.' For this was the morning when the first applicants for homesteads at Arthurdale were to be examined. And Arthurdale meant a new chance in life for them, the chance for a home at last after years in company houses in mining camps.

A big-boned chap, his face marked with the pallor of the undernourished, told his story to the man who stood beside him as they waited. 'I came over here from Randolph County when they opened up these mines after the war. It looked like easy money for a few months, then the bottom began to drop out. And you know it's been tough going these last years. These folks in the city are yapping a lot about the depression. We had the depression in the camps years before they ever heard of it. And many a time when I've come home to a chunk of sowbelly and a can of beans, one can for the whole family, I've wished I was back

on that little old farm up in Randolph County. We did eat there. But I sold out when I came up here and the money's gone long ago, and there was no way to get back to Randolph County except to walk, and no farm to walk to.

'We had had no taste of green stuff for years till those Quakers came along and helped us to start the gardens up on top, nothing but those damned beans, and I thought I had eaten all the beans I wanted when I left the army after the big scrap. Many a day down in the mine I have found myself wishing we were back on the farm, where the kids could have some place to play, and where, if we did have hard scraping to pay the taxes, at least we had enough to eat. Now if I can get one of these homesteads at Arthurdale I'll kiss that dirty old mining camp good-bye. And I reckon that's about the way you feel.'

The listener shifted his quid of tobacco and nodded his assent, and there were heads nodding all around as though he had spoken for the crowd. For most of those in the mines had once been farmer folk on small holdings back in the hills, or peasants from Southern Europe. They knew something of the ways of the earth and the rewards it offers to those who plough and sow. When the boom came after the war and the world needed coal, they had followed the lure of high wages, as had

many another to other mining camps or industrial cities. And they thought, as most of us thought, that the golden days would never end. But they did end, and now they were waiting for their turn to be heard at Welfare House, waiting for the word that would open the way to a new chance, or send them back to the camps.

II

Arthurdale! Much has been written about it, and the eyes of many outside the mining camps are turning to it. For many are wondering if the experiment there being conducted is not the answer to some of our most serious problems.

Arthurdale lies just at the foot of Briery Mountain, the last great ridge of the Alleghenies, in northern West Virginia. And, as the earth did not suddenly give over its desire to thrust itself skyward into mountains, it is part of a gently rolling section that lies between the mountains and the hills along the river. It is good land. John Fairfax, who had been trained by one of the most astute and land-wise farmers this country has ever produced, George Washington, lord of Mount Vernon, picked it out when all that section was covered with forest, and when the Indians still roved the hills. One of the cabins that he built of hewn logs for his slaves still stands. It is a reminder of a hard system. The new white houses that dot the farm lands about it represent an attempt to escape from a new slavery, a slavery to fear and hunger, a thing that ought to be as alien to America as the older slavery came to be.

About each of the white houses lies the holding of the family, the homestead, of five acres or less. Behind each house is a combined cow shed and poultry house. Before each is a bit of lawn with a flower garden, and the rest

of the holding will be used for the planting of an orchard and the subsistence farming, which, in plain words, is the growing of food for family use. There need be no fear that the homesteader will be an additional competitor in the commercial farmer's market. He is not transferring his trade. He is simply providing for himself the opportunity of eating regularly, instead of sporadically, food that his own toil has produced, rather than the bitter bread of charity — and food that will be richer in vitamins than 'sowbelly and beans.' He will have room, air, sun, food, and a root cellar and preserve closet for the winter. And he will have opportunity to turn his face to the sky instead of to the earth, to watch the long summer wane, and the color come on the mountains, and the snow fall and pass, and the redbud turn the hills to new splendor and the dogwood fleck them with white, instead of being shut away among the slag piles down in one of the 'hollers.' And he will have neighbors — not so closely crowding in upon him as in the camps, but neighbors just the same, for scattered over the tract are fifty houses already tenanted and one hundred and fifty more in process of construction.

A group of communal buildings forms the heart of the settlement. Among these is a library, and a school-house with a gymnasium and playgrounds. An old church, no longer used, was found in a near-by village and moved here to be used again for the offices of religion and as a community hall for lectures, movies, and other like things. Miss Elsie Clapp, who has carried out a very successful experiment in rural education in Kentucky, will work out a programme of education, both for adults and for children, that will be closely integrated with the community's life. Politically the community will be part of Preston

County, but in purely local matters it will be self-governing after the pattern of the New England town meeting.

It is plainly evident that, while the lot of the homesteader will be infinitely better than it was, yet his little holding will not enable him to maintain that standard of living which is desired for all Americans. He would be only slightly benefited if he were lifted out of the penury of the mining camp to become a peasant on a patch of ground. He could eat, but he could not pay taxes, nor buy clothes and other necessities. Neither could he pay for his homestead, as he will be required to do. This problem is to be met by providing part-time work in some industry. It grows more clearly evident that the development of the machine not only makes possible but demands the staggering of the hours of the laborer, so that he will work half the time and be free from the shop the other half. In his leisure time the homesteader will grow food on his little farm. To provide for his wage-earning time, negotiations are now proceeding with industrial interests looking to the placing in the community of one or more small factories.

It was originally planned to set up here a government plant to manufacture post-office supplies, but a Congressional mandate blocked that. In the meantime the homesteader is not idle. From the forge near the community centre comes the clangor of iron upon iron as the smith and his helpers turn the black bars into shapes of beauty. A well-organized branch of the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Coöperative engages a larger group in the making of furniture, and in some of the houses the looms are busy weaving rugs. There remains much land to be cleared, and many houses to be built; these tasks furnish work and wages for those not engaged in the shops, and

will continue to provide for them until the factories are open. There has also been ample time to work gardens, plant orchards, and beautify the grounds about the houses. The results obtained, in spite of the dry summer, would indicate an eagerness to make the most of the opportunity.

III

This is what the lucky miner who was chosen will share in. What was the situation out of which he escaped, and which thousands of other miners and their families must endure until the lesson of Arthurdale is borne in upon the operators and further extension of the homestead idea is developed in this territory?

A close look at a typical mining camp in the Upper Monongahela Valley will give the answer. This description will not fit all of them, but of many it is true.

Through the valley runs, from south to north, the Monongahela River. Steep hills rise from its banks, and at irregular intervals are the famous 'hollers' where the coal is mined. These are breaks in the hills (gulches or canyons they would call them in the West) through which flows a small creek or 'run.' The outcrop of the coal can be seen on the sides of the hills, and the mines are usually drifts into the hillsides following the level of the coal vein. Competent geologists have called this section the Ruhr of America. There are four great workable veins through most of the valley. But amid all this great natural wealth are great numbers of families in acute distress, living in wretched houses under unsanitary conditions, the victims of despair, and ready fuel for the social incendiary's torch.

For example, there is Scott's Run, which a famous world traveler described after his journey through it as

'the damnedest cesspool of human misery I have ever seen in America.' The hills rise abruptly from the little stream, with just enough room for a wagon road and a railroad and a succession of slag piles. The houses in the camps cling to the hillsides and are reached by a series of goat paths. Many of them are of flimsy materials, hastily thrown together and built without any regard for the comfort of those who live in them or for the sanitary necessities which ensure good health. In one camp, in one of the cross hollows running off from the main one, the toilets were erected over a little stream, which in turn ran through several other camps before its polluted waters finally reached the river. In practically all of these camps, there is no room for gardens, no place for children's play, no proper privacy for family life.

Conditions were bad enough when the operator was making money. They became intolerable when the mine went into the red and the operator had no money with which to make repairs. Many mines were closed, but the poorest of the miners lived on in the camps, unable to find the funds necessary for moving to another place. Families have lived for years on the verge of starvation, with a badly balanced diet producing digestive diseases which impair the efficiency of adults and are fatal to the development of strong, normal children. This is unquestionably an important factor in the alarming child mortality in the state. The West Virginia Department of Public Health's statistics show that while the mortality from diarrhoea and enteritis among children in the United States as a whole, for the years 1926-1932, was 17.6, for West Virginia, for the same period, it was 60.2.

The report of a social worker to the welfare authorities concerning one camp describes conditions typical of

other abandoned camps: 'In the little section of — Hill there are twelve houses near together. None of them are fit to live in, hardly fit for animals. There are sixteen families in those houses. They all report the place as overrun with rats at times. Coal is carried from the railroad or dug from an old mine. Water has to be carried up a steep hill half a mile or more. Most of them have rain barrels. There are six toilets in the group; several families have none at all; others are using common ones. Drinking was reported by the people themselves in all the families but two. Ten of the families have had one or more members in jail. The health is poor. The doctor warned the nurses before they went into the community that they must take great care, for almost everyone has some sort of social disease. The moral standards are very low.'

It is not to be wondered at that some have sunk so low as this report indicates; nor that some of the fiercest labor wars this country has known have been fought in these hollows; nor that other dangers to the state, which we complacently overlook before the comfort of our fires, may sometimes develop under these conditions. Stuck away behind the hills, crowded closely together, with no resources outside themselves and little there, people inevitably begin to think alike and can easily become the prey of trouble makers or demagogues. Up almost any hollow of the district will be found huge burning slag piles poisoning the air around with their sulphurous fumes, but these poisons are not nearly so perilous to the health of the community as is the human refuse — injured men, worthless men, trouble makers, men without morals. The poison which arises from these human slag piles is a good deal more virulent than sulphur smoke. Its cost

to the community, in welfare charges and prisoner maintenance, is beyond computing.

This feature of slum life — the cost to the taxpayer — is often overlooked by those who think that the removing of slums is an economic impossibility. The fact is that it is an economic absurdity to permit them to continue. In one of the worst slums of Cleveland it was found that the cost to the public in services and activities ran about seven and one-half times the potential taxes from the area, and that only about three and one-half per cent of the taxes were paid. It was therefore to the public interest to destroy that slum. In the same way it is to the public interest to destroy every slum, for the danger each presents to the future is enormous.

The miner who yearned for the little farm up in Randolph County has his fellow many times multiplied in many widely scattered communities. With employment uncertain, such men cannot even feed themselves, for they have no land. They are but repeated evidence of the uneconomic fashioning of our economy. And they are a social menace. It must always be remembered that the bloodiest revolutions spring from the ranks of the socially misplaced.

Arthurdale, then, is not an expression of utopianism; in the largest sense of the word, it is a practical experiment, an endeavor to cure Scott's Run and the conditions to which Scott's Run gives rise.

IV

It is because Morgantown was ready in a peculiar way that the first subsistence homestead was established near it.

There are two things which make the city — West Virginia University, and the coal fields about it. The first has

brought to the community a group of people acutely interested in the social problems now facing the country. The second provides a laboratory demonstration of these problems. For coal, as everyone realizes who knows anything about it, is not an unmixed blessing. Nothing in America's industrial development, with the exception of Negro slavery and its aftermath, has caused so much human misery as have its bituminous coal fields.

A group of men and women who were concerned about the conditions in the coal camps set up, a number of years ago, the Council of Social Agencies in order to give intelligent direction to the very unintelligent aid received by the needy from the old political sources, and to supplement that need where possible. But the task of changing the conditions in the camps soon proved too great for their resources. The Children's Bureau was approached. They in turn laid the matter before President Hoover. He called in the American Friends' Service Committee and turned over to them what remained of one of the relief funds of the war days. They began in the camps about Morgantown that programme of child feeding which was to be extended through the upper Appalachian coal field, utilizing to the full the help of the Council and its volunteer workers.

With the coming of spring a gardening programme was launched, and in the summer the kitchens of the churches were used as canning centres. On the steep hillsides, in little plots beside the slag piles, and on the level land on the hilltops the gardens were planted. Gradually the gardeners in the camps were organized into clubs with their own officers. Now these meet at stated intervals for conference as to their common problems. In 1933 this movement had developed to the point where the thirty-four clubs in

the county raised, in addition to the food that was eaten fresh, \$59,453 worth that was canned for winter's use, by that much lowering the demand for charity and by that much increasing their self-respect. This fact has been impressed again and again on those who are so fortunate as to sit in conference with the leaders of these clubs. There is something about them that is strongly needed in American life, with the depression deepening the pauper spirit. For it must be remembered that, however necessary charity is as a temporary expedient, long-continued charity corrodes the spirit. Other means should be found to keep people alive. This was the problem that confronted Morgantown.

The next project that was developed was the making of furniture and the weaving of rugs. Two points were selected for the beginning of the experiment, both of them abandoned camps. A maker of split-bottomed chairs from back in the mountains, the possessor of old family secrets of chair construction handed down from father to son, taught the unskilled who also aspired to make chairs. Simple tables of colonial design were attempted. The native woods, hickory and walnut, of which there is an abundance on the hills, were utilized. An old woman born in Czechoslovakia knew how to make lace; an Austrian woman knew the mysteries of embroidery. Anyone who had any skill to contribute, or any desire to acquire a skill, was enrolled in the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Coöperative Association. With the exception of the Welfare Secretary and the Quakers (who received merely their subsistence) everyone connected with these enterprises was a volunteer.

V

But after all this was done it seemed as though only a beginning had been

made in meeting the need. And in the search for further means of preventing the increase of pauperism the idea presented itself: 'Why not evolve new homesteads and settle these men who will never work in the mines again, as well as those who are employed only a day or two a week (and that means practically all the working miners), on little holdings of land where they can raise enough food for their families and so make the danger of starvation or malnutrition an impossibility?' Most of the men in the mines knew how to grow food. They had demonstrated what they could do with their little patches of gardens. There was plenty of land that could be had cheaply. It would be infinitely better than relief, which the local political units could no longer bear anyhow. And Federal Relief no one wanted permanently if another remedy could be found.

There were some too who remembered certain facts in American history. They remembered that after the Revolutionary War the wilderness which was then Western Virginia and Western Pennsylvania had been largely settled by those who had fought under Washington and, finding no jobs when the war was ended, had received land grants from the government. Zackwell Morgan, who had given his name to the town, had been one of Washington's soldiers.

They remembered also that while the Civil War was being waged the Congress had passed the National Homestead Act, and that many a soldier who had left his place in industry to shoulder his musket, and found that place gone when he laid his musket by, went back to the land, clearing his acres and breaking the sod in his old blue coat, thus making a living for his family. Both of these wars had been followed by years of depression, and both depressions had

been in a measure met by a return to the land.

Why could not the current depression also be met — at least in some measure — in the same way? Of course there were no longer any 160-acre homesteads to be had, no new wild lands to be tamed and shaped to the uses of men, but there were plenty of small holdings available, and the cost would be infinitely smaller than the continued keeping of families alive by the dole, under whatever name it masqueraded.

They remembered further that there had been a time before the great industrial cities began to grow when industry and small farming were carried on together. The manufacture of charcoal iron in these same mountains was an example. There was a village near the Forge, where the workers lived. Each had his little holding about his house, his own cow, pigs, and chickens, his own garden and fruit trees. The owner of the Forge had his farm near by, and when the time came for ploughing and sowing the Forge was left with enough men to keep the fires burning while the others went into the fields.

So, too, during the harvest. When the time came for cutting fuel for the winter each man went out to the woods on the mountain side and cut it and corded it, and he was ready for the cold winds and the snows. The grain was ground in the mill below the Forge and life in the community was self-contained and independent.

Why could not something like this be done about the mines, and those terrible mine camps and their threat to child life and to the health of the community, moral and physical, be ended forever? And the men who had been injured in the mines, who had lost an arm or a leg or an eye (and there are thousands of them) — these would never cut another ton of coal, but

they, also, could be given a chance to live.

This was the thinking that lay behind the idea of the Subsistence Homestead. They who thought of it realized that the answer was not to be had in a day, but as they dealt in the palliatives the immediate emergency demanded and their resources made possible they dreamed the larger dream and began the effort to translate the dream into deeds.

It was not a difficult task to convince the hard-thinking Quakers who were at the head of the relief forces that the plan was a wise one. They went to Washington with the proposal and laid it before President Hoover. But the depression was in full swing by this time and his mind was so absorbed by other enormous difficulties that he was not able to see the possibilities the plan offered. And perhaps he did not think it wise to burden his successor with responsibility for a programme that could not hastily be carried through. With the coming of the new administration the matter was taken up again.

It was in line with the ideas already being considered by President Roosevelt and his advisers, and when the National Industrial Recovery Act was passed in the early summer of 1933 it contained the following section: —

Sec. 208. To provide for aiding the redistribution of the overbalance of population in industrial centres \$25,000,000 is hereby made available to the President, to be used by him through such agencies as he may establish and under such regulations as he may make, for making loans for and otherwise aiding in the purchase of Subsistence Homesteads. The money collected as repayment of said loans shall constitute a revolving fund to be administered as directed by the President for the purpose of this section.

On July 21, 1933, the President directed Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of

the Interior, to organize the Division of Subsistence Homesteads in his department to carry out the purposes of this section, and delegated to him the powers granted the President under the Act. An Advisory Committee, composed of leading industrialists and students of social problems, was set up to collaborate with the Division, and a policy was devised which contemplates a programme of long-time character.

The Director of the department has pointed out that 'because of the nature and purposes of the problem involved, and the limited fund in comparison with the need, the programme of the Division will consist in aiding in the establishment of a series of demonstration projects which will test out the practicability of various types of projects under the varying sets of conditions found in different parts of the country. Best use of the available appropriation will be made by setting up demonstration projects which will point the way to a programme of a more permanent character.'

The first project was the one begun at Arthurdale.

VI

In view of the experimental nature of the whole effort, — who in America in the summer of 1933 knew anything final about this new thing called a subsistence homestead? — it was to be expected that mistakes would be made, just as they have been made in every other experimental laboratory in the world.

The most serious mistake was in the ordering of ready-made houses for quick construction. They were too light for a cold country like this mountain land. They required costly reconstruction. In fact, it is a question whether it might not have been wiser and more economical to burn them up

as they were taken from the railroad cars. But they were ordered because the authorities were eager to get one homestead project going at the earliest opportunity, so as to learn from watching it in operation what was necessary for other places.

Moreover, there were some mistakes that were due to the meddling of local politicians. That situation, however, has been sternly dealt with and is not likely to occur again. It has been demonstrated clearly that a man does not have to be a Democrat to have a homestead, or to share in the shaping of the idea. And the mistakes that have been made here at Arthurdale will not be repeated elsewhere. At thirty-six points in the country other similar projects have now been begun, all of them designed to meet the conditions which have resulted from the depression.

Much has been learned from Arthurdale which will be of great value. In this connection it must be remembered that the Federal Government and the states have established many experimental stations for the breeding of plants, trees, cattle, and horses; that we have made tremendous advances as a result of these; that we have spent thousands of dollars learning about the methods which should be followed in developing some new strain or idea. In the cause of a new kind of life which has significant possibilities, the experimental community has also come into being under governmental auspices.

It is further hoped that these demonstration projects will provide intelligent guidance to industry in the process of decentralization. In recent years industrial leaders have become increasingly aware of the advantages of decentralization, of the establishment of small units in rural communities where the cost of living might be reduced, and where the worker could

acquire a garden homestead on which to raise food to eke out his wage income, and to which he could retire when the period of maximum earning power had passed. With the lengthening of the average age, the provision for the latter years must become a more and more pressing social problem.

No wonder that there has been a steady procession of industrial leaders to Arthurdale, to see at first hand what is being done there.

It is not believed by any of the most ardent advocates of the homestead plan that it is going to solve all the problems, economic and social, with which our age is confronted. It is not a panacea. There is reason to believe, however, that it will cure some of the ills of the body politic, and that it may aid in curing some others not immediately connected with the depression. It will be remembered that the fathers

who established this nation were convinced that democracy would be most surely preserved by those whose independence was assured by the cultivation and ownership of the land. Jefferson held pretty strong views on the subject. 'Those who labor in the earth,' he wrote, 'are the chosen people of God, if He ever had a chosen people, in whose breasts He has made a peculiar deposit of substantial and genuine virtue.' And in another place he said: 'Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most vigorous, the most independent, the most virtuous; and they are tied to their country and wedded to its liberties and interests by the most lasting bonds.'

Perhaps the homesteaders may aid in the rebuilding of a Jeffersonian Democracy in America. That alone would make the experiment worth its cost.

A NEW IDEA FOR PRIVATE SCHOOLS

BY FREDERICK WINSOR

WHEN Cecil Rhodes sat down to consider, toward the end of his life, how he could so bequeath his vast fortune as to promote, after his death, the purpose which had always been foremost in his heart, the result was the establishment of the Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford University. His hope was that by bringing together the most intellectual and the healthiest young men from every part of the Anglo-Saxon world there would result a broadened sympathy and tolerant understanding which would go far to unify the Anglo-Saxon world. Rhodes believed with all his soul that that world holds out the best hope for the future of mankind.

When James B. Conant became President of Harvard University he committed himself to the proposition that the main purpose of a university is the promotion of learning, which it accomplishes by the preservation, the dissemination, and the extension of knowledge. At the outset, also, he stated his belief that this purpose can best be accomplished by attracting to the university, to its student body as well as to its faculty, the best available human material. Almost the first act of his administration was to establish the Harvard Prize Fellowships as an experiment in attracting brilliant students to Harvard.

It is interesting to compare the Rhodes Scholarships and the Harvard Fellowships. The two men responsible for them, of fundamentally different

types, were actuated by different motives. Rhodes was an adventurer, an empire builder, and desired to strengthen and perpetuate a particular kind of civilization, a special attitude of mind toward government, law, and human intercourse. Conant is a scientist and a scholar, and his desire is not only to strengthen a particular university, but to promote learning and scholarship. Neither could be accused of being parochial. In adopting exactly similar methods to achieve dissimilar ends, they merely emphasize the widespread confidence in education which is inherent in the human race.

Another point on which they agree is the belief that the best results can only be obtained from selected material. The holders of the Rhodes Scholarships and of the new Harvard Fellowships are alike chosen by competitive tests; they are the successful survivors from among great numbers of candidates. Furthermore, both plans took care to see to it that economic conditions should not be allowed to bar a man otherwise eligible from the enjoyment of the coveted privileges. In each case the stipend is sufficient to cover the whole college course, the only difference being that for the Rhodes Scholars the full stipend attaches whether needed or not, whereas every Harvard Fellow is expected to contribute what he can and to receive from the University only the balance necessary for proper and convenient living. Both plans rec-

ognize the wisdom of selecting the best possible material to train for the ends in view, regardless of economic status; both involve competitive selection; and both show a firm confidence in intellectual endowment as a guarantee of future achievement.

To anyone preoccupied with schools rather than with colleges, the question naturally arises whether the purposes behind both the plans which we have been considering might not be better achieved at the school level of education. The habits of mind, the prejudices, and the philosophy of most men are apt to be crystallized by the time they are eighteen or twenty years old. If Rhodes could have arranged to catch his scholars four or five years earlier, and to send them to Eton and Harrow, to Rugby and Winchester, would they not have been likely to go back to their far-flung homes more deeply and permanently affected by their experiences? After a man is twenty he has passed the plastic and impressionable years. He may become more tolerant, more understanding, more intelligently sympathetic, but his inner patterns are likely to be already definitely set. If scholarship and the love of learning are our aims, certainly the earlier years are the most promising time to promote them. The cases where the slipshod schoolboy develops at college into anything approaching a scholar are rare indeed.

These considerations, as well as the belief that the United States, no less than the British Empire, needs to guard against sectional jealousy and misunderstanding, have led me to urge the establishment at Middlesex School, of which I am head master, of scholarships for schoolboys exactly similar to those which we have been discussing, and combining the purposes of both. They are to be competitive in five divisions of the United States, they are to continue throughout the course of

study, and they are to be sufficiently large to enable any boy coming from a family of moderate means to enjoy them. Unlike the Rhodes Scholarships but like the Harvard Fellowships, the stipend will vary with the actual needs of the individual holders.

The plan starts this year with the selection, after competitive examinations to be held about the middle of March, of fifteen candidates, three from each of the five main divisions of the country. There is no need to enlarge here upon the benefits of the plan both to the scholarship holders and to the school itself. Eventually there will be thirty boys out of a school of one hundred and eighty who will be the pick of applicants from every part of the United States. The whole student body will profit by improved standards of scholarship and will be shaped and moulded during the plastic years, not by a homogeneous group representing one class, but by a group recruited from an area as broad as the nation itself, representing a wide variety of home surroundings and standards of living.

The public will be especially interested in the probable effect of this experiment upon other schools and upon secondary education in general. Within my own recollection the standards of scholarship in the leading colleges of this country have been markedly improved. It can no longer be said of them that they are far behind the leading universities of Europe. No such improvement, however, can be claimed for secondary education; our children, as compared with English and Continental children, still lose at least two years' time between the ages of six and fifteen. We need to build up a deep respect for scholarship in this country, not merely at the university level, but all along the line. We need also to place within the reach of all promising youngsters the best secondary educa-

tion their abilities can make use of. Unless that can be done, many able students in the less fortunate economic groups will not be prepared to take advantage of the opportunities offered by college scholarships.

Ideas in education are not subject to copyright. If the Middlesex Competitive Scholarships succeed, the idea is available for every school to adapt to its own needs. For years the proponents of the great boarding schools have pointed out the educational advantage of the widespread geographical distribution of their students, and individual scholarships exist at many schools for boys from specific localities; but no comprehensive and systematic plan comparable to the one devised by Cecil Rhodes has yet been offered for boys of school age, even in the larger schools, to ensure a continuance of wide geographical distribution. I believe, therefore, that our experiment will be of interest to every head master and to every parent because it may serve to inaugurate a new idea in American secondary schools.

In other words, if our experiment succeeds it will be adopted — and should be adopted — by other board-

ing schools, and might well be modified to the use of private day schools. I am particularly grateful to the Editor of the *Atlantic* for asking me to describe it, because, if it is to be adopted at all widely, I believe it important to point out that, when the time comes that many such scholarships are available at different schools, these schools should attack the problem of testing, evaluating, and selecting candidates in coöperation with each other, not in competition. There should be a single examining authority acting for all the schools, in much the same way that the College Entrance Examination Board acts for the different colleges.

I look forward to the working out of our experiment with the keenest interest. If it may finally be accounted successful, the judgment must be based on broader grounds than profit to the beneficiaries or to any single school which they attend. Unless it results to a measurable extent in increasing respect for scholarship in our secondary schools, in breaking down local prejudices and jealousies, and in promoting everywhere a broad sense of national unity, it will have failed in its main purpose.

REVOLVING NUMBERS

BY F. EMERSON ANDREWS

WHILE experimenting with a system of counting by twelves,¹ suddenly I came upon a series of numbers that behaved in the most extraordinary way. Discovery followed discovery. One day the whole beautiful system was complete — all except the ultimate Why.

Timely research disclosed that some of my 'discoveries' had been made by Ibn-el-Banna as early as the thirteenth century, and that there is now a large specialized literature on the subject. These strange numbers which in mediæval days were regarded as magical are being explored by modern mathematicians in terms of primitive roots, and with the hope that some of the final secrets of number may be wrenched from them. But since they are not generally known to the layman, and may afford amusement as well as a springboard for profound research, here is a brief discussion of them.

I

Let us define 'revolving numbers' (also called periodic fractions) by example, taking the number 142857. Multiplied by 2, it becomes 285714 — the same digits, but commencing at a different place in the series. Multiplied by 3, it is 428571 — again the same digits, but commencing at a still different place. Multiplied by 4, the answer is 571428 — still the same series. So we might continue until a

perfect revolution is completed, with each of the six figures appearing in first place, and the others following in their established order.

Although this is demonstrably true, it seems against reason that any such number should exist. However, 142857 is by no means the only number with such extraordinary properties. To take another six-place number, 076923 can be multiplied by either 3, 4, 9, 10, or 12 and it will similarly 'revolve' its original figures. Or examine the number 0588 2352 9411 7647 in the table below, which can be multiplied by any number from 2 to 16 and always reproduces revolving forms of the original number: —

The number.....	0588	2352	9411	7647
Multiplied by 2.....	1176	4705	8823	5294
“ “ 3.....	1764	7058	8235	2941
“ “ 4.....	2352	9411	7647	0588
“ “ 5.....	2941	1764	7058	8235
“ “ 6.....	3529	4117	6470	5882
“ “ 7.....	4117	6470	5882	3529
“ “ 8.....	4705	8823	5294	1176
“ “ 9.....	5294	1176	4705	8823
“ “ 10.....	5882	3529	4117	6470
“ “ 11.....	6470	5882	3529	4117
“ “ 12.....	7058	8235	2941	1764
“ “ 13.....	7647	0588	2352	9411
“ “ 14.....	8235	2941	1764	7058
“ “ 15.....	8823	5294	1176	4705
“ “ 16.....	9411	7647	0588	2352
“ “ 17.....	9999	9999	9999	9999

Now while a six-place number with these peculiar properties could conceivably be constructed by simple experiment, it is obvious that to construct by trial and error a sixteen-place num-

¹ See the *Atlantic* for October 1934. — EDITOR
208

ber such as we have examined would take something like a lifetime of experiment. They must be discoverable in some simpler way. What that way is will be found amply revealed, if it is not already known, in our seventeenth total for the sixteen-place number, which runs entirely to nines.

All the revolving numbers we have so far examined, and presumably all the existing numbers with similar properties, are in reality repeating decimals. For instance, the repeating decimal for $\frac{1}{7}$ is .142857 142857 . . . which produces our first revolving number. Also, .076923 is the repeating decimal for $\frac{1}{13}$, and .0588235294117647 for $\frac{1}{17}$.

Repeating decimals, it will be remembered, are always produced when unity is divided by a prime number, excepting only 2 and 5, which, though prime, are also divisible into our number base, 10. The reader may construct revolving numbers for himself by simply working out the repeating decimals for $\frac{1}{7}$, $\frac{1}{13}$, $\frac{1}{17}$, $\frac{1}{19}$, $\frac{1}{23}$, and so on. (A few prime numbers, as $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{11}$, produce very short repeating decimals, which are revolving numbers only in a limited sense to be discussed later.) Since the number of prime numbers is infinite so far as has yet been demonstrated, it follows that these extraordinary revolving numbers, instead of being rare curiosities, can also be found in infinite number.

It might be hastily assumed that revolving numbers were products of decimal counting — the basing of a number system upon 10. This is not at all true. Any number system which employs a zero, and can therefore produce fractions in decimal form, produces a similar series of revolving numbers.

I have tested this statement by actually developing and working with number systems whose bases had respectively no factors and twice as

many factors as our existing system. In duodecimal mathematics, I came upon a very interesting revolving number which can be added to itself up to the 102d time (which is the same as multiplying it by all numbers from 2 to 102) and will each time reproduce a revolving form of the original number.

For the curious, this number is: —

01493 X176X 59XX0 29678 3318E 79805 71346
635E3 740E2 26910 6EX72 81X45 16211 E9254
388X3 0423E 64X87 55860 847E0 9952X E5

This number can be tested by adding the original number to successive totals as many times as desired. It is only necessary to remember that we are dealing with duodecimal (12-system) mathematics,² and therefore nothing is carried to the next column until the sum is 12, instead of our customary 10. If the sum is what we now express as 10 or 11, it is to be set down as X and E respectively.

But it is not necessary to work with a variety of number systems to discover many of the universal rules of revolving numbers, or repeating decimals. They may be arrived at by pure logic, perhaps aided by the careful examination of the production of one such number: —

```

7)1.00000000(.14285714 . . .
  7
  30
  28
  20
  14
  60
  56
  40
  35
  50
  49
  10
  7
  30
  28
  2
    
```

² October *Atlantic*, pp. 462 ff. — EDITOR

Scrutiny of this example helps our logic to certain conclusions. With 7 as a divisor, the only possible remainders are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6. But as soon as any one of these appears a second time, the result from then on must repeat the former result. Therefore the outside limit of length for the period of the repeating decimal for $\frac{1}{7}$ is six figures, and for any prime number it is one less than the prime number itself.

Again, we now see why .142857, or any repeating decimal, must also have revolving characteristics. Two times $\frac{1}{7}$ must be the same as dividing 7 into 2.000... This we have already done in the example of long division before us, if we omit the first two operations. Similarly, other multiples of $\frac{1}{7}$ must be expressible by this same repeating decimal, simply beginning it at that operation where the given multiple appears as the 'remainder' in our long division.

II

From this analysis, and from considerable experimentation in several number systems, certain rules regarding the whole series of revolving numbers (or repeating decimals) can be announced with some confidence: —

1. In any number system, unity divided by a prime number (excepting the several prime numbers which may be factors of the number base) will produce a repeating 'decimal' with the revolving characteristics we have noted.

2. This number will run to a quantity of places which either is exactly one less than the prime number from which it is derived or bears an integral relation to that quantity.

For instance, the repeating decimal for $\frac{1}{7}$ runs to six places, for $\frac{1}{17}$ to sixteen places; but for $\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{13}$ to one and six places respectively, or one half of 'one less than the prime number,' and for $\frac{1}{103}$ to thirty-four figures, or one third of 'one less than 103.'

3. If this number contains just one fewer places than the prime number from which it is derived, then it is a perfect revolving number; that is, one which in successive additions reproduces the original figures in the same general order, but with the series beginning at different places.

However improbable such numbers may seem at first thought, we have seen logically that they must exist, and we have demonstrated experimentally that they do exist, including one of 102 figures. Other and still larger ones can obviously be produced, up to the farthest patience of the experimenter. Moreover, these numbers not only 'revolve' until they reach the form .9999... but, if that form is given its true value of 1. each time it appears, then they continue to revolve, by whatever number they are multiplied. For example, $22 \times .142857$ is 3.142854. The '3' indicates that .9999 has been passed three times; this number is therefore added to the final figure, and the original revolving number appears.

4. If the repeating decimal does not run to just one place less than the prime number from which it is derived, but to a simple fraction of that number (see Rule 2), then it will prove to be a limited revolving number; that is, in some parts of the series it will reproduce its original figures, but in other parts it will produce a different set or sets.

We have already seen that the repeating decimal for $\frac{1}{13}$ is .076923. This is a limited revolving number, for it reproduces its original figures when multiplied by 1, 3, 4, 9, 10, or 12, but it produces the quite different number, .153846 and its revolving variations, when multiplied by 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, or 11.

5. Limited revolving numbers generate exactly as many new number sets as are necessary to complete the total of figures a perfect revolving number would have had.

Unity divided by 13 ($\frac{1}{13}$) produces a 6-place limited revolving number in-

stead of the 12-place number which might be expected; therefore another 6-place limited revolving number appears in the complete series. Similarly, $1\frac{1}{3}$ produces a limited revolving number of only 34 places (.00970 87378 64077 66990 29126 21359 2233) instead of 102 places; therefore the series will generate two more 34-place limited revolving numbers, as can readily be proved.

6. From inspection of the prime number it is possible to predict not only the number of places the perfect revolving number (or the completed series of limited revolving numbers) will have, but even the numerals which will appear. There will be (a) as many complete sets of figures, 0-9, as there are tens in the prime number, plus (b) the figures included in the revolving number for the digits figure of the prime number.

For example, the revolving number for 17 is 0588 2352 9411 7647, as we have seen. This contains one complete set of the numbers 0-9 (representing the number of tens in 17) plus the revolving number for 7, or 142857. By this rule we should assume that the

three limited revolving numbers for $1\frac{1}{3}$ would together contain 10 complete sets of all the numerals 0-9, plus 3 and 6, the limited revolving numbers for $\frac{1}{3}$; it may be determined experimentally that this is the fact.

This perfect orderliness is true not only of 10-system mathematics but of other mathematical systems. For example, the prime number we represent as 103 is represented in the 12-system as 87 — 8 dozens plus 7 units. In the duodecimal system $\frac{1}{27}$ produces the perfect revolving number of 102 figures we have elsewhere set down. Inspection of this long number reveals that it contains exactly 8 sets of all the numbers 0-11 (representing the number of dozens in 87) plus the duodecimal revolving number for $\frac{1}{3}$, which is 186X35.

I leave to the mathematical expert the further exploration of these revolving numbers. A mathematical curiosity they certainly are; a key to the nature of number itself they may possibly be.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

'I will speak of the Whole.' — DEMOCRITUS

THE universe, as we picture it, is a system of thousands of millions of galaxies. Each galaxy is a swarm of thousands of millions of stars. And each star is a stupendous whirl of stampeding atoms in a frenzy of motion, driven by gales of light, now attracted, now repelled, repeatedly smashed and broken and rewelded into new forms — sometimes annihilated, the ultimate fate of all. But the atoms in their turn also are systems; they too contain wheels within wheels — though what may be their inner limit of littleness, or the galaxies' outer limit of bigness, remains for the present beyond the reach of experiment or observation. Of these extremes we can only surmise, and by inference round out the picture of the Whole.

I

In one of these galaxies, the Milky Way, and situated somewhat toward the outer rim of its vast discoidal swarm, is a star of medium size and moderate temperature, already yellowing into old age — our sun. Until recently it was believed that once upon a time, two or three thousand million years ago, there occurred a rare event in this almost empty universe. Another star passed close by, perhaps within only a few thousand million miles, and the solar surface was

troubled by the gravitational disturbance of this massive stranger. Ripples rose to huge waves, the crests broke, and great drops of sun stuff spiraled off into space toward the passing body. Some of these fragments may have been lost, but some were not. Unable to escape the sun's control, they bent their courses into orbits mathematically ordained by their masses and motions, and so began to revolve round the parent star.

This picture is derived from the well-known planetesimal theory of the origin of the solar system; it seems reasonable and probable on grounds of celestial mechanics, and has been generally accepted. New evidence recently offered by the apparent recession of the remote galaxies has raised serious doubts, if not flat contradictions, of the theory. For, on the testimony of these far-off runaway star systems, the whole universe appears to be of about the same age as the earth. The indicated time scale suggests that the solar system, the sun, and all the stars came into existence simultaneously — whether from condensation of the primordial nebulae, or from the explosion of a unique massive atom into which was concentrated all the mass of the universe, or from some other cause, we can only guess.

But, whatever the formative process may have been, the earth was one of

the fragments which in some way began to revolve round the sun. Gradually it cooled, a crust solidified, and the enclosing cloud of water vapor condensed into oceans. About a thousand million years ago protoplasm appeared, first in the sea, the rocks tell us, then to crawl upon the dry land and spread its web of life over the earth. Sea beds upheaved into mountains, lands subsided into new sea bottoms, ice invaded the temperate zones. Life was pushed upon, crowded, preyed upon. At last came man and the mind of man, with its unique capacity to wonder, to inquire, to seek causes, to meditate on the ineffable mystery of this intricate Whole.

The crust of the earth is only a few miles thick. Beneath it the molten rocks and metals simmer in fervent heat, and are prevented from bursting into flame only by the enclosing shell of granite. Above the granitic and other igneous rocks is an intermediate skin made up of the sedimentary rocks, the covering soil, and other surface minerals, including water, for three fourths of the solid surface is overlaid with ocean. The outer skin is the atmosphere, a layer of nitrogen, oxygen, and other mixed gases which surrounds the globe to a height of more than a hundred miles, though nine tenths of its substance lies within the first six miles.

These surface features — the atmosphere, the sedimentary rocks, the soil, all the growing things that spring from the soil — are products of solar radiation. A permanent change of only a slight percentage in the sun's energy, either way, would so alter the surface conditions that life as we know it would speedily disappear from the earth.

Between these two fires, then, — the banked embers of the cooling star fragment on which we live, and the flaming incandescence of the star we

are hitched to, — stand man and his companions in life, the birds and beasts and other animate creatures. How scant and frail they are — this company of life that could be snuffed out by so slight a change in the solar temperature!

Recently, at the Bureau of Standards in Washington, Dr. Paul R. Heyl set up a balance to weigh the earth, and with that most delicate weighing machine he put the planet on the scales, as it were, and measured its avoirdupois. Never before has so huge a mass been determined within such exact limits. But if suddenly the whole company of life, plant and animal, had been swept from the earth, — if we can imagine them loaded into a fleet of rocket ships and whisked off to Mars or some other asylum, — their departure would have made not the slightest difference in the result. The scales cannot detect so slight a fraction of the earth's mass.

And yet, it is in this small living fraction alone that consciousness has arisen. The greater wonder is not the atoms, the stars, the galaxies — it is the mind of man which has perceived these mysteries and traced the thread of law that runs through all. But what is mind? Where does it dwell and under what conditions? With what does it perceive and trace and extend its knowledge?

Such questions as these remind us that man himself is a structure of atoms,

. . . thinking atoms, whose far-seeing eyes,
Guided by thoughts, have measured the faint
stars.

He too is a bit of star stuff, an animate wisp of the Milky Way.

'Compound it how she will — star, sand, fire, water, tree, man — it is still one stuff, and betrays the same properties,' says Emerson.

The universe as a whole includes man.

II

Thus the observer is inseparable from that which is observed. 'We ourselves are part of nature and therefore part of the mystery we are trying to solve,' is the way Max Planck puts it. The eye that sees is part of the object it is seeking to perceive — and under the new conception of quantum mechanics this involves complications. The infinitesimal dimensions of the inner structure of things and the swiftness of their motions create serious problems for a detecting instrument so restricted as the human eye, adapted as it is to a narrow range of radiations representing only a small proportion of the actual wave lengths in nature.

The world is real enough, but our fragmentary glimpses of it change, not only with the spectacles through which we look, but also with the scene through which we pass — an ever-shifting panorama that will be different for our children even as our view is different from what our fathers saw.

This is not to say that the obvious aspects of nature have altered conspicuously. They have not. The constellations appear much the same as they were when the Chaldean shepherds began to name them. The firmament seems just as spacious now as it did to the adoring eye of Joseph Addison. Poets still invoke the 'quiet' stars as perfect symbols of peace and constancy. And the 'firm' earth and the 'solid' rocks are not merely figures of speech; they are also brute facts against which we may stub our toes as painfully as any Dr. Johnson.

Toes and eyes, the sights they see and the touches they feel, are the apparent world — the everyday world of sensory impressions. Is that world a dream? Modern science seems to be in process of saying so. The apparent world is the world of 'as if,' to borrow *Vaihinger's* famous phrase. The rocks

act *as if* they were solid, and we find that by assuming a firm earth we can build our foundations and raise our massive structures, and the casualty companies will readily insure them against all risks, irrespective of Lord Rutherford and the Duc de Broglie, who proclaim the hollowness and the immateriality of all things. The stars *seem* to keep their relative positions when sighted through our sextants, and mariners find that they can still determine longitude and navigate ships by these constant points of light, regardless of the warnings of astrophysicists who declare that there are no constant points of light, no fixed stars, no hitching posts anywhere, at any time.

Behind the apparent world of 'as if,' another world is hidden.

III

How deeply it may lie hidden can be illustrated briefly in the case of two familiar objects of the night sky, the famous twin stars, Castor and Pollux.

Dr. Robert G. Aitken, of Lick Observatory, has traced the popular history of these Heavenly Twins in the myths of peoples antedating the Greeks who named them; and always, he finds, they have been recognized as a pair. Even such widely separated observers as the Assyrians of Asia Minor, the Anglo-Saxons of Britain, and the Polynesians of the South Seas, called them twin orbs and celebrated them as such. So close together in the sky, so near the same degree of brilliancy, so unchanging in their attendance on one another, they looked *as if* they were twins.

But the telescope, the spectroscope, and the photographic plate report differently. They show that the two stars are of different spectral class, and are unrelated in every way. Pollux

is situated some 180 million million miles from the earth, and is speeding outward at sixteen and a half miles a second, while Castor is nearly one half again farther away and is whirling a separate course at about nine miles a second.

Clearly they are two strangers that just happen to be near the same line of sight when viewed from our present position in space. Ten million years ago we should never have thought of them as twins, and ten million years hence they will appear so far apart that the name will seem a queer misnomer. But for the fractional moment of eternity during which man has been alert to the stars they have shown no perceptible change, so relatively minute is their motion across the sky in comparison with the depths of space to their great distances. The human eye is not capable of discerning the distinctions wrought by such vastness.

But more is hidden. Suppose we dismiss the misnamed twins, and concentrate attention on Castor. Through the telescope it shows itself to be not one star but two, a binary system consisting of a massive inner sun and a fainter companion revolving round a common centre of gravity. The two stars are separated by a distance more than a hundred times the distance between the earth and the sun. Nor is this all. When the more discriminating eye of the spectroscope is added to that of the telescope, it is seen that each of these constituents of Castor is in its own right a double star. Strange!

But wait, we are not yet done with these stellar subtleties, for under more powerful glasses still another star, faint and red, shows itself as part of the Castor system; and under a Mount Wilson spectrograph it too has photographed itself as a binary.

Thus what appears to the eye as a

single fixed star, the steadfast white Castor of the constellation Gemini, is in reality a cluster of six stars grouped in three pairs, each star revolving in an orbit and with a velocity peculiar to itself, and yet all traveling persistently in a southwesterly direction at a constant speed of nine miles a second. What mariner, knowing the true inwardness of Castor, — its interior whirligigs, its gyrations, its headlong flight from its ancient accustomed place on the star map, — would ever rate it a steadfast mark to steer by?

Castor is not the villain of the piece, however, but only a shining example of the inevitable complexity that lies within things. The placid sky is revealed by modern astrophysics as a vast heterogeneity in which innumerable suns, singly or in multiples, are darting about in almost all directions like the excited molecules of a gas.

Vega is approaching at eight miles a second, Aldebaran is receding at thirty-three miles a second, Arcturus is crossing at eighty-four miles a second. The two end stars of the Big Dipper are moving in one direction, while the other stars of this constellation are pulling away at enormous velocity in the opposite.

Nor is our star an exception: the sun is spinning a dizzy course toward the outer rim of the Milky Way at twelve miles a second, trailing the earth and all the other planets with it, and at the same time the solar system is being swung in a gigantic arc at two hundred miles a second as the Galaxy itself rotates like some colossal stellar pinwheel. From this shifting, whirling, fleeting mote among the stars, this 'firm' earth, man has essayed to survey the cosmos and to appraise of what and how the world is made.

The panorama continually changes. We can get no contemporary scene.

Everything is as it *was*, never as it is. We see the sun as it was eight minutes ago, Sirius as it was nine years ago, the Pleiades as they were five hundred years ago.

On a clear moonless night in autumn and winter the eye may distinguish a cloud of pale light no bigger than the moon in the constellation Andromeda. This spiral nebula, one of the nearest of the outer galaxies, appears to us as it was 800,000 years ago — and what may have happened since then to its uncounted stars and star systems our grandchildren must wait another 800,000 years to behold, if they can.

The Andromeda Nebula is at about the outer limit of naked-eye visibility, but with a telescope we may reach millions of years into the past of the universe. And when the sensitive photographic plate is harnessed to the most powerful telescope, hundreds of millions of years are bridged. The rays of these remote bodies have been called fossil light, and indeed they antedate most of the fossils that have been found in the earth. One wonders how so frail an entity as light, which can be stopped by a film of gas or a particle of dust, can travel at its constant velocity 186,000 miles each second for hundreds of millions of years without deterioration. Of course, some rays are stopped; we see and photograph only those that get through, but they are so numerous as to demonstrate the relative emptiness of space and suggest the commodious scale of its architecture.

IV

In considering the scale of the physical world, we distinguish two categories: (1) the known and measurable, and (2) the unknown or as yet immeasurable, which, however, we apprehend or infer and are able to esti-

mate by a judicious extension of the known data.

One effect of the new physical theories and discoveries has been to delimit the scale of the latter category, and actually to restrict the possible range of the unknown. The old idea was infinity; a ray of light traveled in a straight line, and unless stopped by some obstructing body it would go on forever, ploughing an endless path through infinite space. Science has had to give up that conception as the powerful instruments of modern astronomy, by their very act of plumbing deeper into space, have adduced evidence in favor of the idea that the world is finite — a quite definite quantity, not only of matter and energy, but also of space. There is small probability that man will ever be able to construct an optical instrument powerful enough to photograph the image of a star situated at the opposite side of the universe, but it is quite possible to compute the approximate distance of such a star.

When we come to the first category, that of the known and measurable entities, the effect of recent research has been enormously expansive. 'Millions' and 'billions' have been so bandied about of late that few readers, I think, are aware how new the actual attainment of immense distances is. As recently as 1925 the two most remote objects known were two outside galaxies — the Andromeda Nebula, at a distance then estimated as 952,000 light-years, and another designated as N.G.C. 6822, which was rated at about 1,000,000 light-years distance. These distances were staggering to the imagination of 1925, and Professor Jeans (not yet Sir James), commenting at the time, suggested that they probably indicated the approximate limits of the universe.

'We may suppose,' he said, in a paper published in December of that

year, 'although it is little more than a guess, that the most remote objects of all in our universe are at four times the distance of these two remote objects, and so at 4,000,000 light-years from us.'

This was in 1925, less than ten years ago. Man had seen a million light-years into the abyss, and one of the leading cosmologists estimated that we might expect eventually to penetrate four times that far. But 4,000,000 was at that time deemed the outer limit.

To-day? The spectra of objects believed to be 150,000,000 light-years distant have been photographed at Mount Wilson Observatory with the 100-inch telescope, and for straight photography under the most favorable conditions the reach of this instrument is said to be effective out to 350,000,000 light-years. Thus by 1934 the astronomer was able to look more than three hundred times as far as the astronomer of 1925 had looked. And there is assurance of three times yet deeper soundings when the 200-inch telescope, now under construction, is completed.

Much of our recent gain in space penetration must be credited to the astronomers' gain in powers of interpretation. Astrophysics to-day has a surer grasp of its materials and technique. Photographic images that were attained ten years ago, but were little understood then, have meaning now; we are more familiar with the earmarks of great distances, therefore are able to recognize them when they appear. This added knowledge and increased facility in reading observational results — along with the instrumental gains contributed by improvements in the sensitivity of photography and by new optical and electrical devices auxiliary to the telescope — have, in a sense, multiplied seeing power.

It is this recent multiplication of our seeing power that has provided

the data on which cosmologists have founded their current estimates of the extent of the Whole. In the present state of universe building, when, as Harlow Shapley points out, 'there is an overpopulation of hypotheses,' it is necessary to allow for a wide margin of probable error in citing the authorities. Cosmical statistics are not quoted dogmatically, like the price of Steel or the claimed vote of a candidate for public office. The figures are given cautiously as 'of the order of,' by which is meant a liberal plus-or-minus tolerance.

By photographing representative sections of the sky, it is possible to take a census of the stars. At the Harvard College Observatory I saw one photograph which includes the images of more than two thousand outside galaxies — two thousand Milky Ways imprisoned on a single plate of fourteen by seventeen inches dimensions! It's a rare quadrilateral that will yield so rich a harvest, but, taking all the results that have been gathered, it is estimated that the number of galaxies composing the universe is of the order of 500 million million.

How many stars to the galaxy? Counts have been made of selected patches of the Milky Way, — one young observer at the Harvard southern station has actually counted more than two million individual stars, — and from these and on dynamical considerations it is estimated that our Galaxy is of the order of 100,000 million suns. The outside galaxies are not so large, however. For, whereas the Milky Way diameter is of the order of 100,000 light-years, the Andromeda Nebula measures only about 80,000 light-years across, and some of the other spirals are considerably smaller. It is possible, however, to apply statistical methods and arrive at safe averages.

From all the data available it is

estimated that the total mass of the universe is of the order of 1.08×10^{22} suns. Eddington, with his mathematical equations, has dissected these suns into their ultimate particles, and estimates that in the whole world there are 1.29×10^{79} particles.

V

According to the theory of relativity, this universal mass of matter gives to space a certain shape and size. Einstein assumed that the world was as full of matter as it could conveniently hold, and the picture he derived was of a universe in equilibrium, a stable system of certain fixed shape and size. But recent astronomical observations reaching out to 150 million light-years have made it difficult to accept any longer the original Einstein World, and to-day we are asked to accept the picture of the cosmos in process of expansion. This means, of course, that its size is continually changing. The present radius of curvature is reckoned by various authorities to lie between 2000 million and 20,000 million light-years.

This is a wide range of tolerance, even for a universe. But it must be remembered that here we are groping through an enormous shadow of uncertainties; we have actual spectral data out to only 150 million light-years, and beyond that must extrapolate. Not only must we take into account the galaxies and their constituent stars and nebulae, but also the dark nebulae of whose extent we can only guess, and the invisible dust between the stars and perhaps between the galaxies. This invisible matter may possibly outweigh the total mass of the stars; and in any event its mass, though unseen, directly affects the size of the universe. The latest estimate of size is that published by Edwin Hubble, of Mount Wilson Observatory, in 1934. Assuming that what we see

through the largest telescopes is a fair sample of the Whole, and that the density of space is uniform throughout, Hubble figures that the universe has a present radius of curvature of the order of 3000 million light-years.

The biggest thing in the world, then, is the world itself, with an estimated radius of about 3000 million light-years, or approximately 18×10^{21} miles.

The smallest particle of matter for which we have physical measurements is the nucleus of the atom. Its size may vary slightly from one element to another, but in general the nuclear diameter is found to be of the order of 10^{-12} centimetre — approximately $\frac{1}{400,000,000,000}$ inch. The smallest nucleus would seem to be that of the hydrogen atom, but in all experiments it behaves as though it were a massive point of zero dimensions, therefore one cannot speak with any precision of the diameter of the hydrogen nucleus. Quite accurate measurements have been made of the nuclei of helium, nitrogen, aluminum, and other elements, and they all show about the same dimensions, ranging in diameter between 10^{-13} and 10^{-12} centimetre.

The nucleus itself, in the case of most atoms, is made up of subsidiary particles. We have no knowledge of the sizes of these interior bodies, for we know them only after they emerge from the atomic centre, when they seem to take on different properties and, perhaps, different dimensions. This nuclear region is the frontier of atomic exploration to-day — as the region beyond the known galaxies is the astronomical frontier. Thus, at either end of the scale of things, the known blurs into the unknown.

But the known is vast and wide-ranging. To get some suggestion of its reach, let us make an assumption and derive some comparisons. Imagine the

earth reduced to the size of the period at the end of this sentence. The dot of ink measures about a fiftieth of an inch in diameter. With our planet thus shrunk from its mean diameter of 7918 miles to one fiftieth of an inch, — a reduction to less than $\frac{1}{25,000,000,000}$ of itself, — and all the other dimensions of the universe deflated proportionately, we arrive at these interesting contrasts: —

Distance, earth to sun — about $19\frac{1}{2}$ feet
 Distance to nearest star — about 1005 miles
 Diameter of Milky Way — about 23,380,000 miles
 Distance to farthest photographed galaxy — about 81,830,000,000 miles
 Radius of universe — about 701,400,000,000 miles

We are still faced with incomprehensible millions. To glimpse the infinitesimal littleness of our scale at one

extreme, and its vastness at the other, let us focus our imaginary optic glass to the very limit of its reducing power — that is, shrink the image of the earth to the size of the smallest thing we can measure, the atomic nucleus. Everything else in the world contracts in the same ratio, and we now have these magnitudes: —

Distance, earth to sun — about $\frac{1}{34,000,000}$ inch
 Distance to nearest star — about $\frac{1}{125}$ inch
 Diameter of Milky Way — $15\frac{1}{2}$ feet
 Distance to farthest photographed galaxy — about $10\frac{1}{4}$ miles
 Radius of universe — about 88 miles

Dimensionally, then, the earth is to the atomic nucleus as the universe is to 88 miles.

That is the present range of dimensions, the scale of physical things, so far as science has been able to gauge them with its new eyes.

A NIGHT ON SALISBURY PLAIN

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

UNSEEN peewits were crying their wild cries in the mist somewhere. The sounds were part of the gray silence of the Plain. I could hear the last of the hot oil dripping into the engine sump, from the overhead camshaft gear. Ten yards away, the long low length of the black car was part dissolved. I could feel mist condensing on my eyelashes.

It was late afternoon. The last twenty miles had taken me two hours and a quarter. Foolishly I had relied on my petrol gauge, although I had known it was faulty; and now I was on my reserve tank, enough for sixteen miles in ordinary traveling, but only one half or a third of that distance in second or low gear. One could not see more than five yards ahead.

By the ruins of brickwork and concrete overgrown by grasses I recognized my whereabouts: I was close to Stonehenge. This place had been an encampment for airmen and their craft during the war. Afterward there had been what is called an agitation in the press for the removal of the buildings. They were demolished; and once again the great circle of Stonehenge was seen from the road in outline against the northern sky, relict from the age of mammoths, sabre-toothed tigers, and skin-clad men of small stature, short age, inferior teeth, and ideas of salvation through the blood sacrifice of men other than themselves.

Stonehenge was seen clearly again,

but no longer in solitude, for the hutments and hangars were broken down at the time when motor cars were beginning to increase almost in geometrical progression. A barbed-wire fence was erected with a tea house, and approach to the Sun Temple cost each visitor one shilling.

It was no use going on; the night must be spent here. Fortunately I wore my black leather flying coat, and there was a rug in the car. It was pleasant to sit down, to suspend oneself in the silence of Hardy's Great Plain.

What was Stonehenge? Men asked one another. How came it to be built here? And whence these mighty slabs of stone, weighing hundreds of tons? And why were they set thus and thus?

Likewise, when the sunshine and starlight of centuries have rolled away from this age and civilization, which may indeed become traceless like other civilizations save for things such as bones, shards, fragments of walling, aluminium pistons, and phosphor-bronze carburetor floats, men may wonder on the scars in the chalk of Salisbury Plain which were practice trenches for firing, bombing, and bayonet fighting; on the curious traces in the distant downs of designs which probably had some religious significance, possibly connected with the then-universally sanctified idea or ideal of blood sacrifice.

Night shut down through the grayness, and the peewits ceased to call. My footfalls among the flattened heaps of broken bricks and iron and rotting wood seemed strange and unreal to me. I felt myself to be another person. I determined to prolong the strange feeling of being strangely alone in a silent world. I collected fragments of deal wood which had been doorposts, lintels, and window frames, and made a fire. My car was off the main road, and I could sleep under its tonneau cover when so I wished. I had food and a vacuum flask of hot coffee. There was enough wood for the fires of a bivouacking battalion.

Flames speared the mist, which gave way before the bright thrusts. I ate, drank, took strength and comfort from the fire. A mouse ran over the cracked concrete whereon I sat. It took a crumb, fled away, returned for more, fled away, came back, sat upright, stared at me, and then crouched to a more serious feeding. It looked to be a very old mouse, and I wondered if it could possibly have known the time when the soldiers were here. No; but it was strange how it accepted me and the fire.

All over England were memorials to men who had not come home from the war, most of them made to the ideas of elderly noncombatants. Will the antiquarians of the future deduce from these memorials, with their chaste and sometimes angelic figures holding aloft righteous swords, torches, and lamps, that what to soldiers of the line was generally tedium was to the memorial builders generally *Te Deum*? That the memorials had no relation, even symbolically, to reality? That they helped by the fostering of illusion to perpetuate things as they were?

The mouse departed with a swelled belly, probably to sleep in its slightly mouldy bed of gnawn grasses under a

pile of bricks somewhere. I threw more wood on the fire.

What of those designs, their regimental badges, cut by soldiers in the swarded slopes of the downs near Shaftesbury? Have the grasses, the trefoils, the cinquefoils, and other wild flowers—dove's-foot, crane's-bill, harebell—have they crept over the chalk again?

The White Horse, its origin lost beyond memory, is still the White Horse, for all to see and meditate; but where are the badges of those Australians, Londoners, County men, and the keen youths from the North? Of those youths who went from the Great Plain to the rolling chalk lands of the Somme, after cutting their own memorials in the English sunshine of 1915 and early 1916 (such things could only be done before idealism was shattered by reality, before July the First, 1916, when the New Army found its grave in Picardy)—of those singing, cheering, single-minded civilian-soldiers none returned; not one of the returning survivors was the same man. What would the future antiquarian see, then, as their true memorial, I wondered to myself, lying on my back, wrapped in the leather flying coat and strangely serene to feel the ancient gray earth beneath me. Which would the unborn antiquarian accept—the idealistic interpretation of those who stayed at home and imagined vain things, or these old scars and cuts and brick heaps in the chalk?

I lay there, between dozing and waking, until the sun peered red just above the road winding over the eastern plain. The fog was gone, the plovers were calling one to another forlornly, and a laden milk van was rolling along toward London. It was very cold. As I walked away there was a small shrill screeching, and a weasel bounded over the rubble, a large mouse in its jaws.

THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

WHEN we compare our age with that of, say, George I, we are conscious of a profound change of intellectual temper, which has been followed by a corresponding change of the tone of politics. In a certain sense, the outlook of two hundred years ago may be called 'rational,' and that which is most characteristic of our time may be called 'anti-rational.' But I want to use these words without implying a complete acceptance of the one temper or a complete rejection of the other. Moreover, it is important to remember that political events very frequently take their color from the speculations of an earlier time: there is usually a considerable interval between the promulgation of a theory and its practical efficacy. English politics in 1860 were dominated by the ideas expressed by Adam Smith in 1776; German politics to-day are a realization of theories set forth by Fichte in 1807; Russian politics since 1917 have embodied the doctrines of the Communist Manifesto, which dates from 1848. To understand the present age, therefore, it is necessary to go back to a considerably earlier time.

A widespread political doctrine has, as a rule, two very different kinds of causes. On the one hand, there are intellectual antecedents: men who have advanced theories which have grown, by development or reaction, from previous theories. On the other hand,

there are economic and political circumstances which predispose people to accept views that minister to certain moods. These alone do not give a complete explanation when, as too often happens, intellectual antecedents are neglected. In the particular case that concerns us, various sections of the post-war world have had certain grounds of discontent which have made them sympathetic to a certain general philosophy invented at a much earlier date. I propose first to consider this philosophy, and then to touch on the reasons for its present popularity.

The revolt against *reason* began as a revolt against *reasoning*. In the first half of the eighteenth century, while Newton ruled men's minds, there was a widespread belief that the road to knowledge consisted in the discovery of simple general laws, from which conclusions could be drawn by deductive ratiocination. Many people forgot that Newton's law of gravitation was based upon a century of careful observation, and imagined that general laws could be discovered by the light of nature. There was natural religion, natural law, natural morality, and so on. These subjects were supposed to consist of demonstrative inferences from self-evident axioms, after the style of Euclid. The political outcome of this point of view was the doctrine of the Rights of Man, as preached during the American and French Revolutions.

But at the very moment when the Temple of Reason seemed to be nearing completion a mine was laid by which, in the end, the whole edifice was blown sky-high. The man who laid the mine was David Hume. His *Treatise of Human Nature*, published in 1739, has as its subtitle 'An attempt to introduce the experimental method of reasoning into moral subjects.' This represents the whole of his intention, but only half of his performance. His intention was to substitute observation and induction for deduction from nominally self-evident axioms. In his temper of mind he was a complete rationalist, though of the Baconian rather than the Aristotelian variety. But his almost unexampled combination of acuteness with intellectual honesty led him to certain devastating conclusions: that induction is a habit without logical justification, and that the belief in causation is little better than a superstition. It followed that science, along with theology, should be relegated to the limbo of delusive hopes and irrational convictions.

In Hume, rationalism and skepticism existed peacefully side by side. Skepticism was for the study only, and was to be forgotten in the business of practical life. Moreover, practical life was to be governed, as far as possible, by those very methods of science which his skepticism impugned. Such a compromise was only possible for a man who was in equal parts a philosopher and a man of the world; there is also a flavor of aristocratic toridity in the reservation of an esoteric unbelief for the initiated. The world at large refused to accept Hume's doctrines in their entirety. His followers rejected his skepticism, while his German opponents emphasized it as the inevitable outcome of a merely scientific and rational outlook. Thus, as the result of his teaching, British philosophy became superficial, while German philosophy

became anti-rational — in each case from fear of an unbearable agnosticism. European thought has never recovered its previous whole-heartedness; among all the successors of Hume, sanity has meant superficiality, and profundity has meant some degree of madness. In the most recent discussions of the philosophy appropriate to quantum physics, the old debates raised by Hume are still proceeding.

The philosophy which has been distinctive of Germany begins with Kant, and begins as a reaction against Hume. Kant was determined to believe in causality, God, immortality, the moral law, and so on, but perceived that Hume's philosophy made all this difficult. He therefore invented a distinction between 'pure' reason and 'practical' reason. 'Pure' reason was concerned with what could be proved, which was not much; 'practical' reason was concerned with what was necessary for virtue, which was a great deal. It is, of course, obvious that 'pure' reason was simply reason, while 'practical' reason was prejudice. Thus Kant brought back into philosophy the appeal to something recognized as outside the sphere of theoretical rationality, which had been banished from the schools ever since the rise of scholasticism.

More important even than Kant, from our point of view, was his immediate successor Fichte, who, passing over from philosophy to politics, inaugurated the movement which has developed into National Socialism. But before speaking of him there is more to be said about the conception of 'reason.'

II

In view of the failure to find an answer to Hume, 'reason' can no longer be regarded as something absolute, any departure from which is to be condemned on theoretical grounds.

Nevertheless, there is obviously a difference, and an important one, between the frame of mind of, say, the philosophical radicals and such people as the early Mohammedan fanatics. If we call the former temper of mind reasonable and the latter unreasonable, it is clear that there has been a growth of unreason in recent times.

I think that what we mean in practice by reason can be defined by three characteristics. In the first place, it relies upon persuasion rather than force; in the second place, it seeks to persuade by means of arguments which the man who uses them believes to be completely valid; and in the third place, in forming opinions, it uses observation and induction as much as possible and intuition as little as possible. The first rules out the Inquisition; the second rules out such methods as those of British war propaganda, which Hitler praises on the ground that propaganda 'must sink its mental elevation deeper in proportion to the numbers of the mass whom it has to grip'; the third forbids the use of such a major premise as that of President Andrew Jackson apropos of the Mississippi, 'the God of the Universe intended this great valley to belong to one nation,' which was self-evident to him and his hearers, but not easily demonstrated to one who questioned it.

Reliance upon reason, as thus defined, assumes a certain community of interest and outlook between oneself and one's audience. It is true that Mrs. Bond tried it on her ducks, when she cried, 'Come and be killed, for you must be stuffed and my customers filled'; but in general the appeal to reason is thought ineffective with those whom we mean to devour. Those who believe in eating meat do not attempt to find arguments which would seem valid to a sheep, and Nietzsche does not attempt to persuade the mass of

the population, whom he calls 'the bungled and botched.' Nor does Marx try to enlist the support of capitalists. As these instances show, the appeal to reason is easier when power is unquestioningly confined to an oligarchy. In eighteenth-century England, only the opinions of aristocrats and their friends were important, and these could always be presented in a rational form to other aristocrats. As the political constituency grows larger and more heterogeneous, the appeal to reason becomes more difficult, since there are fewer universally conceded assumptions from which agreement can start. When such assumptions cannot be found, men are driven to rely upon their own intuitions; and since the intuitions of different groups differ, reliance upon them leads to strife and power politics.

Revolts against reason, in this sense, are a recurrent phenomenon in history. Early Buddhism was reasonable; its later forms, and the Hinduism which replaced it in India, were not. In ancient Greece, the Orphics were in revolt against Homeric rationality. From Socrates to Marcus Aurelius, the prominent men in the ancient world were, in the main, rational; after Marcus Aurelius, even the conservative Neo-Platonists were filled with superstition. Except in the Mohammedan world, the claims of reason remained in abeyance until the eleventh century; after that, through scholasticism, the Renaissance, and science, they became increasingly dominant. A reaction set in with Rousseau and Wesley, but was held in check by the triumphs of science and machinery in the nineteenth century. The belief in reason reached its maximum in the sixties; since then it has gradually diminished, and it is still diminishing. Rationalism and anti-rationalism have existed side by side since the beginning of Greek civilization, and each, when it has seemed

likely to become completely dominant, has always led by reaction to a new outburst of its opposite.

III

The modern revolt against reason differs in an important respect from most of its predecessors. From the Orphics onward, the usual aim in the past was salvation — a complex concept involving both goodness and happiness, and achieved, as a rule, by some difficult renunciation. The irrationalists of our time aim, not at salvation, but at power. They thus develop an ethic which is opposed to that of Christianity and of Buddhism; and through their lust of dominion they are of necessity involved in politics. Their genealogy among writers is Fichte, Carlyle, Mazzini, Nietzsche — with supporters such as Treitschke, Rudyard Kipling, Houston Chamberlain, and Bergson. As opposed to this movement, Benthamites and Socialists may be viewed as two wings of one party: both are cosmopolitan, both are democratic, both appeal to economic self-interest. Their differences *inter se* are as to means, not ends, whereas the new movement, which culminates (as yet) in Hitler, differs from both as to ends, and differs even from the whole tradition of Christian civilization.

The end which statesmen should pursue, as conceived by almost all the irrationalists out of whom Fascism has grown, is most clearly stated by Nietzsche. In conscious opposition to Christianity as well as to the utilitarians, he rejects Bentham's doctrines as regards both happiness and the 'greatest number.' 'Mankind,' he says, 'is much more of a means than an end . . . mankind is merely the experimental material.' The end he proposes is the greatness of exceptional individuals: 'The object is to attain that enormous energy of greatness which can model the

man of the future by means of discipline and also by means of the annihilation of millions of the bungled and botched, and which can yet avoid *going to ruin* at the sight of the suffering *created* thereby, the like of which has never been seen before.' This conception of the end, it should be observed, cannot be regarded as in itself contrary to reason, since questions of ends are not amenable to rational argument. We may *dislike* it, — I do myself, — but we cannot *disprove* it any more than Nietzsche can prove it. There is, none the less, a natural connection with irrationality, since reason demands impartiality, whereas the cult of the great man always has as its minor premise the assertion 'I am a great man.'

The founders of the school of thought out of which Fascism has grown all have certain common characteristics. They seek the good in *will* rather than in feeling or cognition; they value power more than happiness; they prefer force to argument, war to peace, aristocracy to democracy, propaganda to scientific impartiality. They advocate a Spartan form of austerity, as opposed to the Christian form; that is to say, they view austerity as a means of obtaining mastery over others, not as a self-discipline which helps to produce virtue, and happiness only in the next world. The later ones among them are imbued with popular Darwinism, and regard the struggle for existence as the source of a higher species; but it is to be rather a struggle between races than one between individuals, such as the apostles of free competition advocated. Pleasure and knowledge, conceived as ends, appear to them unduly passive. For pleasure they substitute glory, and for knowledge the pragmatic assertion that what they desire is true. In Fichte, Carlyle, and Mazzini, these doctrines are still enveloped in a mantle of conventional

moralistic cant; in Nietzsche they first step forth naked and unashamed.

Fichte has received less than his due share of credit for inaugurating this great movement. He began as an abstract metaphysician, but showed even then a certain arbitrary and self-centred disposition. His whole philosophy develops out of the proposition 'I am I,' as to which he says: —

'The Ego *posits itself* and it *is* in consequence of this bare positing by itself; it is both the agent and the result of the action, the active and that which is produced by the activity; *I am* expresses a deed (*Thatthandlung*). The Ego is, because it has posited itself.'

The Ego, according to this theory, exists because it wills to exist. Presently it appears that the non-Ego also exists because the Ego so wills it; but a non-Ego so generated never becomes really external to the Ego which chooses to posit it. Louis XIV said, '*L'état, c'est moi*'; Fichte said, 'The universe is myself.' As Heine remarked in comparing Kant and Robespierre, 'in comparison with us Germans, you French are tame and moderate.'

Fichte, it is true, explains after a while that when he says 'I' he means 'God'; but the reader is not wholly reassured.

When, as a result of the battle of Jena, Fichte had to fly from Berlin, he began to think that he had been too vigorously positing the non-Ego in the shape of Napoleon. On his return in 1807, he delivered his famous 'Addresses to the German Nation,' in which, for the first time, the complete creed of nationalism was set out. These Addresses begin by explaining that the German is superior to all other moderns, because he alone has a pure language. (The Russians, Turks, and Chinese, not to mention the Eskimos and the Hottentots, also have pure languages, but they were not men-

tioned in Fichte's history books.) The purity of the German language makes the German alone capable of profundity; he concludes that 'to have character and to be German undoubtedly mean the same.' But if the German character is to be preserved from foreign corrupting influences, and if the German nation is to be capable of acting as a whole, there must be a new kind of education, which will 'mould the Germans into a corporate body.' The new education, he says, 'must consist essentially in this, that it completely destroys freedom of the will.' He adds that will 'is the very root of man.'

There is to be no external commerce, beyond what is absolutely unavoidable. There is to be universal military service: everybody is to be compelled to fight, not for material well-being, not for freedom, not in defense of the constitution, but under the impulsion of 'the devouring flame of higher patriotism, which embraces the nation as the vesture of the eternal, for which the noble-minded man joyfully sacrifices himself, and the ignoble man, who only exists for the sake of the other, must likewise sacrifice himself.'

This doctrine, that the 'noble' man is the purpose of humanity, and that the 'ignoble' man has no claims on his own account, is of the essence of the modern attack on democracy. Christianity taught that every human being has an immortal soul, and that, in this respect, all men are equal; the 'rights of man' was only a development of Christian doctrine. Utilitarianism, while it conceded no absolute 'rights' to the individual, gave the same weight to one man's happiness as to another's; thus it led to democracy just as much as did the doctrine of natural rights. But Fichte, like a sort of political Calvin, picked out certain men as the elect, and rejected all the rest as of no account.

The difficulty, of course, is to know who are the elect. In a world in which Fichte's doctrine was universally accepted, every man would think that he was 'noble,' and would join some party of people sufficiently similar to himself to seem to share some of his nobility. These people might be his nation, as in Fichte's case, or his class, as in that of a proletarian communist, or his family, as with Napoleon. There is no objective criterion of 'nobility' except success in war; therefore war is the necessary outcome of this creed.

IV

Carlyle's outlook on life was, in the main, derived from Fichte, who was the strongest single influence on his opinions. But Carlyle added something which has been characteristic of the school ever since: a kind of socialism and solicitude for the proletariat which is really dislike of industrialism and of the *nouveau riche*. Carlyle did this so well that he deceived even Engels, whose book on the English working class in 1844 mentions him with the highest praise. In view of this, we can scarcely wonder that many people were taken in by the socialistic façade in National Socialism.

Carlyle, in fact, still has his dupes. His 'hero worship' sounds very exalted; we need, he says, not elected Parliaments, but 'Hero-kings, and a whole world not unheroic.' To understand this, one must study its translation into fact. Carlyle, in *Past and Present*, holds up the twelfth-century Abbot Samson as a model; but whoever does not take that worthy on trust, but reads the Chronicle of Jocelin of Breke-londe, will find that the Abbot was an unscrupulous ruffian, combining the vices of a tyrannous landlord with those of a pettifogging attorney. Carlyle's other heroes are at least equally

objectionable. Cromwell's massacres in Ireland move him to the comment, 'But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of "abolishing Capital Punishments," of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. . . . Only in late decadent generations . . . can such indiscriminate mashing-up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle . . . take effect in our earth.' Of most of his other heroes, such as Frederick the Great, Dr. Francia, and Governor Eyre, all that need be said is that their one common characteristic was a thirst for blood.

Those who still think that Carlyle was in some sense more or less Liberal should read his chapter on Democracy in *Past and Present*. Most of it is occupied with praise of William the Conqueror, and with a description of the pleasant lives enjoyed by serfs in his day. Then comes a definition of liberty: 'The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out the right path, and to walk thereon.' He passes on to the statement that democracy 'means despair of finding any Heroes to govern you, and contented putting up with the want of them.' The chapter ends by stating, in eloquent prophetic language, that when democracy shall have run its full course the problem that will remain is 'that of finding government by your Real-Superiors.' Is there one word in all this to which Hitler would not subscribe?

Mazzini was a milder man than Carlyle, from whom he disagreed as regards the cult of heroes. Not the individual great man, but the nation, was the object of his adoration; and, while he placed Italy highest, he allowed a rôle to every European nation

except the Irish. He believed, however, like Carlyle, that duty should be placed above happiness, above even collective happiness. He thought that God revealed to each human conscience what was right, and that all that was necessary was that everybody should obey the moral law as felt in his own heart. He never realized that different people may genuinely differ as to what the moral law enjoins, or that what he was really demanding was that others should act according to *his* revelation. He put morals above democracy, saying: 'The simple vote of a majority does not constitute sovereignty, if it evidently contradicts the supreme moral precepts. . . . The will of the people is sacred, when it interprets and applies the moral law; null and impotent, when it dissociates itself from the law, and only represents caprice.' This is also the opinion of Mussolini.

Only one important element has since been added to the doctrines of this school — namely, the pseudo-Darwinian belief in 'race.' (Fichte made German superiority a matter of language, not of biological heredity.) Nietzsche, who, unlike his followers, is not a nationalist or an anti-Semite, applies the doctrine only as between different individuals: he wishes the unfit to be prevented from breeding, and he hopes, by the methods of the dog fancier, to produce a race of supermen, who shall have all power, and for whose benefit alone the rest of mankind shall exist. But subsequent writers with a similar outlook have tried to prove that all excellence has been connected with their own race. Irish professors write books to prove that Homer was an Irishman; French anthropologists give archæological evidence that the Celts, not the Teutons, were the source of civilization in Northern Europe; Houston Chamberlain argues at length that Dante was a

German and Christ was not a Jew. Emphasis upon race has been universal among Anglo-Indians, from whom imperialist England caught the infection through the medium of Rudyard Kipling. But the anti-Semitic element has never been prominent in England, although an Englishman, Houston Chamberlain, was mainly responsible for giving it a sham historical basis in Germany, where it had persisted ever since the Middle Ages.

About race, if politics were not involved, it would be enough to say that nothing politically important is known. It may be taken as probable that there are genetic mental differences between races; but it is certain that we do not yet know what these differences are. In an adult man, the effects of environment mask those of heredity. Moreover, the racial differences among different Europeans are less definite than those between white, yellow, and black men; there are no well-marked physical characteristics by which members of different modern European nations can be certainly known apart, since all have resulted from a mixture of different stocks. When it comes to mental superiority, every civilized nation can make out a plausible claim, which proves that all the claims are equally invalid. It is possible that the Jews are inferior to the Germans, but it is just as possible that the Germans are inferior to the Jews. The whole business of introducing pseudo-Darwinian jargon in such a question is utterly unscientific. Whatever we may come to know hereafter, we have not at present any good ground for wishing to encourage one race at the expense of another.

V

The whole movement, from Fichte onward, is a method of bolstering up self-esteem and lust for power by means of beliefs which have nothing in their

favor except that they are flattering. Fichte needed a doctrine which would make him feel superior to Napoleon; Carlyle and Nietzsche had infirmities for which they sought compensation in the world of imagination; British imperialism of Rudyard Kipling's epoch was due to shame at having lost industrial supremacy; and the Hitlerite madness of our time is a mantle of myth in which the German ego keeps itself warm against the cold blasts of Versailles. No man thinks sanely when his self-esteem has suffered a mortal wound, and those who deliberately humiliate a nation have only themselves to thank if it becomes a nation of lunatics.

This brings me to the reasons which have produced the wide acceptance of the irrational and even anti-rational doctrine that we have been considering. There are at most times all sorts of doctrines being preached by all sorts of prophets, but those which become popular must make some special appeal to the moods produced by the circumstances of the time. Now the characteristic doctrines of modern irrationalists, as we have seen, are: emphasis on *will* as opposed to thought and feeling; glorification of power; belief in institutional 'positing' of propositions as opposed to observational and inductive testing. This state of mind is the natural reaction of those who have the habit of controlling modern mechanisms such as aeroplanes, and also of those who have less power than formerly, but are unable to find any rational ground for the restoration of their former preponderance. Industrialism and the war, while giving the habit of mechanical power, caused a great shift of economic and political power, and therefore left large groups in the mood for pragmatic self-assertion. Hence the growth of Fascism.

Comparing the world of 1920 with that of 1820, we find that there had

been an increase of power on the part of large industrialists, wage earners, women, heretics, and Jews. (By 'heretics' I mean those whose religion was not that of the government of their country.) Correlatively, there had been a loss of power on the part of monarchs, aristocracies, ecclesiastics, the lower middle classes, and males as opposed to females. The large industrialists, though stronger than at any previous period, felt themselves insecure owing to the threat of socialism, and more particularly from fear of Moscow. The war interest — generals, admirals, aviators, and armament firms — was in the like case: strong at the moment, but menaced by a pestilential crew of Bolsheviks and pacifists. The sections already defeated — the kings and nobles, the small shopkeepers, the men who from temperament were opponents of religious toleration, and the men who regretted the days of masculine domination over women — seemed to be definitely down and out; economic and cultural developments, it was thought, had left no place for them in the modern world. Naturally they were discontented, and collectively they were numerous. The Nietzschean philosophy was psychologically adapted to their mental needs, and, very cleverly, the industrialists and militarists made use of it to weld the defeated sections into a party which should support a mediævalist reaction in everything except industry and war. In regard to industry and war, there was to be everything modern in the way of technique, but not the sharing out of power and the effort after peace that made the socialists dangerous to the existing magnates.

Thus the irrational elements in the Nazi philosophy are due, politically speaking, to the need of enlisting the support of sections which have no longer any *raison d'être*, while the comparatively sane elements are due to the

industrialists and militarists. The former elements are 'irrational' because it is scarcely possible that the small shopkeepers, for example, should realize their hopes, and fantastic beliefs are their only refuge from despair; *per contra*, the hopes of industrialists and militarists might be realized by means of Fascism, but hardly in any other way. The fact that their hopes can only be achieved through the ruin of civilization does not make them irrational, but only satanic. These men form intellectually the best, and morally the worst, element in the movement; the rest, dazzled by the vision of glory, heroism, and self-sacrifice, have become blind to their serious interests, and in a blaze of emotion have allowed themselves to be used for purposes not their own. This is the psychopathology of Nazidom.

I have spoken of the industrialists and militarists who support Fascism as sane, but their sanity is only comparative. Thyssen believes that, by means of the Nazi movement, he can both kill socialism and immensely increase his market. There seems, however, no more reason to think him right than to think that his predecessors were right in 1914. It is necessary for him to stir up German self-confidence and nationalist feeling to a dangerous degree, and unsuccessful war is the most probable outcome. Even great initial successes would not bring ultimate victory; now, as twenty years ago, the German Government forgets America.

VI

There is one very important element which is on the whole against the Nazis, although it might have been expected to support reaction — I mean, organized religion. The philosophy of the movement which culminates in the Nazis is, in a sense, a logical development of Protestantism. The morality

of Fichte and Carlyle is Calvinistic, and Mazzini, who was in lifelong opposition to Rome, had a thoroughly Lutheran belief in the infallibility of the individual conscience. Nietzsche believed passionately in the worth of the individual and considered that the hero should not submit to authority; in this he was developing the Protestant spirit of revolt. It might have been expected that the Protestant churches would welcome the Nazi movement, and to a certain extent they did so. But in all those elements which Protestantism shared with Catholicism it found itself opposed by the new philosophy. Nietzsche is emphatically antichristian, and Houston Chamberlain gives an impression that Christianity was a degraded superstition which grew up among the mongrel cosmopolitans of the Levant. The rejection of humility, of love of one's neighbor, and of the rights of the meek, is contrary to Gospel teaching; and anti-Semitism, when it is theoretical as well as practical, is not easily reconciled with a religion of Jewish origin. For these reasons, Nazidom and Christianity have difficulty in making friends, and it is not impossible that their antagonism may bring about the downfall of the Nazis.

There is another reason why the modern cult of unreason, whether in Germany or elsewhere, is incompatible with any traditional form of Christianity. Inspired by Judaism, Christianity adopted the notion of Truth, with the correlative virtue of Faith. The notion and the virtue survived in 'honest doubt,' as all the Christian virtues remained among Victorian free-thinkers. But gradually the influence of skepticism and advertising made it seem hopeless to discover truth, but very profitable to assert falsehood. Intellectual probity was thus destroyed. Hitler, explaining the Nazi programme, says: —

'The national State will look upon science as a means for increasing national pride. Not only world history, but also the history of civilization, must be taught from this point of view. The inventor should appear great, not merely as an inventor, but even more so as a fellow countryman. Admiration of any great deed must be combined with pride because the fortunate doer of it is a member of our own nation. We must extract the greatest from the mass of great names in German history and place them before the youth in so impressive a fashion that they may become the pillars of an unshakable nationalist sentiment.'

The conception of science as a pursuit of truth has so entirely disappeared from Hitler's mind that he does not even argue against it. As we know, the theory of relativity has come to be thought bad because it was invented by a Jew. The Inquisition rejected Galileo's doctrine because it considered it untrue; but Hitler accepts or rejects doctrines on political grounds, without bringing in the notion of truth or falsehood. Poor William James, who invented this point of view, would be horrified at the use which is made of it; but when once the conception of objective truth is abandoned it is clear that the question 'What shall I believe?' is one to be settled, as I wrote in 1907, by 'the appeal to force and the arbitrament of the big battalions,' not by the methods of either theology or science. States whose policy is based upon the revolt against reason must therefore find themselves in conflict, not only with learning, but also with the churches wherever any genuine Christianity survives.

An important element in the causation of the revolt against reason is that many able and energetic men have no outlet for their love of power, and therefore become subversive. Small

states, formerly, gave more men political power, and small businesses gave more men economic power. Consider the huge population that sleeps in suburbs and works in great cities. Coming into London by train, one passes through great regions of small villas, inhabited by families which feel no solidarity with the working class; the man of the family has no part in local affairs, since he is absent all day submitting to the orders of his employers; his only outlet for initiative is the cultivation of his back garden at the week-end. Politically, he is envious of all that is done for the working classes, but, though he feels poor, snobbery prevents him from adopting the methods of socialism and trade-unionism. His suburb may be as populous as many a famous city of antiquity, but its collective life is languid, and he has no time to be interested in it. To such a man, if he has enough spirit for discontent, a Fascist movement may well appear as a deliverance.

The decay of reason in politics is a product of two factors: on the one hand, there are classes and types of individuals to whom the world as it is offers no scope, but who see no hope in socialism because they are not wage earners; on the other hand, there are able and powerful men whose interests are opposed to those of the community at large, and who, therefore, can best retain their influence by promoting various kinds of hysteria. Anti-communism, fear of foreign armaments, and hatred of foreign competition are the most important bogeys. I do not mean that no rational man could feel these sentiments; I mean that they are used in a way to preclude intelligent consideration of practical issues. The two things the world needs most are socialism and peace, but both are contrary to the interests of the most powerful men of our time. It is not difficult to make the steps leading up to them

appear contrary to the interests of large sections of the population, and the easiest way of doing this is to generate mass hysteria. The greater the danger of socialism and peace, the more governments will debauch the mental life of their subjects; and the greater the economic hardships of the present, the more willing the sufferers will be to be seduced from intellectual sobriety in favor of some delusive will-o'-the-wisp.

The fever of nationalism which has been increasing ever since 1848 is one form of the cult of unreason. The idea of one universal truth has been abandoned: there is English truth, French truth, German truth, Montenegrin truth, and truth for the principality of Monaco. Similarly there is truth for the wage earner and truth for the capitalist. Between these different 'truths,' if rational persuasion is despaired of, the only possible decision is

by means of war and rivalry in propagandist insanity. Until the deep conflicts of nations and classes which infect our world have been resolved, it is hardly to be expected that mankind will return to a rational habit of mind. The difficulty is that, so long as unreason prevails, a solution of our troubles can only be reached by chance; for while reason, being impersonal, makes universal coöperation possible, unreason, since it represents private passions, makes strife inevitable. It is because of this that rationality, in the sense of an appeal to a universal and impersonal standard of truth, is of supreme importance to the well-being of the human species, not only in ages in which it easily prevails, but also, and even more, in those less fortunate times in which it is despised and rejected as the vain dream of men who lack the virility to kill where they cannot agree.

SIR NIP AND SIR TUCK

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

I

SIR PERCY THE GAY rode down from his castle with his Uncle Gregory, who was no uncle by blood, but merely by adoption. The time was the nearer edge of a summer twilight say in the year 1202; the way steep and narrow, inconvenient to ascend if the Baron were disinclined to receive callers. Uncle Gregory, his gown hiked up for convenience, rode a mule. A wandering monk, he had been taken into the castle by Percy's father, now purging in Purgatory, because he knew how to read and write; the need was infrequent, but the shrewd Baron had liked to know just what he was signing when he made his mark. So the monk had stayed on, becoming more clerk than cleric, and it partly describes him that little Percy, arriving later, had begun by calling him 'Unky.'

'Save that we shall find good fare and late gossip at the Abbey,' Uncle Gregory was saying, 'this methinks were a bootless errand. Anselm might let you look at the Tooth, which were great favor. Or peradventure touch holy relic with cautious finger, which were greater yet. But never will he permit it that you bear Tooth from Abbey, risking the displeasure of Egbert Martyr and mayhap loss of the Tooth.'

'I am careless about much, God wot,' said Sir Percy, 'but I would not be careless about that. As for Egbert Martyr — did I not tell you, Uncle

Gregory, that in a dream I bore the Tooth with me to Tor Castle and featly unhorsed Hubert? 'T was the Martyr suggested it.'

'Or, more like, Satan,' said Uncle Gregory. 'Dreams are oft of the Devil, tempting the dreamer to commit sin.'

He set his mule to a faster pace to keep up with the Baron, for they were now down the hill and on the King's Road, with the free town of Wetmouth where road reached sea, and Wetmere Abbey about two leagues away if they took the first turn to the right. Where the sun came through the trees the shadows were beginning to lengthen, and once a lone wolf crossed the road in front of them. But neither was interested in a lone wolf crossing a road. The young Baron had his own thoughts for company; his optimism rather amused Gregory, who told himself that if Sir Percy the Gay thought Abbot Anselm would lend him the Abbey's best relic to carry in a tournament, he, in plain speech, fooled himself. One took no such liberties with the Tooth.

The monks of Whitemarsh, to be sure, made light of the Tooth, even going so far, though warily, as to cast some doubt on Egbert Martyr himself; but there was no doubt to be cast on the popularity of his alleged surviving molar with pilgrims. It made Holy Tooth Abbey, as Wetmere

was commonly called, and excited sinful, unbrotherly envy, as well as captious criticism, at Whitemarsh.

II

The setting sun looked into the refectory of Holy Tooth through high arched windows, and along the low table the shadow of one brother fell on the next. A monk in the gallery read aloud from an edifying book. The Abbey dogs drowsed under the table, well fed, but half awake for any morsel that might fall from above. A stricter abbot than Father Anselm would have insisted that the brotherhood listen to the edifying book; one less strict might have done away with the reader and perhaps substituted a musician.

At the high table Father Anselm was much interested in Percy's dream and intelligently curious about the appearance of Egbert Martyr. But he balked at the idea of making the dream a reality.

'I would take as good care of it,' said Percy, 'as it were one of mine own.'

Abbot Anselm, not neglecting the needs of the inner abbot, said he did not doubt that. Nevertheless it was of ancient and unbroken custom that the Tooth remained in its reliquary, visible to none but himself, and that only at long intervals for necessary dusting. For that matter (said the Abbot with a twinkle) young knights often lost some of their own teeth at tournaments. Being, in a corporeal sense, all that was now left of Egbert (said the Abbot more seriously), his Tooth must be regarded as Egbert *in toto*, the whole Egbert, who by such usage would be committed willy-nilly to jousting in tournament himself. One saw Egbert Martyr ahorse, couching his spear. The idea shocked Anselm, and would, if it became known, scandalize Christendom. Tournaments

were of the Devil, endangering souls as well as bodies. The Church frowned on them. If the Abbot (as he admitted when pressed) intended to be at Tor Castle himself, it was only so that he could be there and frown. Like Uncle Gregory, he had known Percy from the cradle. He was almost avuncular.

'But it would n't become known to all Christendom,' said Percy. 'And if nothing of me were there but one tooth, it would n't be *me*.'

'We are not talking about *your* tooth,' said the Abbot, carving his guests another helping of roast duck, flavored with onion and cinnamon, 'but about Egbert Martyr's.'

Uncle Gregory yawned. He had been steadily comforting himself with the Abbey's spiced beer, none better anywhere, and had rather lost interest in the conversation. Percy the Gay devoted himself to his second helping.

'Tooth or no Tooth,' he said presently, trying another tack, 'I have made me a vow, if that I unhorse Hubert, to donate his ransom for mount, armor, and person to Holy Tooth. And exact also that he make pilgrimage.'

'A most excellent vow,' said the Abbot. 'He can stand for a round ransom, and a pilgrimage will do him no harm.'

'The out about it,' said Percy, speaking as one more interested in the Abbey than in himself, 'is that Hubert may unhorse me. All the world knows that he is a stout man of his hands.'

Abbot Anselm nodded understandingly. He had frowned on so many tournaments that he was well up in the qualifications of jousters.

'Betwixt the two of you,' said he, 'it may well be a gentle encounter of Sir Nip and Sir Tuck.'

'Yet if I carried the Tooth,' said Percy, 'it would peradventure make all the difference.'

The Abbot said nothing, finishing

his duck and sitting back in his abbatial chair while a brother brought in a dessert of pickled olives. He relapsed into reverie, letting Percy talk on and absently helping himself to an olive. The sun went on down and the brotherhood at the low table began to get up. A tall candle was lighted at the high table. Uncle Gregory openly drowsed where he sat.

Abbot Anselm had great faith in the Tooth. But sometimes it worked, and sometimes — so he could not help thinking, though he would not have admitted it — it did n't. Yet in this case, other things being equal, he thought that it would. The only other thing (considered the Abbot) that might be unequal was what Egbert Martyr would think of it. There was Percy's dream; but the good Abbot had once dreamt about Egbert Martyr himself, and the two Egberts seemed not the same Egbert, Percy's being a tall, thin martyr and Anselm's a short, stout one. Yet the Devil, assuming him to have set Percy adreaming in this fashion, would for certain have known what Egbert Martyr looked like. Dreams sometimes meant something; but more often they did n't. *Did Egbert Martyr, being incorporeal and having these several hundred years had no use for his tooth, care a rap where it was now or what anybody did with it?* It seemed unlikely (reflected the Abbot), for, although something of Egbert undoubtedly remained in the Tooth, it stood to reason that nothing of the Tooth remained in the Martyr. . . . Clocks had recently been invented, ingenious but costly things that told the time of day much better than a sundial. Whitmarsh had one; and Sir Hubert's ransom, to say nothing of his gift if he came pilgrim, would more than buy one for Wetmere. It was hardly to be doubted (said the Abbot to himself) that it would pleasure Egbert in Heaven to know that Wetmere Abbey

had a clock as good, if not better, than Whitmarsh.

'How was it your intent, my son,' asked the Abbot, 'to convey Tooth to Tor?'

'I have a napkin of fine green silk, sweetly perfumed,' said Sir Percy earnestly. 'Methought to wrap the Tooth in the napkin and carry it at my girdle, waking and sleeping. I would sleep in my girdle.'

III

Percy the Gay rode with his lady mother, his adopted uncle, his bright young squire, a retinue of men at arms and varlets, six stout sumpter mules more or less laden with tents, jousting equipment, and other baggage, his high horse for war or tournament, and a good cow to supply the baronial table with milk. Tor was hospitable; but, with so many noble guests coming to his castle at once, the best he could do for them was to provide a place to camp out. Sir Percy rode without armor, for, with so many travelers ahorse and afoot, there was no danger of robbers when the road wended through the wild woods. Bareheaded, he offered the sun a lean and cheerful countenance and a poll of sandy hair close-cropped for comfort when he put on his helmet. Brown as a nut was Percy the Gay, and as little bewhiskered; wide of shoulder in his well-worn traveling jerkin, and narrow at the waist where it was encircled by a leather girdle from which depended his sword, dagger, and pouch. This had need to be large, for it was all the pockets he had; and in it, among other things, was Egbert Martyr's Tooth, reverently wrapped in a green silk napkin sweetly perfumed.

The Dowager Baroness, a short, stout lady somewhat weary of riding horseback, broke a long silence.

'God wot, my Percy,' quoth she, 'we

put ourselves to a deal of discomfort to attend these tournaments.'

'They add spice to life, good Mother,' said Percy, 'and in time of peace keep a man fit for deeds of valor in time of war.'

'If none were kept fit,' said the Baroness, 'methink it would come to the same thing. Howsomever, I can get me some spices.'

To this seemingly irrelevant remark her son said nothing, recognizing its relevance. Trade followed the tournaments; merchants set up their stalls and enticed custom with prices somewhat less than ruled in the towns. Spices were a necessary and expensive item in castle-keeping, and his mother a thrifty dowager. But Sir Percy rode dreaming, for with the Tooth in his pouch he considered Hubert the Fair as good as unhorsed. He basked, looking imaginatively forward to the dance in hall afterward, in the smiles of the demoiselle Elinor, youngest daughter of the Count of Tor; and took even more pleasure in the anticipated spectacle of Sir Hubert (if able to be present) frowning and biting his nails.

Such basking, as Percy knew, was no more than a sun bath. The haughty count had ducal ambitions for his engaging youngest; nor was Elinor a demoiselle who would have eloped with anybody before consulting her father. But Hubert irked Percy. He was too often around where he was n't wanted; and, what was perhaps as trying, they were both poets. As Father Anselm might have said, Sir Nip and Sir Tuck. It was, for that matter, a remark of Percy's, critical of a lay Hubert had composed and sung in hall at their last meeting, strumming (as Sir Percy put it) his silly accompaniment on his silly lute, that had invited the coming gentle passage at arms.

'Pepper,' said the Baroness. 'Ginger. Sage. Thyme. Cinnamon. Bay. Cloves. Capers. Citron. Allspice. Nutmeg.'

It had rained in the night, and the road was muddy, though the day fair. But tournament was in the air; and who that walked bothered about wet feet? Even the poor commons, making way for the Baron's cavalcade, scuttled good-naturedly to the sides of the road. Beggars grinned as they whined for alms. The troupe overtook a hermit, fat with long sitting in front of his cave, and Sir Percy found place for the holy man on a mule, a good deed that would no doubt be considered when Saint Peter summed up his account. The sun was still an hour high as they approached Tor Castle, hearing from afar off the industry of hammer on nail where carpenters from the nearest town were finishing a wooden gallery and a chin-high fence, the gallery for the nobility to sit in, and the fence, or barrier, for the poor commons to look over.

It was a mad meadow as the cavalcade rode into it, pausing to ask one of the Count's men where the Baron might pitch his tents. They rode slowly, as needs must where so many were arriving at once, a horse or a foot, and trying to get settled for the night. Banners fluttered where nobles were encamped; and quarrels engaged the Count's men, none too gentle in settling them, where two or more of the poor commons had picked the same place to sleep on the grass. Traders had already set up their stalls. A stout fellow, leather-aproned at a canvas booth, was selling sausages. He boiled them in a copper kettle, laid them one at a time between crusts of bread, plastered them with pungent spices, folded them in between the crusts, and offered them for a penny. Even in that hubbub the fellow made himself audible. 'The doggies! The doggies!' he screamed at intervals. 'Pause ye here, gentles or commons, for a rare treat, and all hot from the kettle. A supper for a penny.'

Percy the Gay bought one for himself, and one apiece for his mother, Uncle Gregory, Aimery his squire, and the holy hermit. He ate it in saddle while his varlets planted his banner and began pitching his tents.

IV

Percy the Gay was up with the sun, not that he cared so much for sunrise, but because such was the habit of his time. He had slept in his girdle, his pouch securely and uncomfortably attached to him; and he looked to make sure the Tooth was still there before he opened his tent and looked out at the weather. A new day was beginning. Shadows were long, the eastern sky rosy, and a thousand birds, more or less, piping and chirping in a near-by grove. Some of the surrounding tents were open, but in most the nobility was not yet quite awake. Varlets went here and there with water from the Count's spring, and other varlets were making fires for cooking breakfasts. His own varlets were stirring, for two pails of water for his morning bath stood by the tent.

Sir Percy exchanged greeting with a knight who was similarly looking out of the next tent. Neither of them had on their nightgowns, for such garments were not yet worn.

'The day promises fair for jousting, gentle sir,' said the neighbor.

'Methink it may be overwarm, fair knight,' said Sir Percy. 'A hot sun on your headpiece bakes the head like loaf in oven.'

'Ever try a wet rag?' asked the knight. 'Well wetted and packed tight in the helmet?'

'Nay,' said Percy, 'but I will this day. And gramercy of your goodness, fair sir, for the timely suggestion.'

'You put the rag,' said the knight, 'well back in the helmet. Else the water will trickle down in your eyes.'

They chatted a few minutes, and Sir Percy turned back into his tent, where Aimery was now up and Dom Gregory still asleep. Sir Percy sat down on his camp bed and waited for Aimery to bring in the pails of water.

Quoth the Baron, 'The early bird, young Aimery, catches the bright idea.' He explained about the wet rag, and Aimery was enthusiastic. The difficulty, so far from home, was to find the rag; but that, they decided, could be got over by tearing up one of the Baron's shirts.

'There are several likely-seeming spice merchants,' said the Baroness a little later as they breakfasted in her tent. 'Me took note of them yestereve. And I do hope, Percy, that you will be careful of yourself — and not hurt Sir Hubert. He is such a nice dancer. If we mothers had our way, I'm sure there would soon be an end of these foolish and dangerous joustings.'

'You will have your way,' said Dom Gregory, 'sooner or later. Women always do.'

'Me should hope so,' said the Baroness. 'But the jongleur is entertaining. And one does meet one's friends.'

Sir Percy ate light and left them at talk. He went back to his tent and said his prayers, hoping it would be overlooked above that he had forgotten them when he got up. As Abbot Anselm would have reminded him, tournaments interfered sadly with the spiritual life, which was why Satan invented them. He was just off his knees when Aimery came in with a thin, long-nosed fellow in faded yellow with a lute over his shoulder, who grinned at the Baron, yet managed a bow so servile that it could only have been made by an acrobat. Sitting on his camp bed, the Baron condescended to converse with him while Aimery began armoring his master with a chain-mail stocking. It rather shocked

the young squire to see Sir Percy make so free in talk with a common jongleur.

'You have been pursuivant to me before, Master Peter,' said Percy, 'so you will do your devoir with little advice. Sir Hubert, it were bootless to deny, is a stout man of his hands and has unhorsed many a gallant and hopeful knight. 'Tis not only true, but will show the more valor in me when I unhorse him.'

'As will no doubt befall,' said the jongleur, making another of his acrobatic courtesies.

'As will hap for certain,' said Sir Percy, 'and that with much ease. But for other knightly accomplishment —'

'He is not so hot, my lord,' said Master Peter.

'He is barely warm,' said the Baron. 'He sings like a sick cat, fingers the strings of his lute like a monkey, and when he dances with a fair dame in hall may the saints preserve toes.'

Aimery, having got on the chain-mail stockings, found and handed Master Peter his tabard, a white smock with the Baron's device — a bear upside down — done in brown and green. The pursuivant went out with the garment over his arm. Presently they heard him trying the strings of his lute, and the sound kept harmonious company with the jingling of little bells on the harness of the Baron's war horse. Master Peter and the man at arms holding the horse fell to talking tournament.

Aimery finished accoutring Percy, who never once let go of his pouch and looked in to make sure of the Tooth before he fastened it to a steel girdle over his hauberk. Burdened as he was with metal, it showed him a good and true knight that he could vault into his saddle without assistance. He clinked all over as he came down in it.

Thus sitting, he was a shining object. His hauberk had been his father's and seen hard service; but ring by ring the

lad Aimery had lovingly polished it till there was not a speck of rust on him. The meadow had blossomed with similar figures, some mounting their high horses and others starting off for the lists. Everybody moved in that direction, ladies on their palfreys, knights on horseback who were not going to joust, the nobility ahorse and the poor commons afoot. The holy hermit was there already with his double chin on the barrier. Percy the Gay rode slowly, Master Peter ahead in his tabard and strumming his lute, Aimery behind leading a baggage animal laden with lances, shields, Sir Percy's helmet, and a leather bottle of fresh cold water from the spring in case the rag in the helmet needed more wetting. All the jousters walked their high horses, some fully equipped with lance, shield, and helmet, but the more experienced without. The spectators hurried, gentles to the gallery, now bedight with banners, and the poor commons to the barrier. Just over that fence and convenient to the lists for first aid, a barber-surgeon and his assistants were arranging their apparatus, and a priest conned his breviary in case last aid should be necessary.

As they approached the lists the jousters fell in line two by two, and so entered. But now the high horses stepped faster, and each knight showed his best horsemanship for the applause of all and the love of his lady. The poor commons, jamming the holy hermit against the barrier, expressed vulgar appreciation with rude noise. The holy hermit, remembering the mule and the meal, cheered for Sir Percy. In the gallery the nobility, higher clergy, and a few wealthy burghers with their families (there by shrewd invitation of the Count) contributed a politer roar. The gentler sex pelted the procession with flowers.

Percy the Gay, seeing the demoiselle Elinor leaning from the Count's box,

put his high horse on hind legs. The maid threw him roses and fluttered her kerchief. The knight started to wave his mailed fist, but felt the gesture inadequate. There is nothing of endearment about a mailed fist. Holding his high horse on hind legs with one hand, he fumbled hastily in his pouch. There was no time to lose, for he was holding up the procession as well as his horse. He found something to flutter, and shoved it back in his pouch as he let his high horse down on all fours. It was a green silk napkin, and its flutter sweetly perfumed the air.

V

'There he is, all ye that love to see doughty deed!' shouted Master Peter, jumping up and down in his tabard and twanging his lute at each jump. 'Sir Percy the Gay, the modestest knight in all Christendom, come this day to unhorse that uncouth but heretofore unbeaten champion Hubert the Fair!'

'Look ye all, gentles and commons,' yelled Sir Hubert's pursuivant at the other end of the lists. 'Here be Sir Hubert the Fair, the bravest and most debonnaire knight in the world, come this day to make that upstart joust Percy the Gay wish he had never been born.'

Nobody paid them much attention, but they were part of the show and would have been missed if omitted.

Percy the Gay sat on his high horse. Through the horizontal slit in his headpiece he could see Hubert the Fair sitting on his high horse at the other end of the lists. Both were statues, though at regular intervals a drop of spring water trickled coldly down one statue's back. It had been so far an interesting but not remarkable tournament; no exceptional deeds of valor had been done and no jouster irreparably injured. Some of the elder knights,

long past jousting, grumbled to each other that tournaments were not what they used to be. Knighthood (they grumbled) had lost its guts. One might have expected it (they said), when women were allowed to be present. They recalled, though none was elderly enough to have been there, the classic gentle passage at arms between Sir Oliver the Hard and Sir Roland the Quick in which those heroes, having unhorsed each the other, drew sword and debated on foot; brake swords and debated with axe; brake axes debating each the other his harness off him; and courteously ended, to the glory of knighthood and the admiration of all beholders, by strangling each the other with bare hands. A tournament nowadays (said the elder knights) was hardly more than a pretty spectacle for the ladies. The holy hermit remarked to his elbow neighbor, a beggar in tattered fustian, that one tournament was very much like another.

'Hubert the Fair thinks he can dance,' shouted Master Peter, 'and so does a trained bear. Hubert the Fair should have a ring in his nose.'

'The crow and the ass think they can sing,' shouted Sir Hubert's pursuivant. 'So does Percy the Gay think he can joust.'

But everybody there knew, gentles and commons, that both these knights were stout champions, and the betting was even. Abbot Anselm, who had come into the gallery too late to frown on the procession, was of two minds at once. One considered the encounter as good as over, but the other remembered that the Tooth did not always work. Elinor preferred Percy to Hubert, and was anxious but hopeful.

The two knights stayed statuesque, their eyes on each other and their ears keen for the trumpet that would signal the onset. The Count's herald lifted the instrument; and as those nearest saw him filling his lungs a hush spread

quickly over the whole assembly. Lords and ladies leaned forward on their cushioned seats, and the pressure of the poor commons behind the holy hermit flattened his round belly more than ever against the barrier. But the holy hermit had forgotten his round belly. Master Peter turned a somersault, and Sir Hubert's pursuivant, who lacked that accomplishment, sat down on the grass.

The herald blew.

At that sound, almost before anybody heard it, Percy the Gay and Hubert the Fair couched lance, swung shield, bent double, and dug spur. Two high horses never moved faster. They met at equal distance from where they started. Each lance struck true in the centre of the opposing shield, bending with the impact, and both high horses stood on their hind legs and just missed going over backward. But the lances shivered and the high horses came down on all fours. The two champions saluted each other courteously with what was left of their lances, turned their steeds, and trotted back to opposite ends of the lists. Even the oldest knight had to admit that it had been a well-ridden course.

But Sir Percy was puzzled. He had expected to unhorse Sir Hubert, and Sir Hubert had very nearly done it to him. His shield was cracked; his squire handed him up another and a fresh lance. Once more the two knights sat motionless and a hush spread over the gathering—as the herald lifted his trumpet. The holy hermit, remembering the mule and the meal, prayed for Sir Percy. The lances again shivered and the knights were still in their saddles.

The only explanation that occurred to Percy the Gay, trotting back to the starting point, was that Egbert Martyr's Tooth helped those who helped themselves.

Inside his helmet he set his own

teeth. He thought quickly and hard. There was his old lance, which had survived earlier tournaments but seen such service he had doubted it would hold good for another. He was not sure that Aimery had brought it along, and shouted the question through his helmet. Aimery made him repeat it and appeared uncertain, but he obediently looked. Yes, he had brought that old lance; he had n't intended to, but there it was. Sir Percy made gestures indicating that he wanted it immediately, and the squire gave it him with reluctance.

The herald blew his trumpet, and eight hoofs tore the green turf.

But this time Percy the Gay invited Egbert Martyr's assistance by helping himself. He almost unhorsed himself sidewise. It was a risky thing to do, and ill done if Sir Hubert saw it in time to change the direction of his oncoming lance. All praise to the Tooth (thought Sir Percy), Hubert saw it too late. His lance slithered over the opposing shield with no worse damage than a long scratch; but Percy the Gay's encountered truly and just where he had meant. *And the good old lance did not shiver.* It forced backward the shield, which forced backward Sir Hubert the Fair. He lost his stirrups, and his two mailed feet shot up in the air as if he were a passionate man foolishly kicking with both feet at once. He lost his lance. He lost his high horse. There was one tiny instant of silence in which the piping of a bird, indifferent to tournaments, could be heard plainly from the Count's Grove; then a great sigh from gentles and commons together and a metallic crash as Sir Hubert the Fair came to earth. Mingled with acclamations of lords and ladies for the knightly grace and dexterity of Sir Percy the Gay, derisive noises emanated from the baseborn for the discomfiture of Sir Hubert the Fair.

The holy hermit embraced the beggar and kissed him on both dirty cheeks.

VI

'What could have become of that Tooth,' said Percy the Gay, not gayly or for the first time, 'is beyond understanding.'

His cavalcade, wending homeward way, was strung out, Percy and Uncle Gregory having dropped behind in anxious talk.

'You're sure you had it,' said Uncle Gregory, going over traveled ground, 'when you entered the lists?'

'Beyond peradventure,' said Percy. 'But not when I came out, for I looked at once. It would seem that I had it when I unhorsed Hubert; yet mayhap not, for I turned him a shrewd trick.'

'This,' said Uncle Gregory, 'would for certes seem the work of the Devil save that his vile wickedness had not dared approach the Tooth of himself. He must needs by subtlety have induced you to part with it — the which you did not. Why told you me not, Percy, that Anselm permitted you to take the Tooth from the Abbey?'

'You were asleep,' said Percy. 'Methought it as well not, and so did Anselm. Truly am I no more Percy the Gay, but Percy the Damned. It were well for me to turn hermit and keep me alive so long as I may.'

'A long life of holiness, frugal fare, mortification of the flesh, and meditation on Heaven,' said Uncle Gregory, but not with much conviction, 'might do somewhat to efface this sin.'

'I had it,' said Percy, 'in my green silk napkin.'

Uncle Gregory opened his mouth like a fish new out of water. 'Green?' he articulated.

'And sweetly perfumed,' said Percy. 'It came from the Levant. Mother gave it me my last birthday.'

'Now we see Satan's subtlety,' cried

Uncle Gregory, 'baiting his trap, as ever, with a fair woman! So you must needs flutter your green napkin at the demoiselle Elinor? Methought something flew out of it. But methought it a moth.'

Percy the Gay reined in his horse, Uncle Gregory his mule. They were by now within sight of Porklie Hold gate and the rest of their company riding in. Neither looked in that direction, but each stared at other.

'Now would you tell me, Uncle Gregory,' said Percy, 'that I fluttered a *green* napkin? I had two in my pouch, a green for the Tooth and a white for the nose.'

Uncle Gregory nodded.

'We must back to Tor!' cried the Baron, starting to turn his horse. 'Mayhap we can find it.'

'Methink not,' said Uncle Gregory, getting back something of his common sense. 'A tooth is a small object and the turf much trampled. We should excite the curious, and were the truth to come out it would make scandal in all Christian countries.'

They rode on again soberly toward Porklie Hold.

Quoth Percy the Gay, more to himself than Uncle Gregory, 'Liefer were I to lose tooth of mine own than encounter Anselm without Egbert Martyr's.'

Quoth Uncle Gregory, some minutes nearer the gate, 'One tooth looks very much like another.'

'Knew I anything to do,' said Percy, 'I were quick to do it.'

'You have lost the Tooth,' said Uncle Gregory, 'yet had you truly liefer, as just said, lose tooth of your own, then, by so losing what you have, might you regain what you have lost, which, if not peradventure the same, were enough like.'

'Your meaning, Uncle Gregory,' said Percy gloomily, 'is as clear as mud.'

'Have one out,' said Uncle Gregory,

making his thought plainer. 'There are barber-surgeons in Porklie Hold. Mayhap the penance would somewhat expiate the sin and so lessen Purgatory. As said the lawgiver, "A tooth for a tooth." At the least, Anselm will soothly take the one for the other.'

'I will do that deed,' exclaimed Percy the Gay. 'But the sooner the better.'

They galloped their mounts. The warder at the town gate guessed them in a hurry to overtake the cavalcade.

The streets were empty, for it was the noon hour when the guilds stopped work and nearly everybody was at table or taking a nap. Townsfolk who had come out to see nobility riding through town had all gone in again. They spurred by narrow ways between close-packed houses; drew rein at a wood and plaster structure in front of which a large wooden tooth topped a striped pole. Open to the street, the lower story needed no such advertisement. Six three-legged stools stood in a row for the convenience of those who must wait, and one three-legged stool in a good light ready for the next customer to be barbered. There was a stout armchair, with straps at the back and over the arms, for tooth work. A shelf held the tools incidental to both mysteries. Near the armchair a small table supported an earthenware jug, a tin basin, and a glass tumbler.

Master Jehan Strong, the barber-surgeon, lived over his shop. The clatter of hoofs brought him to a window, for his calling made him expectant of emergency business even at the noon hour. Recognizing nobility in distress, he hurried down his back stair, bent himself almost to the sawdust, resumed a partly erect position. He rubbed his hands together.

'I must needs be dispossessed,' said Percy the Gay, though with no gayety, 'of a back tooth.'

'Ah-h-h,' said Master Strong, sympathetic all over. 'It aches your nobility?'

'Whether or not it aches my nobility,' quoth the Baron, 'it must out. And that before I have time to change my intent.'

'As your nobility commands,' twittered Master Strong. 'It will take but an eyewink. But your nobility is quite right. Let not "I will not" wait upon "I will."'

He shoved the three-legged stool away from the best light, pushed the armchair into it, dragged the table with jug, basin, and tumbler within reach from the chair.

'I am honored,' babbled Master Strong, doing these things, 'that your nobility has come to *me*. In less skillful hands —'

He turned to the shelf, found a tool with a handle like a corkscrew, laid it on the table, poured some water from the jug into the basin, dipped the tool in the water, and dried it with a rather dingy towel. He got a large apron, and with abject apologies fastened it about the Baron's neck.

'If your nobility,' twittered Master Strong, 'will condescend to sit in the chair —'

Nobility condescended to sit, and Master Strong started to buckle the straps.

'No you don't,' said Nobility, sitting up.

'It is the custom, my lord,' said Master Strong. 'Although there will be no pain —'

'There will be pain a-plenty, and not mine,' said Sir Percy significantly, 'if that you do not get you down to your business and remove me my tooth.'

Master Strong looked at Uncle Gregory, who was doubtful himself, but decided that the patient had better be humored. He said as much with his eye. Master Strong accepted the decision, though reluctant, replying

with his eye that Uncle Gregory no doubt knew Sir Percy better than he did.

'We will omit the custom,' said Master Strong. 'Now if your nobility will repose his head and open his mouth —'

Master Strong and Uncle Gregory peered in together.

'A fine set of teeth,' said the expert.

'I think this one will do,' said Uncle Gregory, putting in a finger to indicate a back tooth. Master Strong put in a finger and tried to move the tooth.

'There seems naught ill with it,' said Master Strong. 'Is it not some other that aches his nobility?'

'None of them ache his nobility,' said Uncle Gregory impatiently.

'If none ache,' said Master Strong, 'it were pity to spoil so fine a set.'

'Cease your babble,' said the Baron, as distinctly as he could with his mouth open, 'or I'll bite your fingers. Get on. Have it over.'

'Wider,' said Master Strong.

He left Percy that way, got a small wooden wedge from the shelf, dipped it in the basin, dried it with the towel, and inserted it deftly in the Baron's mouth between uppers and lowers. Then, still shaking his own head wonderingly, he gathered the Baron's chin into the crook of his left elbow, settled himself firmly on his feet, and reached with his right hand for the tool on the table.

'If your nobility,' said Master Strong, 'will condescend to think of something pleasant and hold tight to the chair —'

Uncle Gregory, realizing the practical helplessness of human sympathy, looked out of the front of the shop. A town urchin, standing interestedly outside, made a face at him; and Uncle Gregory, without knowing that he did it, made a face at the urchin. He heard sounds as of a struggle behind him, but turned not around till the fight seemed to be over. Percy was sitting up in the chair, and Master Strong was pouring him a glass of water from the earthenware jug.

VII

'Now in good truth, Uncle Gregory,' said Percy the Gay about a year later, riding with that worthy man to drop in at the Abbey, 'did I not *know* by unforgettable hap that the Tooth were mine own and not Egbert's, I would be as certain it were Egbert's tooth and not mine.'

'I had me no doubt,' said Gregory, 'that it would content Anselm till he found out that it worked no more miracles. And then he would peradventure have blamed himself that you took it to Tor.'

'But it works miracles,' said Percy. 'And there is little, if anything, about me to explain that.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

REVOLT

In the hollow voice of poverty
He called upon his Lord:
'Oh, curse,' he cried, 'these plutocrats
In fancy clothes and tall silk hats,
With gold in coffers stored!'

He climbed upon a soap box and
With groans and cries he said,
'This reign of wealth will soon be past,
This great injustice cannot last,
The poor man must be fed!'

Around him gathered many more;
They soon took up his cry:
'In this free land there's got to be
Democracy, Equality —
This tyrant Wealth must die!'

They gathered round in ragged clothes,
With hunger in their eyes;
Swore vengeance on the plutocrats,
In fancy clothes and tall silk hats,
Who would not heed their cries.

Their fury grew, they screamed for blood
To flow for Freedom's sake;
They fought a war to make them free,
For Liberty, Equality —
Burned rich men at the stake.

They drank much blood to quench their
thirst,
Then cried with joyful pride,
'We've made the plutocrats all flee,
We've gained, for all, Equality;
The Lord was on our side.'

And each man whispered to himself,
'At last I've Liberty.
Now I can be a plutocrat,
In fancy clothes and tall silk hat,
And have men bow to me!'

MARY HELEN DOHAN

THE VIRTUE OF CARVING

THERE is nothing that gives a man so much the feeling of Master of the House as does carving meat at his own table for his family and friends. As he sharpens his knife and gazes benignly through the smoke of the roast at the faces assembled before him, even the smallest, the most insignificant man must feel like a baron. *He* is going to feed these guests, these friends. *He*, by God's grace, has provided this meat; it has been cooked in his house, served on his table, and now, as is fitting and seemly, with his own hands is he about to separate it into choice fragments which he will tender to those whom he is proud and happy to entertain. His is a dominant position, and he knows it.

His guests know it, too, and the carver can sense the power he has over them. Not for an instant, however, does your true and gentle carver cause this dominance which he so rightly enjoys to become oppressive. He makes those whom he serves feel, not that he is in a way to give them what *he* may decide, but rather that he is empowered to provide them with anything *they* may take a fancy to. Thus the gallant carver, who really feels the honor and responsibility of his station, can readily give the impression that there are at least four legs on every fowl, that there are unlimited outside pieces to each roast of beef, quantities of dressing, gallons of dish gravy, half a dozen livers, vast areas of tenderloin. Do not misunderstand me; he proves it, too. Your true carver is as clever as a diplomat and as great-hearted as Christmas itself.

Besides the pleasure that comes from the exercise of all this kindly power, there are numerous material advantages in carving. Naturally, the carver is elevated by the mightiness of his station. He is a great man, and he is fully aware of it. Witticisms and *bons mots* fall from his lips as readily as

choice morsels from his knife. He twits the ladies on their complexions and their coiffures, the gentlemen on their figures and their lack of coiffures. He has kind words and jokes for the children, but they remain slightly in awe of him. He sends messages of compliment to the cook, if he is so fortunate as to have one in the kitchen, or smiles them down to her if she is sitting at the other end of the table. All laugh at his quips and accept his pleasantries, for they recognize him for what he is — the host and master. All the while, moreover, as he is entertaining his guests and satisfying their desires, it is the carver's privilege surreptitiously to lay aside certain tidbits for himself — a choice slice of browned fat, delicate fragments of white meat, tender scrapings from next the bones. No one ever thinks of questioning his right to these dainties, partly because few but carvers know of their existence. If there be another carver present he will chivalrously keep silent in order that this knowledge, which is but another of the secrets and pleasures of carving, may be preserved to the Order.

Something must be said of the actual technique of carving, or of the varieties of technique, for there are several. Not least important in the ritual is the sharpening of the knife. For the carver to pick up knife and fork and set immediately to work gives an instant impression of the grossest incompetence. At best, the company realizes, this important, this well-nigh sacred business has been relegated to an underling. In any case, public confidence is at once partially sapped. Nay, your true carver sharpens his knife with firm attention, beaming through the flourishes at his beloved friends. His blade sharp, — really sharp, — he transfixes the meat with his fork and sets to work. Some men stand to carve, but not so the real masters of the art. No giant roast, no towering ham or sinewy wild fowl, can unseat an expert carver armed with a keen weapon. Some carvers prefer to carve and serve piece by piece, being at times forced to this expedient by the limitations of the platter. (Ah, what a trial is an inadequate platter!) A better way, however, a way which focuses the attention of all upon the carver before individuals become preoccupied with their own portions, is to carve an abundance of

meat first. Then, with a variety of helpings spread out before him, the carver really comes into his own. Bent slightly forward in his chair, knife and fork a-hover, wrists dropped, elbows in, poised and confident like a horseman about to take a jump, he glances attentively around his table, ascertains and satisfies the preferences of each.

This is not the way of every carver, however. I had an uncle whose method was quite different, though fully as impressive. A great, burly man, he would carve, standing, at a side table in the dining room. Such an arrangement was made necessary by the size of his task, for the occasions when I observed him were always Christmas or Thanksgiving, with twelve or fourteen at table. Well do I remember the awe with which, as a child, I watched his large, calm back, as, with the swift skill of a surgeon, he would divide two turkeys and often, also, a ham at those large family gatherings. He was aloof but dominant, simple but impressive, awesome but kindly. Another carver of my acquaintance, a small, slight man, leans rather backward in his chair, peering farsightedly at his subject while he carves superlatively, but almost with an air of detachment. Much can be learned from him, as he can be got to discourse freely on his art while engaged in it, illustrating deftly as he serves you.

Whatever his manner or method, the carver who takes pride and pleasure in the noble service feels it his responsibility to contribute, thereby, to the civilization of dining. His task is not the mere division of the *pièce de résistance* into as many portions as there are diners. Carving is far more than that. It should be a pleasure to the eye, making the meat, tastefully served, consequently more pleasant to the palate. He who is a carver in spirit as well as name is a man of fine sensibilities, who realizes these things, who is glad to make others glad and to perform skillful work well.

A carver has many minor trials, but most of them can be attributed to one cause, which is his own fault — a dull knife. The sooner he finds out that the knife will not take an edge from merely clattering it against the steel, the better. A sharp knife can change the whole aspect of carving. Without one a pleasant obsession becomes

an ordeal, a delight a duty. Savory roasts — particularly ducks — take on the appearance of monsters, whom we face with weapons not nearly so trustworthy as Balmung or Excalibur. Small platters are another difficulty, trying the carver's temper, limiting the scope of his efforts, and seriously endangering the purity of the tablecloth. But to be saddled more than once with a small platter may also be said to be the carver's fault. No man with the spirit of a true carver will submit to a repetition of such a mistake. Gravy is sometimes embarrassing, but a dextrous man will manage. Indeed, plenty of gravy is essential, and helps the carver to maintain his rôle of near-magician. The worst, the crowning annoyance to all carvers is the individual who, when called upon, can express no preference; who smirks with false courtesy, 'Oh, anything, thank you!' In dealing with him, however, we find solace in an unwritten law, a rule which we never have to apply to the same person twice — 'Give him the neck!'

TRANSCONTINENTAL BUS

I HAVE just survived a transcontinental trip by bus. Six thousand miles in ten days, continuous going. What an item for Daniel Boone or Mother Shipton! Worse still, what an item for a T. A. T. patron!

For the first twenty-four hours the experience was valuable neither as history, as romance, nor as comedy; after that my immunities increased, and I was able to take notice. As to my fellow travelers, I had expected them to be a new creation, and they were. Such good-natured directness, such imperviousness to discomfort — nay, such utter enjoyment of what to me was an exquisite form of physical suffering. Henceforth I shall cease talking about prison reform and capital punishment, and shall advocate putting all miscreants on buses and transporting them rapidly from here to there, world without end. By such refinement of torture, criminals would become extinct in a fortnight. No wonder the pillar saints missed perfection; they were far too comfortable. Let them sit over a wheel and have their spines jolted. Let the jump-seat pinch them and the overhead baggage fall

upon them. Let every passenger behind and beside them wriggle past at every station. Let all windows be closed (by successive request), and let the bus roar on, day and night, night and day. By such technique is the flesh truly mortified.

But no one minded. In fact, neither did I after I had gotten rid of my *de luxe* manners and become just one of the folks.

'Well, folks,' the driver would say, rising grandly and facing us with a smile he seemed to mean, 'this is Booneville. Ten minutes rest-stop.'

Fifteen or twenty minutes later he would return, count us with his forefinger, and then, 'Well, folks, let's go.' At the end of a division, as the railroads would say, it was 'Good night, folks,' or 'So long, folks,' as the case might be. Once at mid-afternoon of a day whose torridity I hope to forget, a driver who had been with us since breakfast said, as he took his little wallet and departed, 'Well, folks, I hope you get along all right; I've filled up the ice-water tank for you.' That was the spirit, and it was catching. We were all folks, individually crotchety enough, but compositely human nature, purged of guile, of irritation, of selfishness. Just folks, bathed in brotherly love.

In line and sinew we were subjects for Daumier, singly and in rows. He would have run out of paper before North Platte, in both directions. Several times when I feigned an excuse to turn boldly around from my front seat, I almost called out, 'Hold it,' although I am helpless with crayons. Sometimes we looked like an Old People's Home on a picnic; always there was a sprinkling of those over the retiring line. Retirement was not in their books, however; they were the sort who die with their boots on, and their traveling days had just begun with the bus era. Most typically they were women, incredibly dextrous with lap baggage. One short-haired grandmother, who was my seat mate for a day and a night, by some sleight of hand negotiated two knitting bags, two wraps and an extra hat, three paper parcels, and her lunch-medicine kit. True, she had some slight trouble shifting things about in her nineteen inches of seat space (I measured it) when it came time to take her medicine. Three red pills and the liquid requisite to wash them down are difficult to manage at a

speed exceeding forty-five miles an hour. Not that she was delicate. I heard her order and saw her consume a pork sandwich and a wedge of blackberry pie at the 1.45 A.M. stop at Schiff's Café. The bus-traveling aged are well preserved, and had better be.

Blue-shirted cavaliers, with down on their chins and freckles on their arms, came and went at all hours. So did very young, bare-headed mothers with very tender infants that never cried. Once in a while someone with initialed baggage rode for a few hours, but such customers were rare. A twenty-five-pound dog occupied space in the baggage rack for two days and two nights. Like the ticket passengers, he was probably so glad 'to get to go' that he did n't mind the lack of ventilation. Whenever we changed buses, we took on an entirely new and interesting cargo of passengers — a decided improvement over the ways of six-day boats.

The nights would have made the best sketches. The victims held their poses and the bus had a unity of line and tone it lacked during the day. After 'Pillow Service' had intoned his little plea, prophesying that if we patronized him we should all 'sleep comfortable by the light of the moon,' after the driver had pressed the button and the bus had put its collective head on its new fifteen-cent pillow, that was the time to set up the easel. Two by two, heads at exactly the same angle and all rolling rhythmically, every mouth open, every expression wiped off every face, the owners drifted, each on his own sea. Souls would come back to bodies with a jerk when the bus drew up to a Stop and the driver reversed the button. Every neck would straighten, every mouth close, every eye pop into focus. Like children in a Soviet nursery, we slept and waked at command.

By day and by night infinitely interesting things passed by, things no window of the Overland Limited ever revealed: a frightened antelope near enough to be spoken to, a thousand sheep met in a narrow mountain pass at dawn, cloud shadows on the prairie, dusk pouring down over the mesas, a gypsy camp around its night fire, air beacons seen from range to range and finally caught up with, all the stars in the Planetarium without an admission fee, gaunt mountains taking shape before sunrise, the smell of sagebrush, a breath of snow across

the desert, the Sierras by moonlight, and, on the return, a bridge of fog hanging over Donner Lake at dawn. Any city dweller from birth or by adoption who cannot forget the pain in his knees and the bitterness of the morning coffee as the price of such experiences is not worthy to have them.

To a bus traveler the stopping is as interesting as the going. Days and even nights were punctuated by lunch stops of varying length, although, by some perversity of the management, we did not stop at the most alluring hostels. I caught mere flying glimpses of the Pantry Shelf Café, Hamburger Castle, Hotel Colossal (two stories high), Come As U R Inn, Chat 'n Nibble, and scores of others. Even Shovel Inn, although it sounded slightly prodigal for my taste, might have been a culinary experience. Instead, we drew up unvaryingly at the Bus Station Café, where we were expected to the minute. Outside, all bus station cafés are identical, but inside no two are alike. Even the accent with which the waitress proffers doughnuts, 'plain or sugared,' announces that a state line has been crossed since breakfast. I remember one such establishment, possibly twenty feet wide, which recorded on a window placard:

THIS CAFE HAS BEEN SERVING THE PUBLIC
FOR TWENTY YEARS
NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

To have gone elsewhere would have been an affront to age and tradition. I entered, sat on a twenty-year-old stool, and ate the local ice cream, 'Pure as the Heart of Childhood.'

Had the continent been still wider than five days and five nights (as God forbid), I cannot say what monotony might have come to pass, but, as it was, there were enough novelties to last. From Pittsburgh to Chicago and from Chicago to Pittsburgh it was the elegance of a steward, an engaging lad, who saw the humor of his own situation and capitalized it. His stewardship consisted in wearing an inscribed cap, occupying the front jump-seat, calling the stations, and leading the singing. Thanks to his generalship the Ohio concert was the best of the trip, although our other efforts, more in the prayer-meeting manner, had been memorable enough in their way. On this particular evening the singing was 'organized,' the

steward being duly nominated, elected, and applauded as leader. He was a success from the overture onward, having not only a voice but a talent for wise-cracks, and knowing the words to every song proposed from the floor. That is, the first verse. No one even attempted any more, except for 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' and 'Just A-wearyin' for You,' which stumbled on to a foggy close. The programme consisted of cast-off popular numbers and so-called 'College Songs,' never sung at college. The combined repertoire of the bus was surprising. I can think of nothing that was omitted, except gospel hymns, and, strangely enough, not a hymn was sung. When there was a sudden lull, the twilight offering was concluded with 'Seeing Nellie Home' and 'Sunday School Is Over.' We were strangers again, and it was bedtime.

One other night experience ran this a close second for novelty. We had changed buses at Reno, westward bound. There had been the usual confusion over baggage transferred, new seats chosen, and new passengers come aboard, but at last we were off. It would be San Francisco in the morning, and a few winks were in order. I was safely *in medias res* of my first nap when the bus suddenly stopped, the lights were flashed on, and two men in khaki entered importantly. That was the month of the Dillinger drama, and the sight of an officer presaged front-page events, but not this time. The intruders announced themselves as looking not for bank robbers, kidnappers, or escaped convicts, but for oranges and sweet potatoes, concealed in the baggage. It seemed a strange quest at 2.00 A.M., but we had come to the California state line, over which no Florida fruit fly is suffered to pass. 'Sorry to disturb you, folks, but we'll do this job as quickly as possible. Keys, please.'

Then followed an inspection worthy of the Cherbourg customs. Every bag was ransacked; all the trunks were taken off the roof, but not so much as one sweet potato emerged. On this night raid, as at other times, the bus had a common denominator of intimate good-naturedness which may or may not be peculiarly American. Nothing was too much trouble, not even opening a duffle bag in crowded quarters, at 2.00 A.M. on the fifth night out, and all for the sake of

a fly-bitten sweet potato, which one knew was n't there. America, on the bus level, is surely easy to live with.

On future transcontinentals I shall probably speak to no one, sleep behind a green curtain, breakfast late, and read or write all day, as usual. The Pullman conductor will probably speak grammatical English, and the porter will anticipate all my wishes. My pattern of life will be unchanged; my thoughts will not be shaken out of their accustomed channels. I shall learn nothing new about the land I live in, or the men and women who are my most numerous fellow countrymen. America will not all at once become as pleasantly entertaining as the English downs or the Basque country. After the gracelessness of us all, I may even, before another summer, forget the posture, the tone, the well-conned oration of my newest American discovery, 'Pillow Service.' To see him mount the bus with his white pyramid and hear him recommend his fifteen-cent wares in prose and verse was almost worth a sleepless night, sliding around on one of them. No — on second thought, I think I shall not forget 'Pillow Service.'

PICS AND PAWNSHOPS

ONCE upon a time there was a Fiji Islander. He was a very intelligent Fiji, and for some unfathomed reason he studied English in his island school. He learned how to pronounce *bough* and *trough* and *tough* and *through*, *thorough* and *though* and *thought*, because all of this was in his little grammar book and his teacher taught it to him.

But what he did n't learn was how to interpret picture language, so when he came to America he felt very ignorant. For you cannot get along in the United States without a knowledge of picture language.

He came first to San Francisco. Being not only an intelligent but an affable Islander, he soon made friends with an American youth from Baltimore who undertook to show him the sights. Now this lad had never been to San Francisco before, but, as we shall see, he was justified in feeling himself a competent guide.

As they walked along one of the lesser business streets they came to a show

window that contained the oddest conglomeration the Islander had ever seen. It was chock-full of watches and rings and pistols and a violin or two, a mirror in a gilt frame, a handsome set of chessmen, a coonskin coat, and a pair of mother-of-pearl opera glasses.

'What an interesting secondhand store,' said the Fiji.

'That's not a secondhand store — that's a pawnshop,' replied the guide.

'I see you are familiar with this section of the city,' said the Fiji.

'Never saw it before in my life.'

'Then how do you know this is a pawnshop? It does n't say so. I can read *p-a-w-n* as well as anyone. I can conjugate *I pawn, you pawn, he pawns, we p —*'

The Baltimorean, having visions of this going on through all the moods and tenses, hastened to interrupt.

'You can tell it is a pawnshop by the three balls painted on the glass.'

'Oh,' said the stranger.

From this moment on, the Fiji Islander began to lose the respect which he had formerly entertained toward his English professor. The instructor had taught him nothing of the pictography of the white man.

In the week which the two spent in sight-seeing, the foreigner learned many things. He learned that the picture of a pig meant 'Hamburgers sold here'; that a papier-mâché ice-cream cone was used instead of a sign; that black and white diagonals on the paving meant 'railroad ahead'; that a bisymmetrical cross meant 'medical aid'; that if the lower stem of the cross was lengthened it meant 'church' or 'sanctity'; and that pictures of horseshoes and four-leaf clovers meant luck. But the symbol which delighted him most was a silver cock emblazoned on the bar of a restaurant. When the American explained its significance, the Islander was delighted.

'Cock for cocktail! Sure, I could have guessed that,' he said.

The Baltimore lad learned something, too, on these tours. At first his companion's amazement at the current use of picture writing had seemed queer to him, but gradually he realized that civilized nations are more dependent on pictography than they know.

There is, he reflected, hardly an abstract quality which we have not symbolized.

If we see a building with a pair of balance scales carved in the marble front, we know that it is a law court, because scales stand for justice. A five-pointed star has come to mean excellence. When you think about it, an untrained savage would not even recognize this conventional design as a star. Stars don't really look like that.

And what of our traditionally shaped hearts? Do they resemble a human heart? Suppose that someone, unaccustomed to our modern symbolism, should pick up an American comic sheet. He might recognize a male and a female facing each other, and see between them, apparently suspended in air, one or two of these queer little designs. Although the picture would convey little to him, any American child of grammar-school age would recognize the designs as hearts, and would read into the picture the fact that the characters were in the act of falling in love.

The comic sheets and animated cartoons, pondered the Baltimorean, are our most fertile sources of symbolism. When Jimmie Dugan in 'Reg'lar Fellers' has a bright idea, we know it immediately by the picture of an electric light bulb sketched above his head. Stars and singing birds tell us that the father of the famous Katzenjammer Kids has been knocked silly by a blow. And who has n't seen Mickey Mouse register anger? Daggers dart in a direct line from his eyes to the object of his wrath. Since George McManus first published 'Bringing Up Father' the American public has been able to recognize a shrew by her rolling pin as easily as one could tell a king by his sceptre and crown.

As the youth pondered, more and more examples of pictography occurred to him: our political cartoons in which the elephant and donkey play a prominent part; trademarks whose significance we grasp without the use of the printed word; and road signs with their pictures of the curves ahead.

The Fiji learned as many of our pictograms as he could, and when he had returned in a state of bewilderment to his little grass hut the Baltimore lad went back to college and wrote a Ph.D. thesis called 'Symbolism: Egyptian, Chinese, North American Indian, and Modern.'

He is now selling stuffed storks to infant shops.



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STEEL SHOULDERS A RELIEF PROBLEM

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

DID you ever attend a convention of organized charity? If you did, the first thing which jumped to your attention was the deep cleavage of opinion regarding the very nature of philanthropy. How far has society the right to inquire into and direct the intimate concern of those whose living conditions fall below some approved standard? And to the directors of vast corporations the same problem constantly recurs. Does their responsibility cease when they have passed a man his full wage? Is business solely a bargain between employer and employed, and has a corporation carried it out when it fills the pay envelope with the week's earnings?

Now the creation of workable conditions is often called paternalism, and paternalism has an intrusive and unpleasant sound. Call it what you will, it is not my purpose to argue the rights and wrongs of the matter, but rather to tell a chapter of history which to my thinking casts a white light upon a question that goes to the root of things. It is a chapter in the story of the United States Steel Corporation.

The example of the United States Steel Corporation is most impressive for two reasons: first, because of the large number of employees involved and the sums required to sustain them in adversity; second, because it shows a systematic programme matured for another purpose being adapted to employee relief under pressure of social adversity. The record shows that in

the pinch United States Steel aided its labor to the extent of many millions. Legally there was no compulsion to do this, but the Steel directorate firmly upheld its chairman, Mr. Myron C. Taylor, who proclaimed early in the depression that, no matter how long it might last, no employee of record would go without the necessities of life.

How had this definite point of view on employer responsibility for employee welfare been reached? The answer takes us back to the founding of the Steel Corporation in 1901. From its beginnings the steel industry had been marked by ruthless competition and hence was highly sensitive to the swings of the business cycle. Whenever hard times hit the country, the steel towns would be on short rations. In the years immediately following the inception of the Corporation, substantial progress was made in stabilizing employment. While competition continued keen between Steel and its rivals, the various subsidiaries of the Corporation were gradually brought into full coöperation. Plant specialization not only produced of itself better steel; steadier work in these specialized plants also seemed to be producing better men, who in turn made better steel.

Better men could not be held without better living conditions. That became apparent as the Corporation took over or organized activities in new quarters, such as the Mesaba range in Minne-

sota, the Birmingham district in Alabama, and Gary, Indiana. At many points it encountered almost frontier conditions, in which towns had to be built swiftly near natural resources. In many coal areas the Steel Corporation came into possession not only of mines but also of houses, streets, and such public services as existed. There the problem was one of improving living and health conditions for employees. Speed was one consideration; efficient correlation of plants, housing, highways, railroads, and public services was another. Either the Steel Corporation could leave this community building and rebuilding to chance and the local politicians, or it could itself proceed with the task. It elected to do the latter, in line with expert advice in town planning and the conviction that good living conditions for labor would prove a sound investment for the company.

This conviction was firmly held by Judge Elbert H. Gary, who came into the steel business in the 'nineties from the profession of law and service on the bench. As a judge he was accustomed to weighing equities, accepting fiduciary responsibilities, and thinking of himself as a trustee. In addition, Judge Gary had in him a strong leaven of the patriarch; he wanted everyone in Steel to benefit from its operations.

In the Steel equation were elements peculiar to itself. Several of these have been mentioned; another was the fact that some of its most important operations in the Pittsburgh and Chicago districts were then manned largely by foreign-born labor. Not yet fully Americanized, these men of European origin were actuated by personal thrift rather than a desire for higher living standards. Also it should be recalled that when Steel's welfare programme was initiated Judge Gary and his associates — and in fact nearly all the leaders of his day — were influenced by a sweep-

ing public opinion in favor of welfare work as a short cut to social justice.

II

The welfare policy so evolved needs no apology, either as to plan or as to performance. In a project covering so large a territory and contacting so many human beings in their personal and family relationships, isolated instances of misdirected activity, friction, and unsympathetic personnel are bound to arise. To snipe at those exceptions to the rule from a safe distance is to miss the reality of the drive; the procession marches on, in spite of the stragglers who fall out of line or the minor disputes within the ranks. In this case the procession contains more than 225,000 men and women and their dependents — a total of several million persons, if to workers and their dependents are added other residents of Steel towns who benefit directly or indirectly by Steel payrolls and the Corporation's community services.

It is worth noting that when Judge Gary asked his directors for the funds to carry on this campaign his arguments were both humanitarian and economic. This activity would pay eventually, he said, because healthy, well-disposed men did better work than half-sick, undependable, worried, or uninterested men. The world of steel is populated from top to bottom by practical men, all of whom understand that welfare, in the long run, pays its way.

Over a space of more than twenty years the Steel Corporation spent upwards of \$10,000,000 a year for the welfare of its employees, and in that spirit administered the following properties as of June 30, 1934: —

25,347 dwellings and boarding houses leased to employees at low rental rates.

24 churches, the clergymen being chosen by the congregations and all

business conducted under the rules usual to each denomination.

- 17 schools, owned, leased, or operated for apprenticeship, vocational training, and general education.
- 34 clubhouses, generally equipped with reading rooms, assembly and dance halls, gymnasiums, and in some cases swimming pools. Used as social centres for music and drama.
- 53 restaurants and lunch rooms, where meals are sold at moderate cost.
- 176 rest and waiting rooms.
- 120 playgrounds, many fully equipped; a large number of wading pools and swimming pools. Average attendance in summer 25,000 children daily.
- 17 swimming pools of large size, available for use by adults.
- 96 athletic fields, many of which are equipped with grandstands and with facilities for baseball, football, field events, etc.
- 19 practical housekeeping centres, in which American housekeeping standards are taught by demonstration. Usually used as residences for the various staffs of visiting nurses.

On the health, safety, and sanitation side the Corporation maintained: —

- 9 base hospitals with complete staffs and full equipment.
- 224 emergency stations for prompt treatment in case of accidental injuries and sudden illness.
- 406 company surgeons, physicians, and internes.
- 199 nurses, including those in training.
- 86 hospital orderlies and attendants.
- 33 visiting nurses.
- 24 sanitary inspectors on full time.
- 712 piped systems for drinking water.
- 628 wells and springs protected against pollution.
- 2452 complete comfort stations with closets, washrooms, locker facilities, etc.
- 5627 shower baths, available to workmen.

Steel's inventory of accommodations and services shows a concern for the bases of family and social life — housing, religion, education, public health, industrial safety, hospital care, and

recreation, including music, drama, libraries, and club activities of many kinds. No corporation in the world has a more broadly conceived programme for its employees, or carries that programme forward in as many differing environments with as many kinds and conditions of employees.

III

As a concrete example of progress in a unique and difficult situation, the Birmingham field offers an impressive lesson. When the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company was taken over in 1908, the Steel Corporation became the leading employer in an area obviously backward in many of the aspects of modern life. The labor force, predominantly Negro, lived within fifteen miles of Birmingham in small insanitary villages. Marshes, mosquitoes, and malaria composed a triumvirate which afflicted a population powerless to cope with that enfeebling disease. Soon after acquiring ownership, the Corporation began to construct model housing in new groupings and to remodel the houses and rearrange the streets and public services in the old villages, with running water in every house and with ample yard and garden space. The villages contain commissaries, bathhouses, schools, churches, and clubhouses constructed by the Company.

These measures did not fully meet the challenge of disease, and in 1913 a Department of Health was formed with four divisions: sanitary, medical, dental, and base hospital. The department itself was on a par with other operating departments of Tennessee Coal & Iron.

The task facing this new department was equivalent to that encountered in sanitating Limon, Costa Rica, or Guayaquil, Ecuador, engineering and medical feats which attracted world-wide attention. In extent it has been

compared to the sanitating of the Panama Canal area, which preceded the successful completion of that mighty work. If the terrible toll of malaria and other filth diseases was to be reduced, an area of hundreds of square miles required close and unremitting attention, and a population unschooled in health measures had to be educated in the decencies of modern living. On the preventive side the sanitary division undertook the following duties: to eliminate mosquitoes, ensure pure water supplies, clean and drain streets and alleys, cut weeds and grass, collect and dispose of trash and garbage, inspect work places and dwelling places, supervise stables for fly control, maintain quarantines for communicable diseases, and protect food supplies.

Whether those communities, some of which had little or no voting strength because the population was mostly colored, would ever have sanitated themselves is a question for which the practical answer is this: they had not done so and showed no intention of doing so. Either the Company must do the job, or there was little prospect that it would be done within any reasonable period. The task was not only beyond the grasp of those communities as an idea; it was also beyond their financial and scientific resources.

Consider, for instance, the elements involved in the campaign against mosquitoes, to take only one of the sanitary division's triumphs. A survey of 1912 listed 8000 cases of malaria among the employees of Steel and their families resident either in or around the twenty-two Steel villages. In the villages alone were 4840 cases. Since tropical medical experience had definitely identified the mosquito as the chief carrier of malaria, the first step in fighting the disease was to rid the neighborhood of mosquitoes. As a result the incidence of malaria in the T. C. & I. villages dropped by more

than nine tenths, from 4840 to 370 cases in one year, and at present malaria is one of the least of that area's public health problems, with only ten to twenty cases a year.

The medical service set up at the same time established new standards. Nearly all employees availed themselves of these services at the low rate of \$1.25 per month per family, which fee entitled all its members to professional treatment at the base hospital at Fairfield, Alabama.

This hospital became the clearing house and centre of the health department's work. Thoroughly modern, it houses 310 patients and, with adjoining structures, accommodates a fixed staff of sixteen physicians, covering the various specialties; ten internes; fourteen graduate nurses; and training schools for both white and Negro nurses to a total in both schools of about seventy. Eight dental clinics are maintained, one at the base hospital and seven at the larger dispensaries. Pediatric clinics for both white and colored children are held in each village, with home visits by nurses and social workers. In an average year more than 200,000 patients were treated at dispensaries and nearly 100,000 calls made at homes of employees. Medical examinations of school children were inaugurated in schools for both white and colored pupils, with a total enrollment above 5000, most of whom had never seen a toothbrush or received regular instruction in personal hygiene.

IV

With facilities and services more or less similar to those in the Alabama district, Steel met the social and family needs of its workers in all the other areas where its plants are located. In the iron country of Minnesota, in the newly opened coal regions of Kentucky and the older coal and coke towns of

Pennsylvania, Steel has its towns, hospitals, dispensaries, and the like, as in Alabama, but usually without duplication due to the color line. In the steel towns grouped around Pittsburgh, and in Gary, Indiana, the employees are afforded opportunity, under the provisions of the Corporation's Home Owning Plan, to own their homes upon favorable purchase terms. In many areas it maintains general stores, open to all buyers, which are usually the most attractive in the community in both appearance and prices. Except where irresponsibility of certain groups of workers makes cash payments inadvisable from the family standpoint, store tickets are issued only upon request; in general, Steel workers are paid in cash and buy where they please. Steel meets local variations from a practical point of view, leaving to local direction the adjusting of its general policy to local needs. Gradually it has been widening the scope of employee participation in the operation of welfare services, especially in the field of recreation. This tremendous programme of human welfare was based upon industrial activity. Its backers looked upon the Steel towns and mining villages as busy places where men would go on creating under able direction enough wealth to provide a margin for recreation, health services, sanitary inspections, schooling, pensions, and all the other burdens.

Through nearly all the years of Judge Gary's long leadership these flourishing conditions obtained. The Corporation prospered, expanded, and added to its surplus; its employees had full-time employment, rising wages, better living. Growing automobile demand for steel more than offset declines in rail orders, steel construction gained steadily, and through several years war demand was urgent. Such slumps as occurred were of short duration, ending in booms marked by rising tonnage.

Could this pace be maintained? While the whole country was marching recklessly toward disaster, the new head of Steel, Myron C. Taylor, quietly laid his plans to buttress his corporation as strongly as human foresight could arrange against the misfortunes which he foresaw in the offing as a result of America's mad splurge.

When Mr. Taylor took over the leadership of United States Steel in 1928, not only was the boom in full cry, but also the Corporation was ending an epoch. That the outside world did not know. Every great consolidation succeeds or fails on the strength of its human resources. The original Steel Corporation was a combination of certain well-managed, successful units functioning under the men who had brought them up. The Corporation was not a unit, but a collection of units, and the great task of Judge Gary was to keep a number of strong individualists from working against one another. In this he was aided by that greatest of all ameliorators — a rising price level.

That epoch really closed several years before Judge Gary's death. Not only had many of the original operating men retired, but also the steel business had changed into something very different from the business that the founders knew. And the task of the chief executive officer changed from one primarily of seeing that the companies did not get into one another's way to one of reorganizing from top to bottom to meet the new needs of changing times. It turned out that the Corporation also had to be revised to meet that most difficult of all business situations — a declining price level.

The task of reorganizing is a very different one from organizing. It involves not only careful analysis but also a planning of both the human and the material elements. The planning of the material elements is not particularly difficult, for the problems resolve

themselves into weighing the engineering facts in the scales of financial ability. Planning of the human element is a different matter, for a slip will undo every engineering improvement.

Mr. Taylor was fitted for his post because, in addition to a matured ability to weigh the material components of a business structure, he has the patience and the finesse to carry through the vast human engineering. And his has probably been the most difficult executive problem ever undertaken, for on top of the already complex problem came the depression, with its smashing of dollar values and relations.

Mr. Taylor entered the steel business after a substantial experience as a corporation lawyer, with a large background of financial and industrial experience and a wide range of personal interests, including art, music, education, and charitable activities. His interest in public affairs has been largely confined to intelligent observation and an occasional reticent but penetrating statement. By instinct he seeks to avoid the limelight, although complete avoidance is impossible for the head of so large a business in an America where big business is also big news. He guides, with a deep sense of values and a keen concern for corporate ethics and personnel feelings, the mighty organization confided to his care. Entering into his high responsibility reluctantly, he brought to his post a conservatism which led him to view Steel's position, after the most painstaking analysis supported by a sound and farseeing judgment, not as one capable of infinite expansion, but as one in which the fruits of past progress required maturing.

It is significant that Mr. Taylor's first important move in Steel's reorganization had to do with the corporate structure and culminated in the forepart of 1929 with the redemption of more than \$300,000,000 worth of bonds and a resulting reduction of Steel's fixed

charges by some \$30,000,000 a year. Thus the conservative management of Steel had in fair weather prepared for foul and girded itself for a long pull of adversity. Except for this farsighted action, it is doubtful if Steel could have maintained its existing welfare services through the hours of their greatest need and at the same time have spent millions for the relief of out-of-work employees while the Corporation itself was running large deficits.

Before Mr. Taylor began to cast up critically the possibility of a major let-down in industrial activity, no one in corporate management anywhere had envisioned a situation in which for a long period work and wages would be scarce, deficits chronic, and large numbers of employees and their families without earned income. This unforeseen situation began to emerge when the depression cut steel tonnage in 1929. By the time bottom was touched in 1933, the welfare framework of the Steel Corporation had taken on an immense burden of emergency relief expenditures in answer to its leader's determination that no steel worker or his dependents should lack the essentials of life.

This decision to assist employees until times improved was not an easy one to make. As we all know, it is difficult to keep perspective when we are hard up and to go on spending without prospect of immediate return, in the hope that better times are coming by and by. Corporations find this course even harder to follow than individuals, for they have to weigh all their acts in the light of their responsibilities to stockholders. In such circumstances the first and entirely natural reaction is to trim sail by cutting off corporate activities not directly productive of revenue. If Mr. Taylor had followed that course in the case of Steel, he would have shut off the whole welfare stream; but instead he continued the

stream while changing its course somewhat to meet lack of orders and shortage of jobs. His conservatism was big enough to include the conserving of human values and home circles.

As in many other large industries the first readjustment to the new social strains was work-sharing. Hours of work were reduced in an effort to keep every employee in possession of at least some earning power. But as orders continued to decline, individual earnings in some cases fell below family necessities. Those in distress might be living in company-owned houses or in houses which they had purchased on installment. In either case there were no dispossessions, and every effort was made to see that the Steel family had shelter. It was also sure of medical service. Such wages as part-time workers earned were therefore available for food and clothing.

Work fell off more and more until the limits of efficiency were reached for work-sharing. After all, steel-making is a continuous process and as such the shifting of employees has limitations and disadvantages. Lay-offs increased; at the worst point, when steel production was only 10 per cent of the 1929 peak, thousands of employees were entirely without work. Steel provided for them. It met their family needs on food and clothing. It was able to do this gracefully without humiliating the individual because of two existing factors — the company-owned store, with its full stocks of general merchandise; and the knowledge already gained by its social workers of the family problems among the employees. Out-of-work employees were given orders against which the store would deliver merchandise, the entries standing against the individual employee. In districts where stores are not operated, similar arrangements were made through local merchants, the company assuming the obligation and extending

credit to the employees. For this purpose the Corporation advanced large sums to its out-of-work employees. Many of these advances were on open account, without interest, security, or evidence of note. This was in addition to direct relief extended for the same purposes. No administrative costs reduced this relief, for the work was all done by employees on company payrolls. Throughout these five difficult years the Steel Corporation has expended annually an average of \$15,000,000 for relief, welfare, and pension purposes.

It will get part of this sum back. Hardly had the men returned to work when, little by little, they began to pay off their book accounts at the stores. However, the importance of the effort rests not in the figures involved, although they are large, but in the promptness and informality with which the situation was met. There is an old saying worth repeating in these days of bureaucratic 'run-around': 'He who gives promptly gives twice.' Also let it be remembered that expenditures for both welfare and relief came from a treasury whose reports were showing large deficits from operations. Money for workers' benefits could be found when money for dividends could not be found. Workers and their families were fed, housed, clothed, and nursed out of surplus, a surplus which had been built up in good times and protected by far-sighted action in reducing fixed charges. Strictly speaking, the first responsibility of management is to stockholders; in this case management made maintenance of workers a first responsibility.

In meeting the challenge of the depression as it affected employee sustenance, Steel once more stepped out in advance of legislation, just as it did in other respects here briefly summarized:

1. The Corporation's activities relating to safety, sanitation, and welfare preceded by some time the laws, in many of the

states in which its subsidiaries operate, touching these affairs, and no laws anywhere have been adopted setting standards as high as those of the Corporation.

2. The Corporation's provisions for financially caring for injured employees preceded all Workmen's Compensation laws; in fact, those first enacted were based, to a certain extent at least, on the Corporation's voluntary accident relief plan.

3. The housing, sanitary, and general civic standards adopted and put into practice in Corporation towns are above those set by law.

4. Its pension system has been in force many years, and provides annuities for superannuated employees and those who become permanently disabled. No contributions of any kind are made by employees toward the support of this pension plan.

5. The encouraging of home gardens, with instructions in cultivating, as well as instructions in canning, were under way years before the subsistence thought came into general relief.

6. Spreading of whatever work is available at any given time as a matter of relief was inaugurated at the beginning of the depression.

As the depression recedes, its lessons will fade unless they are emphasized now before the details pass from our common consciousness. One of these lessons is that many employers of labor have willingly taken upon themselves responsibilities for employee welfare far beyond the line of duty. In doing so, they kept the worst shocks of adversity from reaching their employees, and in some cases they managed relief so competently and cheerfully that government relief seems cold and sluggish by comparison. Certainly the depression would have been far worse in the cities and villages where Steel op-

erates if management had been unprepared in funds, organization, or humane consideration.

In remarks to stockholders and in other public statements, Mr. Taylor has described the aims, efforts, and responsibilities of the Corporation in dealing with problems incident to the depression. These excerpts illustrate the spirit which dominates its actions:

The management of the Corporation is burdened with a three-fold responsibility to its stockholders, its employees, and the general public. In maintaining a balance between these groups and in order to deal justly with all concerned, it has systematically and methodically taken successive steps to resist the decline in business and earnings by carefully conceived readjustments effected in a manner calculated to occasion a minimum of distress and dislocation in each of these groups. . . .

It has been the constant aim of the directors and executives of the Corporation to so conduct its affairs that it might withstand successfully not only the immediate shocks and difficulties which might arise to perplex it, but also to hold the Corporation, its properties, and associations in such position as to ensure its security, and to enable it to withstand with credit and honor whatever else might be in store for it in the future. To this task all concerned have contributed their utmost in effort, thoughtfulness, and coöperation, and a fine spirit of charity. . . .

No better example of coöperative effort can be found anywhere than that which has been set by the men and women of the United States Steel Corporation since this depression began, and it is safe to say there is no brighter page to be found in industrial history than that which the Steel Corporation wrote through this depression in its treatment of its employees.

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New Horizons

AERICAN industry has been remade by electricity, not alone in terms of better production, but also in new leisure and the lightening of age-old burdens.

To the home it is bringing even greater promises; it is shouldering routine and detailed tasks, such as dishwashing, cooking, and furnace tending—tasks that make life a deadening round—that hide the broad horizons of social and cultural opportunity.

New horizons lie beyond the electric switch. A flick of the finger, and an inexhaustible army of kilowatt-hours will take over these tasks. And

these kilowatt-hours—each representing the work that can be done by thirteen strong men or women each hour—are leading millions of housewives along the open road of leisure.

General Electric has produced, for the home, tools that work while their mistress at last becomes mistress of her own time—tools that enable her to get the greatest amount of work from these kilowatt-hours. A host of electric appliances will give you care-free hours to enjoy new pleasures, to practice new accomplishments. These are some of the horizons that continually unfold as you follow the road to leisure and opportunity.

96-94

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

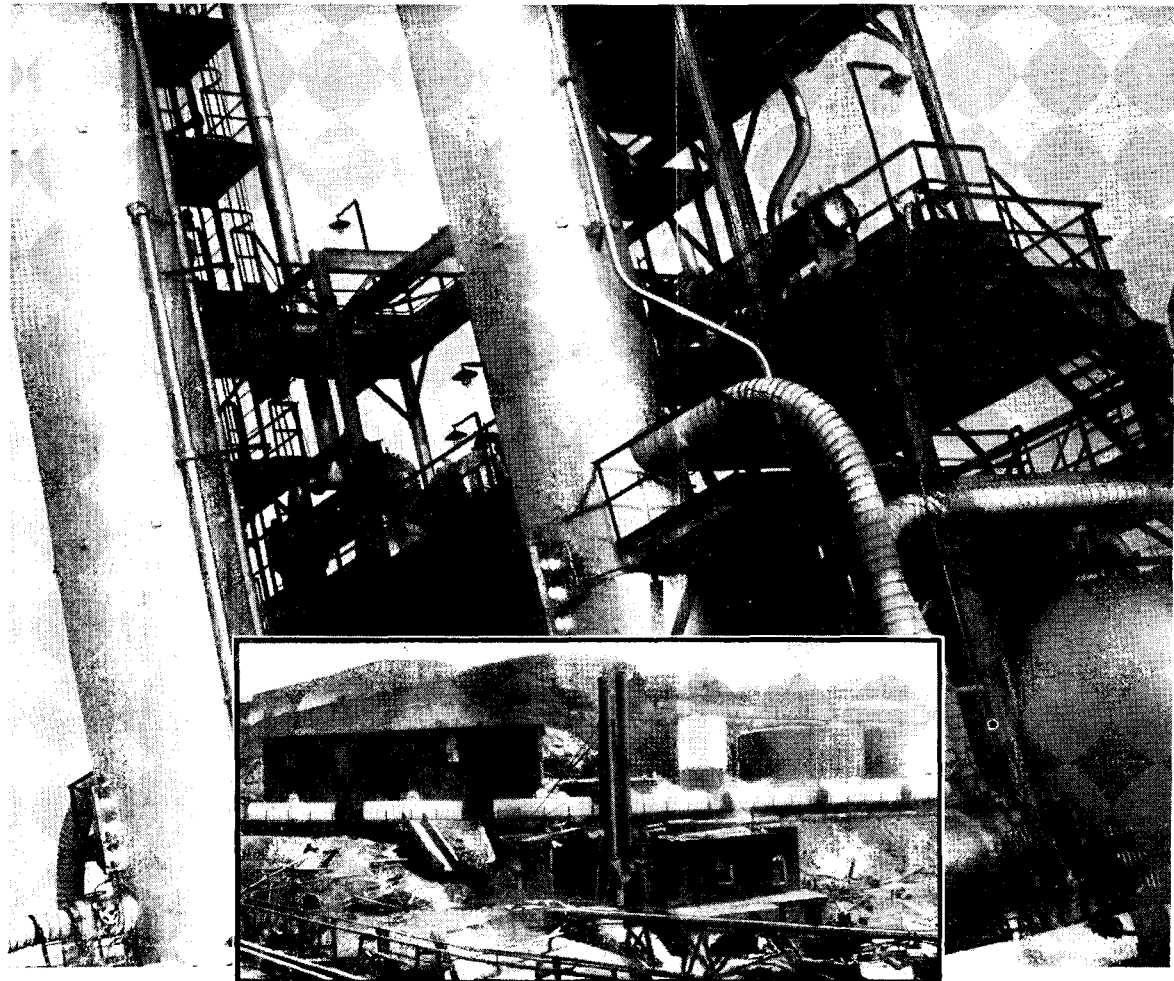
THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE many readers who have delighted in **Glanville Smith's** 'Winter in the Woods' and his 'Suffolk with a Porpoise' will be happy, not envious, to hear of his luck in being sent to the Pacific as an emissary of the *Atlantic*, his portfolio containing the simple instruction to use eyes and ears, nose when need be, and keep us stay-at-homes informed of his progress through the southern isles. To those who have not met him we may add that he is a native of Minnesota, by trade a designer of tombstones, by nature an adventurous and friendly fellow. The first stop was Hawaii ('Kona and Maui, and Other Parts of Eden'). **Alden Beach** ('Escape'), tenth in descent from Priscilla Alden, is a young poet whose interests are echoed in her verse. At Smith she divided her major among English, music, and philosophy, and has since won signal honors in musical composition. Δ Whatever your reaction to 'Swastika,' you want, if you are an intelligent person, to understand Nazi Germany. **Mrs. Shepard Morgan**, during the six years of the Dawes Plan, took a Doctor's degree at the University of Berlin while her husband handled the transfer of reparation payments; and her interest in German politics has sent her to Germany on annual visits ever since. Δ It is with great pleasure we welcome back to the *Atlantic* **Dorothy Canfield Fisher**, missing from our pages these too-many years. 'The Bradlock Chest' is in the tradition of her best work, and comes straight from her Vermont hills.

'A Case in Occupational Therapy' is for all who have had breakdowns, who may have breakdowns, or who have broken-down friends. **William Heilman** has found that writing is an important part of his programme of occupational therapy, as might be expected from a nephew of the author of the *Little Colonel* books; he is rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Erie, Pennsylvania. His physician, **John Rathbone Oliver**, has himself served as a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in addition to his large psychiatric practice is associated with Johns Hopkins University. Perhaps he is most widely known as the author of two books, *Fear* and *Foursquare*, which have helped many patients on the road to recovery. **Margaret Prescott Montague** has made many interesting proposals to

Atlantic readers, none more so than this one in 'Christians and Criminals.' **Gustav Eckstein** ('Fine Feathers') is assistant professor of physiology in the University of Cincinnati's College of Medicine, and his letterhead quite properly shows a bushy young man sitting with expectant pencil before an exhibitionist parrot. Δ 'Hiatus' is the second poem we have published by **Lionel Wiggam**, a student at Northwestern University. Δ 'The \$3000 Snow Shovel' recounts another adventure in graft — a chapter from the life of a unique New York contractor, a friend of **Berwin Kaiser**. Twelve years ago Mr. Kaiser graduated from Harvard into the business world, where he is now engaged in sales promotion. Δ 'On Musical Hunger' continues **Catherine Drinker Bowen's** personal and authoritative account of one musical pilgrim's progress to the heaven of almost continuous music-making. Mrs. Bowen lives as near as possible to the rest of the family quartet of Drinkers just outside Philadelphia.

The subsistence homesteads movement has by this time become thoroughly familiar in idea to all who follow the news, but the project which best illustrates the idea has not before received the full treatment which only one man can give — **William E. Brooks**, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Morgantown, West Virginia, a member of the Relief Board, and a trusted adviser of all who are interested in the project. 'Arthurdale — A New Chance' gives an entirely fresh picture of the experiment. Δ 'A New Idea for Private Schools' is here made public by **Frederick Winsor**, head master of Middlesex School. Δ When we made the venture of 'An Excursion in Numbers' last October we hoped, at best, for a limited group of appreciative readers, but found instead that $x = \text{Infinity}$. In response to demand, **F. Emerson Andrews**, manager of publications for the Russell Sage Foundation, sends us a mathematical sequel, 'Revolving Numbers.' **George W. Gray** ('The World We Live In') has devoted all his time since 1924 to writing on science, its researches and applications. Δ 'A Night on Salisbury Plain' continues the delightful series of English sketches by **Henry Williamson**, novelist, essayist, naturalist. **Bertrand Russell's** name is taken enough of what



From a photograph taken in 1870

Here lives a **HERCULES** who toils for Mankind

Contrast the small beginnings of Standard Oil with one of its huge refineries of today.

No saga ever chronicled more portentous events than those which link these two pictures. In them is mirrored the progress of the human race during the last 65 years.

In 1870, petroleum was a dormant colossus . . . a giant sleeping within its subterranean fastness. Routed from its stronghold, it has been brought forth to labor for the comfort of all.

In Standard Oil refineries, technicians have caused it to perform miracles whereof the men of 1870 never dreamed. Their

touch has transformed it into thousands of products . . . indispensable to civilized living the world over.

And they are still pioneering! Each new discovery opens fresh vistas for initiative and enterprise . . . revealing further opportunities for achievement.

Today, the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) is one of the leading world industries. Its operations encircle the globe . . . its products contribute something of significance to almost every phase of modern life. And in building for the future Standard Oil holds to this aim—to keep pace with world progress in all it undertakes.

awaits the reader in 'The Revolt against Reason.' Those who know his classic treatises on mathematics and logic need no assurance of his title to speak on this subject. **Ralph Bergengren**, who has charmed his public with prose and verse since the turn of the century, writes in 'Sir Nip and Sir Tuck' as gay a piece as the ever-fresh 'Furnace and I' of long ago. **Arthur Pound**, the *Atlantic's* industrial philosopher, needs no introduction. His study of 'Steel' is the second in the *Atlantic's* new series, *Industrial America: Its Way of Thought and Work*.

From the heads of radio.

Dear Atlantic, —

Thank you for your great kindness in sending me an advance copy of the article by Mr. Stokowski for the January *Atlantic*.

I have read Mr. Stokowski's article with absorbing interest. It is an extraordinarily thoughtful and illuminating presentation of a complex subject. As the author properly and modestly indicates, our knowledge is not yet equal to our ignorance of the subject.

A contribution toward our greater knowledge such as Mr. Stokowski is making in writing the article, and the *Atlantic Monthly* in publishing it, deserves public gratitude.

DAVID SARNOFF, *President*
Radio Corporation of America
New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

I am grateful to you for sending me the proof of the radio article, which I found most interesting and instructive. To comment on it critically would require a much greater technical knowledge than I have. It is reassuring, however, to see some articles which deal with radio's opportunities from a serious and intelligent viewpoint rather than the buncombe which has been so generously put out by persons who mistake their relatively mediocre ability to discover defects for that rare genius which can plot a wise and constructive course.

OWEN D. YOUNG
New York City

Memories of Liszt.

Dear Atlantic, —

Among your recent articles, I was particularly interested in the reminiscences of Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, and especially in the account of her meeting with Franz Liszt, whom I had often seen during my early schooldays.

My first three school years were spent in Weimar. Our school building, a small two-story structure, stood at the entrance to the extensive park that Goethe, Schiller, and Duke Karl August had planned and created at the end of the eighteenth century.

On the opposite side of the street was the exact duplicate of our school building, both houses belonging to the Grand Duke. Here lived Liszt for a number of years until his death in 1886.

During my third school year I occupied the end seat of a bench in our schoolroom, a strategic position, commanding a full view of the window of Liszt's living room. Every morning at nine o'clock, Liszt was shaved by his valet, and I generally managed to watch the procedure out of the corner of my eye. Shaving in this case was a rather difficult task, each of his numerous warts presenting a separate problem, which had to be approached from various angles. It kept the valet on the jump, Liszt's prominent nose frequently forming a welcome support to steady his hand.

I involuntarily got into the spirit of the operation, and was so fascinated that I often squirmed in my seat, sometimes attracting the attention of my teacher.

Then one morning I found the window shade drawn. The old maestro had passed away while on a visit at Bayreuth. I experienced that feeling of awe and pity which overcomes a child when it is confronted with the mystery of death.

ALFRED A. GRAU
Tacoma, Washington

Music, the good companion.

Dear Atlantic, —

It is gratifying indeed to find the December *Atlantic* devoting its first article to the joys and benefits of homemade music in these days of machine-made luxuries. True and enjoyable as all of Mrs. Bowen's article is, I find myself stoutly disagreeing with her that there is no solace from loneliness for the (perhaps unfortunate) pianist. Her circumstances are different, that is all; she is in the midst of a large family, surrounded by relatives, which makes musical companionship possible. I am entirely alone, as far as music is concerned. But the older I get, the harder I work, the less time I find for social contacts owing either to actual material poverty or to physical fatigue, the more I turn to my piano for solace, inspiration, and rest. Time and again, especially during the hard days of these last few years, the intrinsic strength and beauty of a Beethoven sonata have saved an otherwise sleepless night. Again, the magic imagery of Debussy or Ravel has dispelled an indigo mood and recalled sunny, carefree days in France. Or the never-ceasing versatility of Chopin has challenged discouragement and brought exhilaration in its place.

I admit that this would be doubly enjoyable in the company of kindred spirits — perhaps that is why we amateur soloists flock to concerts whenever we can afford it!

A concert has become so rare in my own experience, however, that the piano has had to supply the lack and has done so very satisfactorily. Not for others, of course. I don't pretend to play, nowadays. My musical friends, especially those

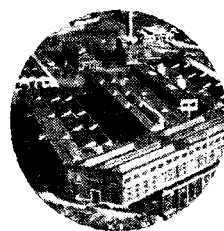


Drip-drop Torture

The drop . . . drop . . . drop . . . of water on the shaved head of an unfortunate victim was one of the most terrible forms of medieval punishment.

The constant drip-drop of water through a tiny pinhole in a roof—whether that roof covers a modest home or the largest commercial plant—can be just as punishing in its way as the drip-drop torture of ancient times. Outstanding among the contributions of Johns-Manville over a period of more than 75 years have been the development of materials and the improvement of methods, for the SHELTER and protection of man and his goods.

Over a quarter-million acres of Johns-Manville Roofing have provided protection for American homes and industry. The great 20-acre Westinghouse plant shown here is a typical installation.



professionally inclined, have a tendency to sneer (I fancy) at my ambitious reading of the 'Waldstein Sonata' or 'Les Jardins sous la Pluie' or the C# minor waltz. Or they anxiously inquire how long I am going to keep blundering on, without *studying*, overlooking the fact that I play, as I read a book, for intellectual and emotional enjoyment and not for the critical applause of an audience.

I know, as I recall the homes in suburban New York, how fortunate the children of Mrs. Bowen's family are — and I hope they appreciate it. If they do not now, surely they will later. I often wonder what will take the place of music as self-expression when these machine-minded youngsters of ours grow to middle age.

Surely there is nothing that can give the solace, the sheer joy of appreciation, the inspirational come-back from fatigue that self-made music does, even if one is forced by circumstances to be a soloist.

MARGARET L. WARNER
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Are we learning from the Russians?

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just finished reading William Henry Chamberlin's article, 'Farewell to Russia,' in your November issue, and I find myself in the grip of some peculiar reactions, not the least strange of which compels me to write this.

In the first place, one gathers from his article that Mr. Chamberlin has been so absorbed in his duties as an observer of the Russian scene that he has had no opportunity to take a glance at the current North American scene — so many of his strictures on the Soviet régime being rather startlingly applicable nearer home.

He rightly deplores such 'major atrocities as the liquidation of the kulaks as a class, the state-organized famine, and the persecution of the intelligentsia.' If we substitute for the word 'kulaks' the phrase 'moderately prosperous farmers,' the indictment can be substantiated against the present régime in North America. So effectively 'liquidated' have the farmers of North America become that in the United States they have resorted to violence to save themselves, while in Canada whole farming communities have relapsed into a state of pauperism. The state-organized famine in Russia can hardly exceed in thoroughness that of the U. S. A. with its 6,000,000 drowned pigs and its ploughed-under crops. As for the persecution of the intelligentsia, it may not be of so crudely violent an order as in Russia, but it is none the less effective. An upholder of civil liberties such as Mr. Chamberlin will, I fear, start shuddering anew when he sees the notorious 'red-hunting' campaigns being conducted in American and Canadian universities.

While admitting the tragedy of the condition Mr. Chamberlin reports, we should not lose sight of this very important point: in Russia, in spite of conditions which strike the Western eye as appalling, they have not slipped down from a previous higher standard, while we in North America are day by day

lowering our standard of demands from life. The Russian suffers, *acutely no doubt, but he suffers in the interest of an ordered plan.* We in North America suffer, many no less acutely, merely in the interests of a chaotic and moribund financial and economic system.

COLIN CAMERON
Port Alberni, British Columbia

Signs which say more than they mean.

Dear Atlantic, —

A New York dealer in custom-made clothing advertises 'Ready to Wear Out.'

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN
New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

In Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, not long ago, appeared this announcement: 'Antiques, new and used.'

And in another town Esther Burns had this sign: 'Esther Burns Lunch.'

F. J. HELGREN
Waukegan, Illinois

Dear Atlantic, —

In the last election one candidate's poster read: 'Vote for John A. Runckel for Justice of Peace. Now Incumbered.'

BILL ADAMS
Dutch Flat, California

P. S. And he won by fourteen votes.

The limitations of the laboratory.

Dear Atlantic, —

I read with much interest the article entitled 'Sixth Sense,' by Earnest Elmo Calkins, in the December number.

For a man who does not claim to be presenting a scientific discussion, he shows extraordinary powers of analysis and deep spiritual insight.

It is surprising how many problems can be solved satisfactorily in a laboratory which evade solution out in the big world. As Mr. Calkins points out, it is not so much what the tests in the laboratory prove or disprove which counts, as it is that there are no laboratory tests which can measure the qualities of the human spirit. In the case of handicapped persons, even though it may be established by tests that unimpaired senses are not quickened to make up for a defective sense, it is certain that the afflicted must develop qualities of the spirit to live useful, happy lives.

Mr. Calkins has hit upon an important truth which applies not only to handicapped persons, but to normal people as well. So-called 'achievement tests,' which are devised to measure the abilities of growing school children, may or may not be valuable. I should like to cite one instance to illustrate my point.

A girl in the grades, neither quick nor stupid, but slow, thorough, and methodical, was periodically subjected to achievement tests. She never finished a

for your information



About half the new cars sold in 1935 will be delivered with Safety Glass ALL-AROUND even if the buyer forgets to demand it since an increasing number of manufacturers now provide it in all windows of all models. Thus, your chances of getting a car without this greater protection are considerably reduced. But your responsibility to make sure you get it has been by no means lessened. Fortunately, the automobile dealers who will sell the other half of the cars . . . the half in which Safety Glass ALL-AROUND is not automatically supplied . . . make it easier than ever before for you to shoulder your responsibility. Most of them have on their floor, ready for delivery, cars with Safety Glass in all the windows. All of them offer it at very low prices. The rest is up to you.



THINK OF YOUR FAMILY, riding in back, and say to the dealer, "I want my car to have Safety Glass ALL-AROUND." Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, Toledo, O.

LIBBEY · OWENS · FORD
SAFETY GLASS

given piece of work at a stated time, memory often failed her, and problems which she was perfectly capable of reasoning out at her own rate of speed confused her. It was not until this girl reached the high school, where there happened to be no such tests, that she came into her own. With comparative ease she tackled four academic subjects, mastered them with better than a good average, and constantly gained in power. While the achievement tests had indicated all her weaknesses, they had given her no credit for those qualities of character or spirit — determination, willingness, and perseverance — which made her win out.

I am not trying to underestimate the importance of tests for the measuring of intellectual achievement, but I am maintaining that such tests do not truly evaluate the most important qualities of character and that in many cases they may do more harm than good. In the case of the girl, — my own daughter, — had it not been for the fact that the teachers with whom she came into direct contact were capable of recognizing and encouraging her creative ability along musical and artistic lines, she would have been submerged by what appeared to be her academic standing.

I feel that more and more the work of the psychologist must consist in educating or drawing out the human spirit upon which all development depends. It seems to me very significant indeed that no tests have been devised to measure how much tact a child has, how much sympathy, how much thoughtfulness or consideration of others, how much devotion to a task, and a hundred other qualities of the spirit upon which human happiness depends.

MRS. DAVID H. STEVENSON
Downers Grove, Illinois

A satirist's life is not a happy one.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have two theories to offer the *Atlantic* editors in answer to your question: 'Who is this Bergen Evans?'

My first conjecture is that Evans never knew nursery rhymes during his childhood, but rather he became familiar with them when in his undergraduate days he was exposed to 'isms' and 'ists' by some bigoted psycho-sociologist in his psychology laboratory. After acquiring an adequate vocabulary and style of writing, he betasked himself to 'Nursery Crimes.'

My second conjecture is that Evans was an ultra-precocious child with an I. Q. of, say, 230, as the newly discovered Arthur Greenwood of Brooklyn or Jackie Carter Massey of Pittsburgh. When Bergen's mother taught him the rhymes he at once, with superhuman insight and imagination, saw in every rhyme some dangerous underlying significance as unreal as my neighbor boy's imaginary white horse.

Evans, now having grown up, still playfully or seriously remembers those early impressions.

To test Mr. Evans's continued ingenious imagina-

tion I would suggest that you submit to him a few of Gertrude Stein's creations of poetry. If he is able to extract any symbolical meaning out of them, then my last conjecture is confirmed.

HARVEY G. HUMANN
Barnes, Kansas

Editor's Note: The perils of satire are very great. The *Atlantic* has been belabored from many quarters because we printed Bergen Evans's plea for the suppression of propaganda in 'Mother Goose.' Dr. Evans is looked on with such suspicion of his malign purpose that we come thus publicly to his assistance, urging him to ponder the words of an earlier friend of the *Atlantic* written as the result of a similar experience: —

And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can . . .

'The substance of things hoped for.'

Dear Atlantic, —

I am sure that the editors of the *Atlantic* realize through experience the long memories which psychic contributions such as M. Beatrice Blankenship's 'Death Is a Stranger' generate in the reader. We have them to remind us of the adventurers on that other long trail — the tangible one: John Franklin, Richard Burton, David Livingstone, Francis Young-husband, Robert Scott, and many others, who have shown almost superhuman endurance and courage in their efforts to extend the limits of our knowledge of the orb we live upon.

In 'Death Is a Stranger' we have intimations of an infinitely longer trail, the travel of the spirit. The old Greek defined it as going 'from life, through life, to life,' lacking any thought of its 'eventually becoming unendurably monotonous.'

Several years ago the *Atlantic* published 'Twenty Minutes of Reality.' I recall the editor's comment as he beheld the sheaf of letters on his desk from correspondents who had had similar moments of exaltation. Such letters serve as witnesses of that intangible substance which your anonymous author called reality.

THOMAS RUTHERFORD FLEMING
Long Beach, California

More polylinguistics.

Dear Atlantic, —

The clever skit in polylingual acrobatics which appeared in the Contributors' Club of your October number reminded me of a verse I heard years ago in Germany (the happy Germany of old times): —

At night, when men are full and jolly,
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz;
Next morning, when he's melancholy,
The wine affrights, its mention hurts.

DR. WALTER MENDELSON
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania